THE MEMOIRS OF *CHARLES-LEWIS*, Baron de POLLNITZ.

BEING

The OBSERVATIONS He made in his late TRAVELS from *Prussia* thro'

GERMANY, *ITALY*, *FRANCE*, || *FLANDERS*, *HOLLAND*, *ENGLAND*, &c.

In LETTERS to his FRIEND.

Discovering not only the PRESENT STATE of the Chief CITIES and TOWNS;

BUT

The CHARACTERS of the PRINCIPAL PERSONS at the Several COURTS.

VOL. III.

DUBLIN:

Printed by S. POWELL,

For G. FAULKNER in *Essex-Street*, C. WYNNE at the *Parrot* in *Caple-Street*, C. CONNOR at *Pope*'s-*Head* at *Essex-Gate*, and OLI. NELSON at *Milton*'s-*Head* in *Skinner-Row*, Booksellers,

M DCC XXXVIII.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

Baron de POLLNITZ.

In SEVERAL LETTERS to Mr. *L. C. D. S.*

LETTER XXXVIII.

SIR, *Paris*, *March* 20. 1732.

FOR the ſake of good Wine I preferr'd the *Dijon* Road to *Paris*, before the great Road from *Lyons* thro' *Tarare*; but I have been rightly ſerv'd for being ſo over-nice in my Palate, for I have been ſadly impos'd on, and did not meet with one Glaſs of good Wine at any Houſe of Entertainment in all the Road,

which in other reſpects I found pleaſant enough. I ſent my Chaiſe to *Chalons* upon the *Saone*, and went thither by Water in the Boat that carries Paſſengers who go in the *Diligence* (Stage Coach) to *Paris*. In this Vehicle, which otherwiſe was not a very pleaſant one, I happen'd to meet with a Couple of Officers of my Acquaintance, very amiable Gentlemen. We paſs'd by TREVOUX, the Capital of the Principality of *Dombes*, of which the Duke *de Maine* is Sovereign: It came to him by Inheritance from the late Mademoiſelle *de Montpenſier*, Daughter of *Gaſton* of *France* Duke of *Orleans*, a Princeſs who render'd herſelf famous in the Civil Wars by the taking of *Orleans*, and by ordering the Cannon to be fir'd from the Baſtille upon the Army of *Lewis* XIV. who never intirely forgave her for that piece of Diſreſpect, and to puniſh her wou'd never give her leave to marry *. 'Twas to reconcile the King to her that her Ladyſhip made the Duke *de Maine* her Heir. *Dombes* has a Parliament, and *Trevoux* is famous for the *Literary Journal* printed there, which cauſes ſuch frequent diſputes among the Learned.

After having paſs'd *Trevoux* we ſaw ſeveral other Towns, Villages and Manſion-houſes in a Country one of the fineſt Landskips that 'tis poſſible to imagine. We din'd very much in haſte at a Village, and went and lay at MACON, an Epiſcopal City, where the Canons of the Cathedral have the Title of Counts as well as thoſe of the Church of St. *John* at *Lyons*. This City did not ſeem to me to have any thing remarkable, and whether there is any good Company in it I did not ſtay long enough to ſee.

CHAR-

* Her Amours with M. *de Lauzun*, have made a grea Noiſe.

CHARLONS upon the *Saone* is alſo the See of a Biſhop, but did not appear to me to be one jot more conſiderable than *Macon*: I went to ſee the Caſtle, which has a full Command of the Town: there I was ſhew'd the Apartment where the Dutcheſs of *Maine* was kept Priſoner during the Regency of the Duke of *Orleans*. A perſon had need of all that Spirit which ſhe is known to have, to bear up under a Diſgrace equal to hers: 'twas but a little before that all the people of *France* were fond of making their Court to her, her Grandeur was not equall'd by any Princeſs of the Blood, and her Lodgings were perfectly ſuperb; but on a ſudden ſhe fell from all her Splendor, and was oblig'd to live in a miſerable Caſtle, with no Companions but the Women that are abſolutely neceſſary to attend her *. I will hereafter give you a more particular Account of this Princeſs; but I now proceed on my Journey.

From *Chalons* I went to DIJON, after having paſs'd thro' *Beaune*, and along by the beſt Vineyards in all *Burgundy*. To tell you frankly my Mind, I had quite another Idea of *Dijon* than what I really found it to be: 'tis an ancient City, and moſt of the Houſes are old, and make no

* This Misfortune came upon the Duke and Dutcheſs of *Maine*, merely from a Suſpicion which the Regent entertain'd that the Duke had a Hand in the pretended Conſpiracy of the Prince of *Cellamare* the Ambaſſador of *Spain*, which they ſaid was to remove the Duke of *Orleans* from the Regency, and to veſt it in the King of *Spain*, who wou'd have put the Duke of *Maine* in his Place, according to *Lewis* XIVth's laſt Will. The bare Suſpicion however amounted to fix the Guilt upon this Prince, and all that belong'd to him. It were to be wiſh'd that ſome Eye-witneſs of what was then tranſacted at Court, and in *Bretagne*, wou'd give the Public an exact account of it.

great Appearance, tho' they are very convenient, and well fitted up. In the Street of *Conde* which is newly built, the Houſes are of equal proportion. The lower part conſiſts of Shops, and over them are the Merchants Lodging Rooms, and there are Iron Balconies at the Windows, which, if the Houſes were higher, wou'd make a fine ſight. This Street leads to the Palace-Royale, in which there's an Equeſtrian Statue of the late King *Lewis* XIV. which is plac'd on ſo high a Pedeſtal that it even raiſes the Statue higher than the Houſes that ſurround the place, which moreover is by much too ſmall to contain ſo great a Monument. The Houſes are actually very low, and if they were to be carry'd higher, the Statue will look as if it were impriſon'd in a Cage. This Maſs of Copper was caſt in *Paris*, and firſt carry'd by Water to *Auxerre*, where it remain'd a long while, it being ſo very heavy and large that it was in a manner immoveable; but at laſt it was remov'd by Land-carriage to *Dijon*, but not without very great Difficulty, and as great Expence; yet it appeared to me to be one of the leaſt Statues in the Kingdom.

This Statue faces the *King's Houſe* where lives the Duke of *Bourbon* Governor of the Province. 'Tis a very ſpacious Building with two advanc'd Wings, but can only be reckon'd a very irregular Structure. I did not go to ſee the Apartments, becauſe I was told that they were not furniſh'd, and not worth the trouble of a View.

The Palace where the Parliament meets is very ancient, and one of the vileſt in the Kingdom. Whether the Dukes of *Burgundy* reſided there heretofore I know not, but if they did they were not very ſumptuouſly accommodated.

Dijon was erected but a few Years ago into a Biſhoprick by the late Pope *Benedict* XIII. at the Requeſt

Requeſt of the Duke of *Bourbon*, who was very glad to procure that Honour for the Capital of his Government.

The Ring at *Dijon* is the fineſt thing about this City, which is really neither fine nor agreeable. The common people are not over and above civil, and thoſe of Quality value themſelves very much upon their Nobility. Pray read only the Letters of *Buſſi Rabutin*, and you will know what ſort of Gentry the *Burgundians* are, for they are all like him puffed up with their Birth. The Parliament of this Province conſiſts generally of perſons of Quality.

The Duke of *Bourbon* is the fourth Governor of *Burgundy* of the *Conde* Family, to which this Government is a ſort of Appenage; this Prince never comes to *Dijon* but to hold an Aſſembly of the States. The Count *de Tavannes*, who is Lieutenant General of the Province, commands there in his Abſence. There is an Intendant, and all the Sovereign Courts. Notwithſtanding ſo much Company, I thought *Dijon* a melancholy place, and I have ſeen a great many Towns in *France* of leſs Note, which to me had a more gay and agreeable Appearance. There is a public Concert here to which I was forc'd to go whether I wou'd or not; I thought before I went that it wou'd be but indifferent, and ſo indeed I found it. The Hall was magnificent, the Company numerous and ſplendid, and the Concert wou'd have been very good if there had been Muſicians; but as it was it reſembled the Butchers Concert of Marrow-bones and Cleavers.

From *Dijon* I went to AUXERRE and to SENS, of which the laſt is the See of an Archbiſhop, and that's all I can ſay of it, becauſe I only ſtaid there to change Horſes. When I came to *Auxerre* I found the whole Street where the poſt Houſe

ſtands in an Uproar, it being full of Mob, and eſpecially of Women, who all ſeem'd very much enrag'd. This was owing to a Tranſaction the Night before, when the Wife of a Baker qualify'd her Husband for one of the chief poſts in the Seraglio: the Motive which induc'd her to this barbarous Action was Jealouſy: her Husband, who was about twenty Years old, and a very likely Man, was (at leaſt as the ſcandalous Chronicle of *Auxerre* ſaid) a little too intimate with a paſtry Cook Woman who was young and handſome. The Baker's Wife, who was old and ugly, not being able to bear the thoughts of her Husband's Inconſtancy, had taken care to lay a Razor under her Bolſter, and at the very time when her Huſband was giving her the Marks of his Tenderneſs for her ſhe made him a ſecond *Abelard*. This Tragedy having happen'd juſt as I arriv'd at *Auxerre*, the Inhabitants were all very much incens'd againſt the Baker's Wife, and hurry'd the poor Wretch to Priſon. The Women curs'd her heartily, yet in their ſerious Imprecations there was ſomething perfectly comical. I verily believe that if they had had her at their Mercy they wou'd have tore her to pieces.

FONTAINEBLEAU, a Royal Palace which I paſs'd thro', is fourteen Leagues from *Paris*. There's a great Village belonging to it, which ſtands in the middle of a large Foreſt, wherein a great Number of long Roads is cut for the Conveniency of Hunting. The Palace is irregular, becauſe all the Kings from *Francis* I. to *Lewis* XIV. have made very conſiderable Additions to it; nevertheleſs the Apartments are grand and magnificent. There's a great Number of Cielings painted by celebrated Maſters, whom *Francis* I. ſent for on purpoſe from *Italy*. The Gallery of the Stags is noted for the cruel Action committed there by *Chriſtina*

ſtina Queen of *Sweden*, who caus'd her Maſter of the Horſe, and her Favourite *Monaldeſchi* to be aſſaſſinated there before her Face, after having ſhewn him ſome Letters which he had the Indiſcretion to write, and reproach'd him for his treachery in the preſence of the Miniſter* of the Order of the Holy Trinity, whom ſhe had ſent for to give the poor Man Confeſſion, and who in vain ſolicited his pardon. *Lewis* XIV. was very much diſguſted at an Execution thus committed in his Palace, and as it were under his Noſe: indeed rather than be oblig'd to manifeſt his Reſentment he choſe to keep a profound Silence; but tho' he diſſembled it as much as poſſible, *Chriſtina* perceiv'd that ſhe had ſtay'd too long at his Court, and reſolv'd to retire to *Rome*, where in 1689 ſhe died.

But *Fontainebleau* has lately been the Scene of an Action more pleaſant, grand and glorious, *viz.* the ceremony of the Marriage of King *Lewis* XV. The Duke of *Orleans* having marry'd the Queen by proxy at *Strasbourg*, the Princeſs came by ſhort Days Journies to a place about a League from *Moret*, where ſhe was met by the King and the Princeſſes of the Blood. I had the pleaſure of being an Eye-Witneſs of this Interview. When the two Coaches of the King and Queen came in ſight of each other, they advanced a few paces upon the trot, and then ſtopp'd, when their Majeſties alighted, and walk'd to each other upon Carpets. When the Queen came near to the King, ſhe kneel'd down upon a Cuſhion of blue Velvet, ſeeded with Fleurs-de-Lys of Gold. The Dukes of *Orleans* and *Bourbon* rais'd her up

* The Friar who in the other Orders is a Prior is call'd a Miniſter in this Order, which is better known in *France* by the Name of the *Mathurins*.

again, when the King ſaluted her, but ſaid nothing to her: the Princes and Princeſſes ſaluted her alſo, and ſhe receiv'd them with ſuch a good-natur'd modeſt Air as prepoſſeſs'd the whole Court in her Favour. Then the King went into his Coach, where the Queen ſeated herſelf on his Left-hand, and the Princes and Princeſſes having plac'd themſelves according to their Rank, they thus proceeded to *Moret*. I heard the late Dutcheſs of *Orleans* ſay that there was a very great Silence obſerv'd in the Coach for ſome time, becauſe all that were in it, out of Reſpect to the King, waited for him to ſpeak firſt: but as he ſaid nothing, the Dutcheſs of *Orleans*, who had ſeen the Queen in *Germany*, and at *Metz*, was the firſt that broke Silence, and by degrees the Converſation became general. When they arriv'd at *Moret*, the King and the Queen, attended by the Princes and Princeſſes, went into the Queen's Cloſet: there the King talk'd, and after having ſtay'd about an hour he return'd to *Fontainebleau* with the ſame Train that attended him when he ſet out from thence.

The next Morning at Eight o'Clock the Queen arriv'd at *Fontainebleau*, without any other Retinue than what ſhe had during her whole Journey. Being in an Undreſs ſhe went ſtrait to her Apartment, ſat down to the Toilet, and when ſhe was dreſs'd Word was brought to her that the King was arriv'd, who in a few Moments after made his Appearance in a Mantle of Gold Brocade trimm'd with *Spaniſh* point of Gold, the whole enrich'd with Diamonds. His Majeſty having ſaluted the Queen, walk'd the ſame inſtant towards the Chappel, and the Queen follow'd immediately after him, ſupported by the Dukes of *Orleans* and *Bourbon*: ſhe was dreſs'd in a blue Velvet Gown, ſeeded with Fleurs-de-Lys of Gold; her Petticoat and the Tail of her Gown were fac'd

fac'd with Ermin, and adorned with Diamonds; and her Royal Mantle, which was like her Gown, was held up by the Princeſſes of the Blood. She had the Royal Crown on her Head, and 'tis certain that every thing about her was truly magnificent, and made a very grand Appearance. The Chappel was adorn'd with a rich Suit of Hangings of blue Velvet imbroider'd with Gold. The Elector of *Cologne*, the Electoral Prince of *Bavaria*, now Elector, the Duke *Ferdinand*, and the Biſhop of *Freiſingen* and *Ratisbon* were preſent *incognito* at the Ceremony. The Cardinal *de Rohan* gave their Majeſties the Nuptial Benediction. The Queen happening to be out of Order during Maſs, the Duke of *Bourbon*, who perceiv'd it, gave her ſome Balm Water, by which her Majeſty found immediate Relief.

After Maſs was ended, they return'd in great Ceremony to the Queen's Apartment, and ſoon after was the Royal Feaſt, when the Princes and Princeſſes din'd with their Majeſties. All this was very fine, but the Room was ſo much too ſmall that they who were in it were ready to be ſmother'd, and three-fourths of the people could not get in.

When the Feaſt was over, their Majeſties chang'd their Apparel, and took an Airing with the Royal Family in a Calaſh, round the great Canal, preceded by all the Court Nobility, and the Officers of the King's Houſhold, and follow'd by the Ladies in Coaches drawn each by ſix Horſes. But 'tis certain that in the whole, there was nothing more magnificent than the Number of the perſons, and their Cloaths; for as to their Equipages, they were very ordinary; there was not ſo much as one new Coach, the

the Liveries were old, and the Nobility very forrily mounted.

When the King and Queen were return'd to the Palace, there was a Drawing Room, after which their Majeſties ſupp'd with the Princeſſes of the Blood, and during the Supper there was a Concert. When their Majeſties aroſe from Table they went to the Windows, and ſaw the Fire-work, and the Illumination in the Park, which was very much admir'd, but really appear'd trifling to us *Germans*, who are accuſtom'd to ſee Fire-works that coſt immenſe Sums, and which are executed in a manner that ſurpaſſes every thing done elſewhere of the Kind. Thus ended all the Rejoicings upon Account of the King's Marriage. They ſay there were great Illuminations and Bon-fires alſo at *Paris*; but as I was at *Fontainebleau*, I did not ſee them. 'Tis certain tho' that how-much ſoever the *French* were pleas'd with the Marriage of their King, they were in no very great Humour to rejoice at a time when a pound of Bread coſt eleven Sols, and few were they that had a Belly full. 'Tis no laughing matter when the Guts grumble. But I leave this long Digreſſion, and reſume the Thread of my Narrative by proceeding with the Deſcription of *Fontainebleau*.

This Royal Palace is accompanied with a fine Park, which, tho' not near ſo much adorned as the Park of *Verſailles*, has remarkable Beauties not to be met with in that. The great Canal is ſuperb, and generally ſpeaking, the Palace of *Fontainebleau*, with all that invirons it, has much more of the Air of a Royal Palace than *Verſailles* and *Marly*. The Village or Town of *Fontainebleau*, for I know not which to call it, is very well built. Moſt of the Lords have great Houſes here, where they put their Equipages and Domeſtics;

ſtics; it being the Cuſtom at the Court of *France* for every Lord that belongs to the Court to be lodg'd in the King's Palace; and the *French* are ſo infatuated with this practice, that a Nobleman had rather be lodg'd in a Manger at Court, than in an Apartment ever ſo commodious and magnificent in his Houſe at *Verſailles*, or *Fontainebleau*.

The Road from *Fontainebleau* to *Paris* is pav'd all the Way. There are a great many fine Houſes on it, particularly *Petitbourg*, belonging to the Duke *d' Antin*, to whom it came by Succeſſion from his Mother the Marchioneſs *Monteſpan*. Very great Buildings have been erected there within theſe few Years, which have the Appearance of Magnificence, and Grandeur; not to mention the rich Furniture, the pleaſures of the Park, and ſeveral other things, ſo ingeniouſly choſe, and ſo beautifully diſpos'd, as are infinitely delightful.

CHOISY, which belongs to the firſt Princeſs Dowager of *Conti*, Daughter of *Lewis* XIV. by Mademoiſelle *de la Valiere*, is to my thinking, one of the fineſt Houſes in the Kingdom. 'Tis built intirely in the modern Taſte, and ſtands by the River Side. The Apartments are richly adorn'd. The Garden which belongs to it is ſpacious, and ſeveral Allies are cut out in it which yield very fine Walks, and render *Choiſy* an inchanting place. Were I to mention all the other fine Houſes to you that are upon the Road, I ſhould never have done. If you conſult the *Delices de la France*, you will find a large Account of all thoſe Houſes, as well as of their Names and Situation. For my part, my Head akes ſo much at this Inſtant that 'tis impoſſible for me to add any more: but in a few Days you ſhall hear farther from me, and then I will give you

ſome

ſome Account of *Paris*. In the mean time believe me to be always Yours intirely, &c.

LETTER XXXIX.

SIR, *Paris*, *April* 1. 1732.

DON'T imagine that I am going to give you an exact Deſcription of the City of PARIS: for that wou'd be an Undertaking to as little purpoſe as it is beyond my Ability. *Paris* has been ſo fully deſcrib'd, and is ſo much talk'd of, that moſt people know what ſort of place it is, though they have never ſeen it. Several Authors are ſo divided about the Antiquity of *Paris* that I can ſay nothing poſitive to you upon this Head. *Cæſar* in his Commentaries ſpeaks very much in its Favour, and ſays, that in his time this City was call'd *Lutetia*. The Learned differ alſo about the Origin of this * Name: but I ſhall leave them to diſpute this Matter as long as they pleaſe,

* In all Appearance, the *Latin* Name *Lutetia* comes from *Leucothecia*, which ſignifies *white Town*, a Name that *Strabo* gives to this City, the Houſes of which were plaiſter'd. By Abbreviation it was call'd *Lutetia*. As to the Name *Paris*, 'tis certain that it comes from *Para Iſis*, i. e. near *Iſis*, a well-known Goddeſs, who had ſeveral Temples in this Canton, where ſhe was ſo particularly worſhipp'd, that from her Name the Inhabitants were call'd *Para-Iſians*, the Neighbours of *Iſis*. They who have carefully examin'd the Gate of the *Carmelites* Church, and the Building of its Chappel, will own that it was formerly the Temple of this Goddeſs, whoſe Statue holding a Handful of Ears of Corn, of Iron, is ſtill on the Front of this Building.

pleaſe, and aſſure them that I am not concern'd in their Quarrel.

According to Father *Daniel*, *Paris* was the Capital City of *France*, in the Reign of *Clovis*, about the Year 507. But even then *Paris* was a place of very little Conſequence; and, if it be duly conſider'd, could not be rank'd among the great Towns before the Reign of *Philip Auguſtus*. That Prince made it his Endeavour to embelliſh it, and added Buildings to it which at that time were reckon'd very magnificent. Since his Reign, *Paris* has always been the Seat of the Kings, and has been continually increaſing in Grandeur and Beauty. But none of its Kings has contributed ſo much to the magnificence of *Paris* as the Prince who leaſt reſided in it, I mean *Lewis* XIV. who caus'd ſuch Structures to be rais'd in it as are worthy of the greateſt Monarch in the World. Of ſome of theſe Works I may hereafter give you a more particular Account.

The *French* pretend that no City in *Europe* contains ſo many Inhabitants as *Paris*; but the *Engliſh* ſay the moſt populous is *London*; yet without the leaſt Heſitation, I determine it for the latter of the two Rivals. My Reaſon for it is this: at *Paris* eighteen or twenty thouſand people die every Year, and at *London* twenty-three or twenty-four thouſand; tho' I don't diſpute, but *Paris* ſeems more populous: for in the latter, every body is to be ſeen in the Streets, either on Foot or in Coaches; whereas at *London*, Paſſengers are continually going up and down the *Thames*, which River is ſeldom without carrying forty or fifty thouſand people, who, if diffus'd in the Streets, would make them look fuller of people than thoſe of *Paris*. Beſides, what makes the Capital of *France* appear to be more populous, is, that it has more Coaches and Carts; whereas

at

at *London*, one always ſees Goods going up or down the River, which is the Reaſon that Carts are not ſo much in Uſe there: and moſt of the Ladies, inſtead of Coaches, ride in Sedans. But a *Frenchman* will tell me, you ſhall ſee five or ſix Families in one Houſe at *Paris*, whereas at *London* they are ſeldom two. To this I ſhall anſwer, that 'tis true, there are more Lodgers in the Houſes of *Paris*; but this ſtands for nothing, and only proves that there are more Houſes at *London*. At *Paris* there are many Hotels, or great Houſes, Convents, large Gardens, public Squares, Keys, and a River that runs through the middle; all which takes up a great deal of Ground; and in ſeveral of the Suburbs, without which *Paris* itſelf is but a little place, there are intire Marſhes. But at *London* 'tis quite otherwiſe, ſuch Hotels are uncommon there, and few Houſes there have Courts to them. They are all very much pent up, and many a Houſe at *London* is not ſo big as the Halls in a great many of the Hotels at *Paris*.

But what matters it whether *London* is bigger or leſs than *Paris*? I ſhall now ſpeak of the latter, not as the biggeſt, but as the moſt beautiful City in *Europe*. 'Tis reckon'd there are in *Paris* nine hundred Streets, with above twenty thouſand Houſes, of which four thouſand have great Gates and Courts to turn Coaches in. The Number of Inhabitants amounts to above eighty thouſand, in which muſt be reckon'd one hundred and fifty thouſand Domeſtics. There are at leaſt twenty thouſand Coaches, and near one hundred and twenty thouſand Horſes for Carriages of all Sorts, of which one Year with another ten thouſand die. In fine, the very Expence of the Lanthorns, which are lighted nine Months in the Year, is computed at two hundred thouſand Crowns at leaſt.

leaſt. The common Revenues which the City of *Paris* produces, are ſaid to amount at leaſt to twenty-eight Millions of Livres; a Sum which I believe is not rais'd by ſome Kingdoms.

Paris enjoys all the Prerogatives that can be enjoy'd by the Capital of a powerful Kingdom. This City has not only the Reputation of being the Reſidence of Kings, but is the Seat of an Archbiſhop, a Parliament, an Univerſity, an Intendant, a Governor, and of all the Sovereign Courts in the Government. Its Metropolitan Church, which was heretofore no more than the See of a Biſhop, Suffragan to the Archbiſhop of *Sens*, is dedicated to the Virgin *Mary*. St. *Denis* who liv'd in the firſt Ages of Chriſtianity, is own'd to be its Founder, or at leaſt its firſt Biſhop. Its firſt Archbiſhop was *Francis de Gondy*, who obtain'd that Dignity by a Bull of Pope *Gregory* XV. in 1622. ſince which time there have been ſeven Archbiſhops. Whoever is the Archbiſhop, has the Title of Duke of St. *Cloud*, and in that Quality is both Duke and Peer of *France*. The preſent Archbiſhop's Name is *N. N. Vintimille* of the Counts *du Luc*. He ſucceeded *Lewis-Anthony*, Cardinal *de Noailles*, and finds his Diocеſe as diſobedient to his Mandates as it was to thoſe of his Predeceſſor. The good Prelate does all he can to bring back his * ſtray'd Sheep; but it ſeems

* The Author does not ſay *whither* nor *from whence* thoſe *Sheep* are ſtray'd. All thoſe Sheep feed in the ſame Paſture, or at leaſt there are but few of 'em that feed in the Paſtures to which M. *de Vintimille* could wiſh to bring the others. Some Slanderers don't ſcruple to ſay, that this *good* Prelate gives himſelf more Uneaſineſs about the *Excellency of the Diſhe* at his Table, than the Goodneſs of the Paſture for his Sheep. For he has been ſeen to give the

ſeems as if moſt of the *Pariſians* know not what they would be at, and indeed, the greateſt Number diſpute about Matters which they don't underſtand. I find the talk of all *Paris* engroſs'd by two grand Subjects; I mean grand for the *Pariſians*, and if I may venture to ſay it, for the *French* in general; for to be plain, 'tis owing to the want of ſomething elſe to talk of during a long Peace, that may buſy themſelves very ſeriouſly about things which at other times they would think unworthy of their Attention. The one is the Affair of Father *Girard* and *la Cadiere*, the other the pretended Miracles of the Abbé *Paris*. There is nothing ſo baſe with which Knavery and a furious Zeal can inſpire a party, but what has been ſaid and written on theſe Subjects. The Enemies of the *Jeſuits* have* invented, that Father *John Baptiſt Girard*, a Native of *Dole* in *Franche Comte*,

the ſame Welcome to the Jeſuits, and the Fathers of the Oratory, to the Capuchins, and the Benedictins, &c. For the Sake of ſuch of our Readers as have a Taſte for *French* Poetry, we inſert the following *Epigram*, which was made upon this Prelate's Mandate in Favour of the Conſtitution:

Le Public eſt un Sot, d' e'tre ſcandaliſé
Du Mandement que Vintimille
Vient de repandre dans la Ville,
Me diſoit ce matin un Docteur aviſé!
Il eſt, dit il, d'uſage indiſpenſable,
Pour qu' un Saint ſoit canoniſé
D'entendre l' Avocat du Diable.

* This is a Thing in Queſtion, and the Negative ſeems to be plainly prov'd by the Opinions of the Counſellors of the Parliament, all Men of unexceptionable Character, who voted for putting the Reverend Father to Death.

Comte, debauch'd one *la Cadiere*, who came to him for Confeſſion; they prevail'd on the young Woman to accuſe him of Crimes, the very Idea of which is ſhocking, and which the moſt reſolute Villain would not dare perhaps to be guilty of, much leſs Father *Girard*, who, till accus'd of this Wickedneſs, has always *paſs'd* for an honeſt Man, and whoſe Conduct and Morals had been edifying in places where he had been, and particularly at *Toulon*, where nevertheleſs he is ſaid to have committed the moſt horrid Enormities. But *la Cadiere* has recanted; and the Parliament of *Aix*, before whom the Cauſe was pleaded, has declar'd Father *Girard* innocent. Yet the *Janſeniſts* exclaim, and wiſh that the King would cauſe the Members of that Parliament to be hang'd up, becauſe they could not in Conſcience bring in Father *Girard* guilty.

The following *Epigram* is lately publiſh'd upon that Parliament.

Pour avoir immolé le Fils du Tout-Puiſſant,
Pilate *moins que vous nous parut deteſtable;*
Il ne reçût point d'or pour punir l' Innocent,
Mais vous en recevez pour ſauver le coupable.

i. e.

Pilate, tho' he ſacrific'd the Son of the Almighty, is even leſs deteſtable in our Eyes than you; for he received no Gold to puniſh the Innocent, but you take it to ſave the Guilty.

Or

Or thus;

Of Judges that in Judgment ſit,
Whether incurs moſt Banns,
He that for Gold doth Vice acquit,
Or Virtue Gratis *damns?*
Pilate *who ſacrific'd the Son*
Of the Almighty Lord,
Becauſe no Golden Bribe he won,
Is leſs than you abhorr'd.

Father *Girard*'s Adventure calls to my Mind a great Scandal of this Nature that happen'd in the fourth Century, on Occaſion of a Lady's Confeſſion to a Deacon; which obliged the Patriarch *Nectarius* to aboliſh Auricular Confeſſion throughout the *Eaſt*; as may be ſeen in the fourth Tome of *Fleuri*'s *Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory*. This Author in his ſixteenth Tome ſays, that in the twelfth Century, there were Abbeſſes in *Spain* who preached, gave Bleſſings, and confeſſed Perſons of both Sexes. If this practice was re-eſtabliſh'd, there would be no room to fear ſuch Diſorders and Scandals as have happen'd in *Provence*.

The ſecond topic which takes up a great deal of the *Pariſians* Converſation, is the pretended Miracles of the Sieur *Paris*, to whoſe Tomb people flock as much as they could be ſuppoſed to do to the *Holy Sepulchre* itſelf. Curioſity drew me thither as well as others, and I found ſuch a vaſt crowd of people, that 'twas with much ado I could get to the Stone which covers the Saint of the populace. While I was looking at this Tomb-ſtone, I heard 'em cry behind, *Stand by, make Room there*; ſo that I thought ſome Prince of the Blood was coming; but 'twas no more than a mean looking Fellow, who with a very contrite

trite Air, went and ſtretch'd himſelf on the Tomb, where he had not lain many Moments, but I ſaw him turn-up the Whites of his Eyes, grind his Teeth, foam at the Mouth, and twiſt his Body into ſuch Poſtures that he look'd more like one that had the Devil in him, than the Favourite of a Saint. Theſe Agitations laſted as long as the Man had any Strength, after which, he was carried off, and I aſſure you that when he was taken from the Tomb, he had a much more ſickly Look than when he came to it. Nevertheleſs the people bawl'd out, *A Miracle*! and I even heard it ſaid, *Who can doubt one Moment after ſo manifeſt a Cure as this, that* Paris *is a Saint*?

Such Miracles as this that I have now related to you are work'd here every Day: One can't ſet a Foot into a Houſe without being entertain'd with ſome new Story plac'd to the Accompt of the Abbé *Paris*; yet I proteſt that not one ſingle Miracle has been prov'd; and M. *Herault*, the Lieutenant-General of the Police, to whom all theſe Miracles are reported, ſaid in my Hearing that there was not one of them true, that 'twas a palpable Deluſion, and that 'twas only tolerated the better to trace it up to its Source, and to undeceive the Populace, which I believe will be no eaſy Matter, they are ſo much prepoſſeſs'd in Favour of their Saint. The only Way wou'd be for the Pope to canoniſe the Sieur *Paris*, and then I am perſuaded that all the Devotees of this new Saint wou'd abandon him rather than be in the Holy Father's Meſs. But here I leave both Father *Girard* and the Abbé *Paris*, tho' perhaps I ſhall find an Opportunity of diſcovering all that I may hear of them to you, when I think it worthy of your Regard; but I ſhall be far from troubling you with every impertinent Tale that is ſpread about them, for I verily believe that all the Songs and

Verſes

Verſes that are made upon them wou'd form ſeveral Volumes: and it muſt be expected this Humour will laſt till ſomething new ſtarts up to drown both theſe Subjects of preſent Converſation. I own to you that I am very much in Pain to think what the *French* can have to amuſe them after this is over; for their Genius is ſuch that it muſt have ſomething to work upon, tho' 'tis happy for them that a meer Nothing ſuffices, and that ſuch Nothing is always treated by them as a ſerious Affair, and proves to them an inexhauſtible Fund of Something.

You ask me how I employ my time here, which is a Queſtion that is not very ſoon anſwer'd. My Amuſements are of ſuch various Kinds that to be plain with you I find myſelf at a Loſs to account for them. I ſhould often be very much puzzled to prove an *alibi* of two Days. This Country is my Centre, and *Paris* is to me the Spring of Youth. Never was any Reflection more mortifying to me than the thought that I am not in a Condition to fix my Habitation here; for tho' I find Faults in the *French* as well as in all other Nations, yet I acknowledge to have a thouſand good Qualities, and I think them much more amiable at home than they are abroad, where be a Man ever ſo much prepoſſeſſ'd in their Favour upon other Accounts he is ſurfeited with their eternal Criticiſms, and to hear them inceſſantly remarking, *They don't do ſo at* Paris, *You don't ſee this in* France. Here they are polite, good-natur'd, humane, civil and engaging; and a Foreigner who can bring himſelf ever ſo little into their Way of thinking, acting, and ſpeaking, will always be ſorry to leave them.

But I am not about giving you the Character of the *French*; what I am now to acquaint you with is how I live with them. In a very irregular Courſe

Courſe of Life I aim at a certain Regularity: I riſe very late, becauſe I don't go to Bed till two or three o'Clock in the Morning: When I am dreſs'd I go to ſome Cabinet of Curioſities, ſome Library, or to ſome Structure or other, which tho' I have ſeen perhaps an hundred times, I reviſit with pleaſure, becauſe I always find ſome new Beauty in it. Such are the Hôtel, or Hoſpital of the *Invalids*, founded and built by *Lewis* XIV. *Val de Grace*, the Church which is the Repoſitary of the Hearts and Bowels of the Kings and Princes of the Royal Family, and was founded by *Anne* of *Auſtria*, Mother to *Lewis* XIV.; the Choir of *Nôtre Dame*, adorn'd with Marble and Braſs by *Lewis* XIV. to fulfil a Vow made by King *Lewis* XIII. his Father the *Louvre*, with all the Beauties it contains; and in fine, a Number of other ſtately Fabrics, which I don't mention or deſcribe to you, becauſe a thouſand Authors have already given a better account of them than I am able to do. After having thus ſaunter'd away two or three Hours I return home to Dinner, for I rarely dine abroad: when I have din'd, if I am alone, I read for an Hour or two; after which I go out, either to make Viſits, or elſe to take the Air. I often go to their Plays, not only becauſe I have a Taſte that way, but to avoid Gaming, for you can't go into a Houſe but they bring out the Cards. After the Comedy is over, which I am forc'd whether I will or not to prefer to the Opera, I go to ſome Houſe where there's no ſaying nay but I muſt make one at Quadrille to eaſe me of my Money, for I know not what 'tis to win. I am entertain'd with a good Supper, and then I join in a ſecond Party at Quadrille, and ſometimes in a third, and go home at three o'Clock in the Morning with an empty Pocket.

This

This Itch for Gaming which has infected the Generality of the *French*, is look'd upon as one of the Plagues of the Nation. I can't imagine how 'tis poſſible for People who can ſcarce ſtay a Quarter of an Hour in one Place, but are generally reſtleſs where-ever they are, to ſit five or ſix Hours together in cutting and ſhuffling the Cards. 'Tis however a neceſſary Evil, eſpecially for a Foreigner, who muſt otherwiſe make a very ſilly Figure, till he is quite initiated in the Cuſtoms of the Country. The Ladies ſay of a Man who does not play, that he is a uſeleſs piece of Lumber, and the moſt flaming Lovers ceaſe to make Love as ſoon as Cards are brought upon the Carpet.

There are ſome Houſes however where this Paſſion for Gaming is not quite ſo prevalent; 'tis ſaid too that the Lawyers Houſes are not ſo liable to the Contagion; but I own I am not converſant enough with them to know the difference. 'Tis certain that at Court they play deeper than any where, and very many of the Nobility have impair'd their Fortunes for the ſake of having the Honour to be one of a Party with the King. His Majeſty commonly plays at Lanſquenet; the party conſiſts of twelve Cutters, who ſet a *Lewis d'Or* upon the Card. The King and the Principal Gameſters, as the Count *de Tholouſe*, the Duke *d'Antin*, the Duke *de Grammont*, and the like, ſet two, and ſometimes four *Lewis d'Ors* upon a Stake. The King is reckon'd to have the beſt Luck of all that Play in the Queen's Apartment: Any body that is well dreſs'd is admitted to make one of the Company, which forms a great Court, tho' a mix'd Aſſembly. All the Ladies ſit round the Gaming-Table, and the Men ſtand. The *French* ſay that Gaming ſets every Body upon a Level. There's one *S. Remi*, who had been a Lacquey

firſt to the Marſhal *d'Eſtrées*'s Lady, and then to the Duke of *Bourbon*, who preferr'd him to be his *Valet de Chambre*, and at the Queen's Arrival gave him a Poſt in her Majeſty's Houſhold, which he held at the ſame time that he officiated as the Duke's *Valet de Chambre:* I have ſeen this Man raiſe or fall the mirth of the King's Company at Pleaſure; 'tis true he does not cut, but he is at every Card, and makes very good paſtime. At *Fontainebleau* I have heard him one Day bet the King twenty *Lewis d'Ors* upon his own Card againſt his Majeſty's. The King anſwer'd coolly, *No, Marquis*, which is a Nickname that his Majeſty has given him, and may nevertheleſs be tranſmitted to the poſterity of this *St. Remi*, who is moreover Fop enough to be a Marquis.

This medley of people at play has been the cuſtom in *France* at all times. I remember to have heard the late Mother of the Regent ſay, that when ſhe went upon a time from *Verſailles*, where ſhe reſided with the King to ſee her Huſband, *Lewis* XIVth's Brother, who was gone to ſpend a few Days at St. *Cloud*, ſhe found him playing at *Lanſquenet* with a dozen Cutters, of whom ſhe knew but two; and when the Game was out, ſhe ask'd her Husband who the people were that he had been playing with; *They are very honeſt Fellows*, reply'd the Prince, *good ſubſtantial Tradeſmen of* Paris, *who play well, and for a great deal of Money.* The old Lady gave us moreover to underſtand, that ſhe had not been at that time long in *France*, and that ſhe was ſo vex'd to find her Husband in ſuch Company, that ſhe cou'd not forbear to upbraid him for it; but her Husband turn'd it all off with a Laugh, and made her Anſwer, *That ſhe had ſtill a Spice of*

the German *Haughtineſs, but that it wou'd wear off in time.*

'Tis certain however that this Liberty with which all ſorts of people are indulg'd of coming in for a Game and away, renders them ſawcy. That noted Comedian *Baron*, the greateſt Coxcomb of all Men living before the *Quinaults*, was one Day at the Houſe of the Prince *de Conti*, the ſame that had been choſe King of *Poland*, where they were playing at *Lanſquenet*. *Baron* pulling his purſe out with a careleſs Air, ſaid to the Prince, *Ten Lewis d'Ors upon the Knave*, M. de Conti. *Done*, Britannicus, ſaid the Prince *de Conti*, who knew that *Baron* had been juſt acting that part in a Play. It is certain that at many of the Womens Houſes the Gameſters are as much pamper'd as a Father Confeſſor is by his Female Votary. A great many Houſes ſubſiſt here by the Emoluments of Gaming, where were it not for the Money ariſing from their Cards their Suppers would be very light, and many that now ride wou'd go on Foot. The Duke *de Gevres*, Governor of *Paris*, and the Prince of *Carignan*, who have a Grant for licenſing all manner of Gaming, have farm'd it out, and get 120,000 Livres a-piece by it clear Money, which one ſhall hardly find in any City in the World.

This Gaming puts me in mind of a Lottery they have here every Month, which is a Sort of Game too where the Banker is the greateſt Gainer. Theſe Lotteries have been ſet on foot by the Parſon of the Pariſh of St. *Sulpice* to help to build his Church, and twenty Sols is the Price of each Ticket; but they prove the utter undoing of many a Lacquey and Maid Servant; which made a Friend of mine ſay that the Parſon of St. *Sulpice*, out of Gratitude to the poor Devils for burying their Wages in his Lottery, could do no leſs

leſs when they die than bury their Carcaſſes for nothing. This Lottery is worth to the Parſon about 20,000 Livres a Month, beſides the Sums he gets from the pious Contributions of ſeveral Perſons zealous for the Houſe of God: Nevertheleſs theſe Works go on ſo ſlowly that the Parſon's Trowel is not like to be laid aſide yet a-while, tho' if his Church be ever finiſh'd 'twill be the greateſt and the fineſt in the Kingdom; for all the new Works are deſign'd by *Giles Maria Oppenord*, the Duke of *Orleans*'s chief Architect, and one of the moſt skilful of his Profeſſion in *France*.

The Parſonage of St. *Sulpice* is the moſt conſiderable, not only of *Paris*, but perhaps of *Europe*; for it brings in the Parſon as much as ſome good Dioceſes do their Biſhops. The Right of Preſentation to it is in the Abbat and Fryars of the Abbey of St. *Germain*. The preſent Incumbent is M. *Languet de Gergy*, who has one Brother that is Biſhop of *Soiſſons* *, and another now an Ambaſſador at *Venice* §. The Vigilance both of the Paſtor and of the Prieſts whom he employs for adminiſtring the Sacraments cannot but be commended: The latter form a numerous Society, attend their Function with Application, and Divine Service is perform'd in the Church with very great Edification. The Society, and ſeveral Seminaries join'd to it, form together the moſt numerous Body of Clergy in all the Kingdom. The Seminary of St. *Sulpice* is one of the moſt frequented, becauſe the Eccleſiaſtical Diſcipline

* He is now Archbiſhop of *Sens*, and very well known for the famous Story of *Maria Alacoque*, a celebrated Saint of his own making.

§ The Count *de Gergy* died in 1733 in his Embaſſy, and was ſucceeded by the Count *de Froulay*.

is there taught and practis'd with Care, perhaps too becauſe Subjects are often taken from thence for the chief Dignities of the Church. Nothing is more edifying than to ſee the Proceſſion of this Pariſh upon the Day of *Corpus Chriſti*, when there's a numerous Appearance of the Clergy in magnificent Copes: The Canopy under which the holy Sacrament is carry'd is extraordinary rich. Twenty-four young Clergymen go before the holy Sacrament, and twelve always walk backward, perfuming the Hoſt as they go with Cenſers of Silver. There is not a Proceſſion in the Kingdom that is made with more Dignity and Order*. With your Favour I will conclude this Letter with the bare Mention of this ſacred Ceremony. As I propoſe to go to-morow to *Verſailles*, I ſhall ſend you what Obſervations I make there. I am, *&c.*

LETTER. XL.

SIR, *Verſailles*, *April* 15. 1732.

I HAVE been now juſt ten Days at *Verſailles*, where I have had the Honour of greeting the King

* As the Parſon of St. *Sulpice* ſtretches his Invention to the utmoſt how to allure the Multitude, in 1734 he out-did all that he had ever done before, ſo that his Proceſſion was more like the March of an Army than any thing elſe, becauſe of the many Trumpets, Kettle-drums, Hunting-horns, *&c.* which made the Air echo with their Flouriſhes. It may by Degrees come to be like the Proceſſions at *Cambray*, *Antwerp*, *Bruſſels*, and other Towns of the *Netherlands*, where to the Scandal of the Chriſtian Religion we ſee the Revival of all the Impertinencies of the Pagan.

King and Queen, and all the Royal Family. I perceiv'd the King ſince his Marriage is grown very fat, but he is ſtill one of the fineſt Princes in *Europe*. It may be ſaid of *Lewis* XV. that he is a Prince born without Vice, and free from that Haughtineſs which is commonly attach'd to Royalty: He is familiar with his Courtiers, reſerv'd to Perſons that are unknown to him, and particularly to Ambaſſadors, and more ſecret and circumſpect than perſons of his Age. He has the Morals, Behaviour, and Sentiments of a good Man, and from thence *France* may expect his Reign will be gentle and peaceable. It appears, as if *Lewis* XV. will be content with the Government of one of the moſt powerful Monarchies of the World, and that he will not be inclin'd to diſturb *Europe* for the ſake of conquering a Town or a Province. He has been educated in ſuch Sentiments of Juſtice that his Neighbours ought not to be afraid of him, ſince God has undoubtedly choſe him to be one of the Arbitrators of *Europe*, in order for the Preſervation, and not for the Deſtruction of Equity; *Lewis* the *Pacific* and the *Debonnaire* will be his diſtinguiſhing Titles: Muſt not theſe be dearer to his Subjects than the bloody Title of *Lewis* the Conqueror? And may he not be Great, and at the ſame time a Lover of Peace? Hitherto the King ſeems to follow the Plans of Government chalk'd out by the late Duke of *Burgundy* his Father, whoſe Wiſdom is ſtill rever'd by *France*. God grant that he may always take them for his Models, and that his Reign may be long, and end as glorious as it has begun!

I never caſt my Eyes upon *Lewis* XV. without admiring the Providence which has preſerv'd him contrary to the people's Expectation. I have had the Honour to ſee him Duke of *Anjou*, his Bro-

ther the Duke of *Bretagne* being then alive. I have ſeen him the Dauphin of *France*, and at length I have ſeen him on the Throne: He had at one time a pale Complexion, which did not promiſe long Life. What Diſeaſes has he not labour'd under; yet he now enjoys a perfect State of Health, and the Crown which was ſo likely to devolve to collateral Branches is eſtabliſh'd upon the Head of this young Prince, and like to deſcend to his own poſterity. In fine, a King of *France*, Father of five Children living before he is twenty Years of Age, is ſuch a Phœnomenon as is hardly to be parallell'd in antient or modern Hiſtory, and 'tis in my Opinion more extraordinary even than the advanc'd Age, and the long Reign of his Great Grandfather.

The Queen is a Princeſs of exemplary Virtue, whoſe ſole Application is to diſcharge her Duties to God, the King, and her Children; She is extreamly gracious and civil, and has a great Happineſs of expreſſing herſelf in the *French*, *German*, and *Poliſh* Languages: She had formerly a great Taſte for Muſic, and is now fond of Reading; but being entirely conformable to her Huſband's Sentiments, ſhe takes no manner of Share in the Government: She loves no Pageantry nor Ceremony, and the Rank of being the firſt Queen in the World ſeems to have no other Effect upon her than to render her Virtues more venerable, and more conſpicuous.

As for the Children of *France*, they are as yet too young to be characteris'd. Mean time I aſſure you 'tis a fine Sight to ſee them going to the Queen's Apartment, or running along the Gallery with at leaſt forty Attendants in their Train, including the Ladies and Chambermaids. The perſon intruſted with the Care of the Education of the Children of *France* is the Dutcheſs

de

de Ventadour; but as ſhe is very far advanc'd in Years, and not able to be with them every where, the Dutcheſs of *Tallard* her Grand-daughter is join'd with her in the Commiſſion: This Lady is the Daughter of the Prince *de Rohan*, Brother to the Cardinal: The Choice which has been made of her to ſucceed the Dutcheſs of *Ventadour* has been applauded by the whole Court, and in ſhort there are few Ladies that have a more noble Carriage, more Politeneſs, and ſublimer Sentiments: And 'tis very remarkable that ſince the Birth of the Dauphin, *Lewis* XIVth's only Son, the Mother, the Daughter, and the Grand-daughter have always been truſted with the Education of the Children of *France*.

Her Royal Highneſs the Widow of the Regent, who is Daughter to *Lewis* XIV. by Madame *de Monteſpan*, is the firſt in Rank at Court, and ſhe is the only Princeſs that has a Right to ſit at Table with their Majeſties when they dine in State; but 'tis a Prerogative that ſhe does not often make uſe of, becauſe ſhe has ſuch a diſlike to Dreſs that ſhe appears little at Court, and when ſhe comes to the King or Queen 'tis in private: She commonly reſides at *Paris*, or at *Bagnolet**: She is the only Princeſs of the Kingdom that has Guards, and enjoys the Honours of a Daughter of *France*; King *Lewis* XIV. granted all theſe great Diſtinctions to the late Duke of *Orleans* in Favour of this Marriage, to which that Prince agreed againſt the Conſent of his late Father, and the expreſs Prohibition of his Mother, who was ſo exaſperated againſt her Son for not reſiſting *Lewis* XIVth's Will and

* The Mode of *Bagnolette*, *i. e.* Bathing-tubs, came from this Village, to which the Country-women carry them.

Pleaſure, that ſhe lifted up her Hand againſt him when he told her that he was juſt marry'd, would not ſee her Daughter-in-law for a long time, and never could endure the thoughts of the Match till ſhe ſaw her Grand-daughter marry'd to the Duke of *Berry*. Since that time ſhe has not been ſo ſtrongly prejudiced againſt her, but acknowledges her Royal Highneſs's Virtues, and always kept a good Correſpondence with her. This Princeſs lives very retir'd in the midſt of the Court, and is very much employ'd in Works of piety.

Her Son the Duke of *Orleans* is a prince of exemplary Devotion, being almoſt continually at prayer, or performing Works of Charity: He made two or three Attempts to retire from the World, but the King thinking his preſence neceſſary in his Council would not conſent to it. His moſt Serene Highneſs is the firſt Prince of the Blood, and Governor of *Dauphiny*, and he was once Colonel and Captain General of the *French* Infantry, but he reſign'd that Poſt ſome Years ago. This Prince marry'd the Princeſs of *Baden*, by whom he has a Son ſtil'd Duke of *Chartres*, a hopeful young Prince, who is educated at St. *Cloud*, remote from the Grandeur and Hurry of the Court.

The Duke of *Orleans* has alſo four Siſters in the Kingdom, the eldeſt of whom is the Abbeſs *de Chelles*, who was formerly ſtil'd Mademoiſelle *de Chartres*. This Princeſs in ſpite of all the perſuaſions of the late Regent and the Dutcheſs, who did their utmoſt to divert her from it, took the Habit of a Nun, tho' ſhe was one of the moſt amiable Princeſſes in *Europe*, and might have made a great Prince happy.

The

The ſecond Siſter is the Queen of *Spain*, the Dowager of *Lewis* I. whom ſhe marry'd when he was Prince of *Aſturias*, before his Father reſign'd the Crown of *Spain* to him; but the young King did not live long to enjoy it, and after his Death the young Queen Dowager having a Deſire to return to *France*, their Catholic Majeſties conſented to it, and the King of *France* allow'd her the Caſtle of *Vincennes* to reſide in, where for ſome time ſhe liv'd: She had not been there many Weeks when ſhe receiv'd a Viſit from the King, who ſaid before he went that his Viſit would be ſhort; *I am not very talkative*, ſaid his Majeſty, *and they ſay that the Queen of* Spain *does not talk at all, ſo that I don't believe we ſhall have much Converſation:* And indeed the Viſit was very ſhort. The Queen receiv'd the King at the Step of the Coach, and the King taking her by the hand led her into his Chamber, where two Arm Chairs were plac'd for them under a Canopy. The King ſeated himſelf on the Right hand, and after a few Words ſpoke by the Duke of *Bourbon*, and the Duke *de Noailles*, who as Captain of the Guards ſtood behind the King's Chair, his Majeſty roſe, and went away with the ſame Ceremonies as he came. Some time after this the Queen of *Spain* went to viſit the King, when her Guards were plac'd in all the Poſts of *Verſailles*, the King's Guards being order'd to make room for them. The King receiv'd the Queen as ſhe alighted from the Coach, and every thing paſs'd with the ſame Formality as at *Vincennes*. The Queen of *Spain*, after ſome Stay at the Caſtle of *Vincennes*, went to live in thoſe Apartments at *Luxembourg* which had been the Reſidence of her Siſter the Dutcheſs of *Berry*; but ſome time ago ſhe retir'd to a Convent; and her Family, which was at firſt exceeding numerous,

was very much reduc'd. If we except the vain Honours of Royalty, ſhe would have been far more happy if ſhe had never been a Queen, for then ſhe might have marry'd again, whereas now ſhe muſt continue, a Widow and paſs the Prime of her Days in Solitude and Retirement.

The third Siſter of the Duke of *Orleans* is Mademoiſelle *de Beaujolois*, who was deſign'd as a Match for the Infante Don *Carlos*, but when the Infanta of *Spain* was ſent back from *France*, return'd to this Kingdom with the Queen her Siſter: She is one of the moſt beautiful and moſt amiable Princeſſes upon Earth, worthy to reign, and worthy of the Infante*.

Mademoiſelle *d'Orleans* ** her Siſter is a very charming Princeſs with an exceeding graceful Air and Behaviour fully anſwerable to her Birth.

Next to the Family of *Orleans* the firſt in rank is that of *Conde*, which conſiſts of three Princes and ſix Princeſſes: The Duke *de Bourbon* is the chief, who is Great Steward of the King's Houſhold, and Governor of *Burgundy*. His Highneſs loſt one Eye in hunting by an unfortunate Shot from the Duke of *Berry:* He was marry'd very young to Mademoiſelle *de Conti* his Couſin, who died without Iſſue. He was alſo but young when he made the Campaigns in *Germany*, in Company with his Brother-in-law the Prince of *Conti*. After the Deceaſe of *Lewis* XIV. the Duke went to Law with the legitimated Princes, and caus'd the

* *Philippa Eliſabeth* of *Orleans*. She died of the Small-Pox *May* 21, 1734. unmarried, and univerſally lamented.

** *Louiſa Diana* of *Orleans*. She was married in 1732 to *Lewis* of *Bourbon* Prince of *Conti*, by whom ſhe had a Son born *Sept.* 1. 1734. while the Prince was in the King's Army upon the *Rhine*.

the Duke *de Maine* to be degraded from the rank of Prince of the Blood, to which he had been promoted by an Arret ſolemnly regiſter'd in Parliament during the Life of the late King. The Duke of *Bourbon* demanded as firſt Prince of the Blood whom he then repreſented, by reaſon of the tender Age of the Duke of *Chartres*, now Duke of *Orleans*, to have the Superintendance of the King's Education, to which Poſt the Duke *de Maine* had been nominated by the late King's laſt Will: He obtain'd his Demand, and the Duke *de Maine* retir'd to *Seaux*. The Duke *de Bourbon* had after this a great Share in the Affairs of the Regency, and the Duke of *Orleans* took care to keep him in good humour. At the unexpected Death of the Regent the Duke being then at *Verſailles* went to the King, and demanded the Poſt of prime Miniſter vacant by the Death of his Royal Highneſs, and obtain'd it. The late M. *de la Vrilliere*, Secretary of State, being perhaps a little too forgetful of his Obligations to the Son of a Prince who had heap'd Favours upon him, drew up the Patent inſtantly, and caus'd it to be ſign'd by the King, before the Duke of *Chartres*, who was at the Opera at *Paris*, could hear the News of his Father's Death; ſo that tho' he went Poſt to *Verſailles*, and demanded the Office of firſt Miniſter, the Duke of *Bourbon* told him that the King had diſpos'd of it to himſelf. The Duke was no ſooner veſted with the Authority of prime Miniſter than he made great Alterations in the Government; but theſe are the Subject of Hiſtory rather than of a Letter. M. *le Blanc*, who had been Secretary at War, and was the Darling of the Officers, was committed to the *Baſtille*; and M. *de Breteuil*, who had been formerly Maſter of the Requeſts, and Intendant of *Tours* ſucceeded

ceeded him in that Office; which was the Conſequence of a miſunderſtanding, or rather a hatred between two Ladies who were the Miſtreſſes, the one of the Duke of *Bourbon*, the other of M. *le Blanc*. All the Friends of the latter, among whom was M. the Count *de Belle-Iſle*, ſhared in his Diſgrace. The four Brothers of the Name of *Paris* had the management of the Finances, of which Brothers two had been Soldiers in the Guards, but they had the Cunning to extricate themſelves from that melancholy State, and to render themſelves neceſſary to the Government during the time of the Regency. M. *d'Argenſon* Keeper of the Seals had been their Patron, and rais'd them upon the Ruins of Mr. *John Law*, and his Syſtem. Whatever was done by theſe Brothers is foreign to my purpoſe: Their rapid Fortune drew Envy upon them, and they ſoon became the Objects of the public hatred.

The moſt remarkable Tranſactions of the Duke's Adminiſtration were the ſending back of the Infanta, and the Marriage of the King. The Duke foreſeeing the Inconveniencies to which *France* would be liable if the King ſhould die without Iſſue, thought it beſt to prevent ſo fatal an Accident, which it had not been poſſible for him to have done without marrying the King. The Infanta of *Spain* was a Child, and it would be at leaſt eight Years before they could hope for any Iſſue from her; whereas by marrying the King to another ſpeedily, there was a Chance of having a Dauphin very ſoon, who would ſecure the Tranquility of the Kingdom. His moſt Serene Highneſs therefore propos'd this Affair to the Council, which at firſt he found very much divided about it; for they were apprehenſive of the Reſentment of the King of *Spain*, and the Duke himſelf

himſelf was heartily ſorry that he was under a Neceſſity of giving their Catholic Majeſties juſt Cauſe of Diſguſt for the ſake of the public Good: The Council being at laſt agreed, they paſs'd a Reſolution unanimouſly to ſend back the Infanta. This was accordingly notify'd to the Court of *Spain*, where News ſo unexpected was receiv'd with all the Indignation poſſible. The Infanta was ſent back. The Dutcheſs of *Tallard* had the Care of conducting her to the *Spaniſh* Frontier. All the Honours due to the Daughter of a great King were paid to this Princeſs, and every thing that could be thought of was done to ſoften the Diſpleaſure of their Catholic Majeſties for her Return. All *France* murmur'd in ſecret at the Departure of this Princeſs, for ſhe had won the Hearts of all who had ſeen her, by a Behaviour and a Genius ſo vaſtly above one of her Age that they prognoſticated ſhe would one Day be a great Queen. Not long after ſhe was ſent away, the King was marry'd to a Princeſs ſo happy in Child-bearing that Heaven thereby ſeems to applaud what the Duke has done, and the People quite forgetting the Infanta bleſs his Name.

The King, after he had been married a few Months, thought it was not convenient for a Prince of the Blood to have the Direction of his Affairs; and therefore he diſplac'd the Duke of *Bourbon* from the Poſt of prime Miniſter, and made the late Biſhop of *Frejus*, now the Cardinal *de Fleury*, the ſole Depoſitary of his Authority. The Duke receiv'd Orders to retire to *Chantilly*, a Seat he has near *Senlis*, and there his Friends put it into his Head to marry a ſecond Wife: Several Princeſſes were propos'd to him, but he determin'd his Choice for *Eleonora* of *Heſſe-Rhinfelds*, Siſter of the Princeſs of *Piedmont*, now Queen

Queen of *Sardinia**; and the Brother of this Princeſs having a Proxy ſent to him from the Duke married her at *Rotenbourg*, in preſence of the Count *de Gaſſe*, whom the Duke had ſent to aſſiſt in his Name at this Ceremony. The young Dutcheſs no ſooner arriv'd in *France* but her Beauty, and the Charms both of her Perſon and Mind made her admir'd by the whole Court, of which ſhe is now one of the principal Ornaments: She is belov'd and reſpected by all mankind, and every body pities her that the Duke has not all that tenderneſs for her which ſhe deſerves, and which it were to be wiſh'd he had for the Support of the *Conde* Family, of which the two only Princes remaining, *viz.*, the Counts *de Charolois* and *Clerimont*, are not married.

The Count *de Charolois* is tall, handſome, and well ſet: His Entrance upon the Stage of Action was much taken notice of, for a thirſt after Glory was the Paſſion of his Soul as ſoon as he came to the Years of Underſtanding. The War being kindled in *Hungary*, and Prince *Engene* of *Savoy* having gain'd a Victory near *Temiſwaer*, which reviv'd that Hero's Reputation in *France*, the Count *de Charolois* had a mind to learn the Art of War under ſo great a Maſter, and to make the Campaign which immediately followed that of *Temiſwaer*; but he did not dare to diſcover his Intention, and fearing that he ſhould not obtain the Conſent either of the Duke of *Orleans* the Regent, the Dutcheſs his Mother, or the Duke his Father, he reſolv'd to ſet out privately, being ſure that

* It ſhould have been obſerv'd that in the Article of *Turin*, that this Queen died the ſecond of *January*, 1735. O. S. and the King is now going to marry the eldeſt Siſter of the preſent Duke of *Lorrain*.

that he ſhould be applauded for his Undertaking if he could be ſo happy as to put it in Execution. He imparted his Deſign in Confidence to M. *de Billy*, one of his Gentlemen, and to *Renault* his firſt *Valet de Chambre*, and with theſe two Attendants he ſet out from *Chantilly* on pretence of hunting. He travell'd five or ſix Poſt-Stages with the very Horſes that belong'd to the Duke his Father, after which he left them to the Care of the Poſtmaſter, and hir'd freſh Horſes, with which he reach'd *Liege*, where he reſted ſome Days, and having provided himſelf with Linen, went to the Court of the Elector of *Cologn* whom he had known in *France*: His firſt Viſit at *Bonn* was at the Houſe of M. *de S. Maurice*, the Elector's prime Miniſter, but he did not find him at home. M. *de Billy* thereupon deſir'd to ſpeak with his Lady, and told her that a certain Punctilio of honour had oblig'd him to come from *France* with the young Gentleman in his Company; but Madame *de St. Maurice* not thinking he was a Prince of the Blood, and taking the Count *de Charolois* for ſome petty Officer gave him a very cold Reception: However ſhe ſent for her Husband, who was then attending the Elector's perſon, and when the Count *de S. Maurice* came, he preſently knew the Count *de Charolois*, paid him all due Reſpects, and haſten'd to notify his Arrival to the Elector, who at firſt was concern'd to hear it, becauſe his Electoral Highneſs knew not but he might diſoblige the Court of *France* by receiving the Count, who he imagin'd had left the Kingdom upon ſome Diſguſt. Nevertheleſs after reflecting with himſelf that whatever the Count *de Charolois* might have done, the Court of *France* could not be angry with him for paying a Regard to his Quality as Prince of the Blood, he ſent to invite him to his palace.

The

The Count went thither accordingly by the Name of the Count *de Dammartin*, which he always travell'd with as long as he was abſent from the Kingdom. The Elector receiv'd him with all the Marks of the higheſt Eſteem, kept him ſeveral Days at his Court, and then furniſh'd him with Money for his Journey to *Munich*, where he no ſooner arriv'd but he wrote to the Duke his Father to ſend him Remittances, and the neceſſary Equipages for the Campaign, which he was then going to make.

Tho' the Count *de Charolois* did not find the Elector of *Bavaria* at *Munich*, yet he was as well receiv'd as if he had been there; and the Electreſs, tho' he had not been to ſee her, no ſooner heard of his Arrival but ſhe order'd all due Honours to be paid to him. When the Elector return'd to *Munich*, he was overjoy'd to find this Prince there, and offer'd to make his Peace in *France*, in which he ſucceeded ſo far as to get his Departure out of the Kingdom approv'd by the Dutcheſs and the Regent. When the Count's Domeſtics were arriv'd, he ſet out for *Hungary*, and paſs'd through *Vienna* without ſaluting the Emperor, or the Empreſs Dowager his Couſin German. The Empreſs was ſo offended at it that ſhe wrote to her Aunt, who was the Prince's Grandmother, and ſignify'd to that Princeſs that ſhe did not think it handſome for a Prince of ſuch Deſcent as the Count *de Charolois* to paſs thro' *Vienna* to ſerve in the Imperial Army, without having ſeen the Emperor. The Count's Relations did not fail to reproach him for his Want of Reſpect to their Imperial Majeſties. He excus'd himſelf by ſaying that he did not know what Treatment he ought to expect, but the Anſwer he receiv'd was an Order from the Regent in the King's

King's Name to wait on their Imperial Majeſties as he return'd from the Campaign.

He ſignaliz'd himſelf in it very much, but with ſo little Care of his Perſon that Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy* often reproach'd him for it: He took a Pleaſure to go up to the very Breaſt-work of the Trenches, and from thence with Screw-Guns he fir'd at the *Turks* as if he had been ſhooting at ſmall Birds; On the other hand the *Turks* did not ſpare him, but ſent their Balls whizzing about his Ears in Return for his Frolic. The Count was preſent at the Battle of *Belgrade*, and ſaw that Place taken: He afterwards went to *Vienna*, and ſtaid there ſome Weeks, where he had an Audience of the Emperor, not *incognito*, but as the Count *de Charolois*. The Emperor receiv'd him at the *Favourita* ſtanding: His Audience was attended with this odd Circumſtance. The Count being not acquainted with the Ceremonial did not know that he ſhould find the Emperor all alone, and therefore when he enter'd the Cloſet, and ſaw a Man in a very plain dreſs leaning with his Back againſt a Table, he took him for ſome private Gentleman; but in a few Moments he ſpy'd the Golden Fleece: He was doubtful in his Mind after all whether 'twas the Emperor; but he advanc'd, ſaying within himſelf that in either caſe there was not much Harm in being miſtaken. The Emperor receiv'd him with very great Marks of Diſtinction, and the Count kiſs'd his Hand, becauſe he had been told it was the Cuſtom, and that all the Princes of the Empire did the ſame. He afterwards went to the Apartment of the Empreſſes, and had reaſon where-ever he came to be ſatisfy'd with his Reception.

From *Vienna* he return'd to *Munich*, after which he made the Tour of *Italy*, and lodg'd at *Rome* at the Houſe of the Cardinal *de Tremou-*

mouille, who had then the Care of the Affairs of *France*. After having repaſs'd the Mountains he came back to *Munich*, where he ſtay'd a Year and an half, being always lodg'd and defray'd together with his Retinue at the Expence of his Electoral Highneſs, who kept a Table for him for twelve Gueſts, beſides Hunting-Equipage, and Horſes at his Command.

Hunting is this Prince's chief Amuſement ſince he return'd to *France*: He appears ſeldom at Court, and neither meddles nor makes with Affairs of State. They talk often of getting him a Wife, but he does not ſeem to have any more Gout for the Sacrament of Marriage than his younger Brother the Count *de Clermont*, a young Prince of a lovely Perſon, a ſweet Nature, and who ſeems to have a way of Thinking becoming his Birth. They who approach him, and know him intimately, have aſſur'd me that he has all the Qualities that can be to form hereafter a great Prince. It ſeems as if he were deſign'd for the Church, ſince his moſt ſerene Highneſs actually enjoys ſeveral conſiderable Abbeys; but hitherto this Prince dreſſes in the Lay Habit, and performs no Spiritual Function. While I was ſpeaking of the Count *de Charolois*, I forgot to tell you that he is Governor of *la Touraine*, in which Honour he ſucceeded the late M. *Dangeau*, firſt Gentleman-Uſher to the late Dutcheſs of *Burgundy*. In his time *la Touraine* was not reckon'd among the great Governments, but as the Regent was willing to give one to the Count *de Charolois*, after having granted away the Reverſions of all the great Governments, he thought of no other Expedient than to put *la Touraine* in the Rank of the other Provinces.

The three Princes that I have juſt mention'd are the

Sons

Sons of Madame the Dutcheſs (of *Bourbon*) the legitimated Daughter of *Lewis* XIV. and Madame *de Monteſpan*: She is a Princeſs who has been cry'd up in *Europe* for her Wit, Beauty, and the Charms of her Perſon. Tho' ſhe is the Mother of a numerous Family ſhe may ſtill be reckon'd among the Beauties of the Court, and 'tis certain that when the Dutcheſs is with the Princeſſes her Daughters, ſhe ſeems rather to be their Siſter than the Mother. This Princeſs is immenſely rich, thoſe who manage her Affairs having acquir'd a vaſt Eſtate in the contagious Actions of the *Miſſiſippi*. She lives with very great Magnificence, and has lately caus'd a Palace to be built which may be rank'd with the fineſt Structures in *Europe*. Her moſt Serene Highneſs is often at *Chantilly* with the Duke her Husband, but the reſt of her Time ſhe divides betwixt the Court and City.

The Princeſs of *Conti* the ſecond Dowager, the Princeſſes of *Charolois*, *Clermont* and *Sens* are her Daughters, and form one of the moſt beautiful Families that ever was. 'Tis pity that Princeſſes ſo beautiful and accompliſh'd are not well match'd, but their Greatneſs is a Bar to their Settlement in Marriage; beſides, this Century has been more prolific every where in Princeſſes than in Princes. The Princeſs of *Conti*, who has ſome Thoughts of a Wife for the Prince her Son, has juſt bought the fine Houſe which was built by the Count *de Belle-Iſle*, out of the vaſt Sums which he got by *Miſſiſippi* Stock; there ſhe propoſes to end her Days, and ſhe already appears but ſeldom at Court, which indeed the Trouble of Dreſſing hinders a great many Princeſſes and Ladies from frequenting. The Princeſs of *Conti* was very young when ſhe married, and has had two Sons, but there's only one of them living.

ing, who in his Father's Life-time was ſtil'd th
Count *d'Alais*, and is now the Prince of *Conti*

As for Mademoiſelle *de Charolois* all the Charm
imaginable are united in her Perſon: She has
noble Aſpect, a very lively ſparkling Wit, and
all the Dutcheſs's Daughters ſhe is the moſt lik
her Mother, and has the moſt ſprightly Ideas. Du
ring the Regency of the Duke of *Orleans*, whe
Money was become extraordinary ſcarce, Mademo
ſelle *de Charolois* appear'd at the Royal Palace wi
two *Lewis d'Ors* in her Ears for Pendants; upo
which the Duke of *Orleans* asking her the Meanin
of that new Faſhion, ſhe made him Anſwer that ſh
found *Lewis d'Ors* ſcarcer than Diamonds, and th
therefore ſhe wore them as ſuch. Mademoiſelle
Charolois lives in the little Hotel *de Bourbon*, whic
formerly belong'd to *Anne* of *Bavaria* the Palatin
the Widow of *Henry Julius* of *Bourbon*, Princ
of *Conde*, Grandmother to the Princes and Prin
ceſſes of the *Conde* Family. This Princeſs has
Family here independent on Madame the Dutch
eſs (of *Bourbon*) but ſhe generally follows th
Court, and as ſhe is very fond of Hunting, an
rides well, ſhe makes one at all the King's Matche

Mademoiſelle *de Clermont* is not only very beau
tiful, but has an Air of Quality, good Natur
and Modeſty, which diſtinguiſhes her from a
the Grandees of the Court. Calumny, whic
does not always favour the Royal Blood here
could never ſhed its Venom upon this Princeſs
and the whole Court ever admir'd her for her So
briety and Virtue. She is Superintendante of th
Queen's Houſhold, and went in this Quality wit
the Ladies of Honour to meet her Majeſty
Strasbourg.

Made

* He is married ſince 1732. to *Louiſa-Diana* of *Orleans*, youngeſt Daughter of the late Regent.

Mademoiſelle *de Sens* with her Beauty is both graceful and modeſt: She was brought up under her Grandmother the Princeſs, and after her Deceaſe the Dutcheſs of *Brunſwic*, her Great Aunt, Mother to the Empreſs *Amelia*, who ſpent her later Years in *France*, had the Care of her Education, and form'd her one of the moſt amiable Princeſſes upon the Earth.

The *Conti* Family, which is the third Branch of the Princes of the Blood, conſiſts at this time of two Dowager Ladies, a young Prince, and a Princeſs, call'd Mademoiſelle *de la Roche-ſur-yon*. The Princeſs of *Conti*, the firſt Dowager Lady, is the legitimated Daughter of King *Lewis* XIV. by Mademoiſelle *de la Valiere*: This Princeſs is celebrated for her Beauty, Wit, and noble Air, which ſhe ſtill retains: She happen'd to be a Widow when ſhe was very young. Some ſay that the King of *Morocco* demanded her in Marriage, but I have been aſſur'd by many People that 'tis a mere Fiction, be this as it will, ſuch a Match was not practicable; for tho' Religion had been altogether out of the Queſtion, King *Lewis* XIV. would never have ſacrific'd a Daughter ſo dear to him, and one who was the Ornament of his Court, to a *Marabou* *. The Princeſs of *Conti*, ſince the Death

* The Origin of the Fable is this. *Mehemed Ben Aſchen*, or the Son of *Aſchen* Admiral of *Sale*, was deputed from the King of *Morocco*, but I know not what Year, to the Court of *France*. When this Corſair was at *Paris*, he heard great Talk of the Princeſs of *Conti*'s Beauty, and of the particular Affection which the King had for her: In order to ingratiate himſelf with the *French* he gave out that the Emperor his Maſter having ſeen the Picture of that Princeſs among other Effects which belong'd to a Chriſtian who was taken into Slavery, he thought her the moſt beautiful of her Sex;

Death of her Brother the Dauphin, has not a
pear'd in public, and only viſits the King a
Queen privately in their Majeſties Cloſet. H
Occupations are Works of Piety and Charity, a
her Life is an Example of Virtue: She commo
ly reſides in her Hotel at *Paris*, which is beau
ful and magnificent, and formerly belong'd to t
Marſhal-Duke *de Lorges*.

The legitimated Princes, Sons of *Lewis* XI
are the Duke *de Maine*, and the Count *de Tholo*
The former is Grand Maſter of the Ordnanc
Colonel-General of the *Swiſs* and *Griſons*, a
Governor of *Guienne* : He married *Louiſa-Be*
dicti

Sex ; and that his *Mooriſh* Majeſty ſaid, that if he h
ſuch a Lady in his Seraglio he ſhould never deſire a
other. *Mehemed*'s Story was preſently carried far a
near, but it was told quite different from the Tru
for it was reported in a very little time that he was co
to demand the Princeſs in Marriage for *Muley Iſm*
his Maſter. As there ſeem'd to be ſomething myſ
rious in the Picture, a Meſſenger was ſent in all Ha
to the Ambaſſador's Lodgings to know the Na
of the Slave from whom it was taken ; but his *M*
hometan Excellency ſo prevaricated that his Anſwer w
far from being ſatisfactory. Nevertheleſs his prete
ed Demand of this Princeſs was ſo much the Subject
Converſation among the *French* for ſeveral Mont
that according to the Cuſtom of this People they
length made a Sonnet upon it, which follows.

To the Tune of *Je ne ſuis né ni Roy ni Prince.*

Votre beauté, grande Princeſſe,
Porte les traits dont l' Amour bleſſe,
Juſques aux plu Sauvages Lieux :
L' Afrique avec vous capitule,
Et les conquetes de vos yeux
Vont plus loin que celles d'Hercule.

ctina of *Bourbon-Conde*, by whom he has two ons and a Daughter. The Duke *de Maine* poſ-ſes the Sovereignty of *Dombes*, which the late ademoiſelle, Daughter of *Gaſton* of *France*, on of *Henry* IV. left him by Will. This Prince gnaliz'd his Valour in his Youth: He has the iſfortune to halt, but he has a ſuperior Genius, d is a Man of true Chriſtian Piety. The late ing diſtinguiſh'd him above all his Children, of hich he gave an illuſtrious Proof when he ap-ointed him Superintendant of the Education of *wis* XV. and when he made him a Sharer in the thority of the Regency, together with the Duke *Orleans*, whom he would have been glad to ve intirely excluded from it if his Royal High-ſs's Birth had not given him an abſolute Title it. Some Years before this, the ſaid King by a De-

S'il eſt bien vari quil vous adore,
Que je plains ce pauvre Roy Maure,
D'etre ſenſible à vos appas!
En vain envers vous il s'explique,
La France ne donnera pas
Son Ange au Diable de l'Afrique.

Which may be thus Engliſh'd.

Your Beauty, Great Princeſs,
Carries Love's killing Shafts
To Nations the moſt ſavage;
Africk *with you capitulates,*
And the Conqueſt of your Eyes
Even thoſe of Hercules *ſurmount.*

If it be true that he adores you,
How do I pity the poor Negro King,
Who is ſo ſmitten with your Charms!
In vain he makes his Paſſion known to you,
For ſure France *will never give*
Her Angel to the Devil of Africa.

a Declaration the moſt ſolemnly regiſter'd that e-
ver any was, had recogniz'd the Ability of the
Duke *de Maine*, the Count *de Tholouſe*, and their
Poſterity to ſucceed to the Crown on Failure of
Iſſue by the lawful Princes. The Princes of the
Blood, in Complaiſance to *Lewis* XIV. before
whom every Knee was bow'd, did not oppoſe a
Declaration ſo little for their Honour: But in the
Beginning of *Lewis* XVth's Reign they commen-
ced a Suit upon it againſt the legitimated Princes.
The Arret which call'd them to the Succeſſion of
the Crown was revok'd, and the Count *de Tho-
louſe* was the only one that retain'd for his Life
the Honours that were annex'd to the Dignity of
Prince of the Blood. The Duke *du Maine* and his
Children were depriv'd of theſe great Prerogatives,
and reduc'd to the Rank of their Peerage. Some
Years after however it pleas'd the King to reſtore
thoſe Honours to the Duke *du Maine*, and to
his Sons the Prince of *Dombes*, and the Count
d'Eu; but theſe Princes continue excluded from
the Crown.

I have already acquainted you how the Duke
of *Bourbon* depriv'd the Duke *du Maine* of the
Superintendance of *Lewis* XVth's Education.
But that was not the only Circumſtance that mor-
tify'd him; for at that Juncture the Point that
ſeem'd to be ſolely in View was to undo every
thing that had been done by *Lewis* XIV. And
the Duke, together with his Employments and
Honours, alſo loſt his Liberty. He was accus'd
of holding a Correſpondence with the Prince of
Cellamare, the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador, who endea-
vour'd to excite the *French* to a Rebellion againſt
the Regent by promiſing them Aſſiſtance from the
King his Maſter: Hereupon the Duke *du Maine*
was arreſted, and committed Priſoner to *Dour-
lens* in *Picardy*, where he was cloſely confin'd.

They who are not the moſt zealous of this Prince's Friends agree that he ſupported this Reverſe of Fortune with an Heroic Conſtancy. I heard it ſaid by the People who were ſet to watch him that they never ſaw him once deviate from that Serenity of Mind, and that good Nature which accompany all his Actions. But the Dutcheſs of *Maine* did not receive the News of his Diſgrace with the ſame Tranquility; for being born with all the high Spirit of the Great *Conde* her Grandfather, ſhe rav'd againſt the Regent, but eſpecially againſt her Nephew the Duke whom ſhe look'd upon as the Author of her Misfortunes. They ſay moreover that the Duke *de Maine* himſelf was rattled by her before he was confin'd. 'Twas on the Day that *Lewis* XV. came to the Parliament to hold his firſt Bed of Juſtice, when the Duke *de Maine* was turn'd out of that Share which the late King's laſt Will gave him in the Regency. As this Duke came home from the Parliament he found his Wife in the utmoſt Impatience to know what had been done; of which when he had given her an exact Account, the Dutcheſs could not bridle her Paſſion, but looking on her Husband with Indignation, ſhe ſaid, *I have nothing left them to poſſeſs, but the Shame of having married you!* When ſhe received Orders to quit to the Duke of *Bourbon* that Apartment which ſhe had in the *Thuilleries*, while the Duke *de Maine* was Superintendant of the King's Education; *Yes*, ſaid ſhe, *I will quit it with a Vengeance*, and at the ſame time order'd it to be ſtripp'd quite bare of Furniture, and for the more Haſte ſhe daſh'd the Looking-glaſſes, China, and all Goods of that Sort in Pieces. Nevertheleſs when ſhe was apprehended, and during the Time that ſhe was detain'd, ſhe was not heard to utter a Complaint or a Murmur, but ſupported her Diſgrace with

that Magnanimity for which ſhe is admir'd, a Quality which elevates her ſo far above other Women, and ſets her on a Par with the Greateſt Men.

The Duke and Dutcheſs of *Maine* are often at *Seaux*, a fine Houſe but a little Diſtance from *Paris*, on the high Road to *Orleans*, built by *John Baptiſt Colbert*. Here they have always a gay Court. This Dutcheſs is ſo much in Love with the Arts and Sciences that all Men of Letters look on her as their Patroneſs; and there are few Poetical Compoſitions which are not firſt preſented to her. The laſt time I paid my Court to her, the following Piece, compos'd of no more than two Rhymes, was read there, and ſo highly applauded that I herewith ſend you a Copy of it.

The

* 'Tis a Letter *from a Gentleman retir'd from the World, to a Friend of his*, wherein he celebrates the happy Innocence, and the Freedom of his tranquil Retreat, in a Style that cannot but be pleaſing to the Admirers of *French* Poetry; and for their Sakes we inſert the Original, with only an *Engliſh* Paraphraſe in the Margin.

Je vois regner ſur ce rivage
L'Innocence et la Liberté.
Que d'Objects dans ce paiſage
Malgre leur contrarieté
M'étonnet par leur Aſſemblége!
Abondanté frugalité
Autorité ſans Eſclavage
Richeſſes ſans Libertinage,
Charges, Nobleſſe, ſans fierté.
Mon choix eſt fait, ce voiſinage
Determine ma volonte.
Blenfaiſante Divinité,
Ajoutezy votre ſuffrage.

The Author begins with expreſſing his Surpriſe at the Concurrence of Objects of different Qualities in his Retirement; ſuch as Abundance with Frugality, Authority with Indulgence, Riches with Sobriety, Honours with Humility: And having therefore fix'd on this Spot for his Reſidence he implores the Sanction of the Divine Providence to his Choice.

Di-

He

The Prince of *Dombes*, the Duke of *Maine*'s eldeſt Son, is a tall handſome well-ſet Gentleman, and has the Reverſion of his Father's Offices. Whether the Count *d' Eu* has any Employments I know not. Both theſe Princes are commonly

C 2

Diſciple de l' Adverſité
Je viens faire dans le Village
Un volontaire apprentiſſage
D'une tardive obſcurité.
Auſſi bien, de mon plus bel âge
J'appercois l'inaſtabilité.
J'ai deja, de compte arreté,
Quatre fois vu le feuillage
Par le Zéphir reſſuſcité.
Du Printems j'ai mal profité:
J'en ai regret; et de l' Ete
Je veux faire un meilleur Uſage.

Here he ſays, that having been train'd-up in the School of Adverſity, he prefers a voluntary Obſcurity in the Village; that he has experienc'd the Inſtability of Youth; that he has ſeen the Return of forty Springs, which he regrets that he has ſo ill improv'd; and promiſes to make a better Uſe of the Summer of his Life.

J'apporte dans mon Hermitage,
Un cœur des longtems rebuté
Du prompt et funeſte Eſclavage,
Fruit de la folle vanité.
Paſſan ſans ruſticité,
Hermite ſans patelinage,
Mon but eſt la tranquillité.
Je veux pour unique partage,
La paix d'un cœur qui ſe dégage
Des filets de la Volupté.

He ſays he brings to his Hermitage a Heart which has been for a long Time the fatal Slave of fooliſh Vanity; but that now he is become a Peaſant without Clowniſhneſs, a Hermit without Bigotry; and that Tranquility being his Aim, he deſires no other Portion in Life but the Peace of his Mind, diſentangled from the Snares of Pleaſure.

L'incorruptible probite.
De mes Ayeux noble Heritage,
A la

Here he declares that incorruptible Probity, the noble

monly at Court. Mademoiſelle *du Maine* is a very amiable Princeſs, whoſe Education has been fully anſwerable to her Birth, and who by her Manners and Politeneſs, approves herſelf the worthy Daughter of her Mother.

The

A la Cour ne m' a point quitté
Libre et franc, ſans être ſauvage,
Du Courtiſan fourbe et volage
L'exemple ne m' a point gâté.
L'infatigable activite,
Reſte d'un utile naufrage,
Mes Etudes, mon 'jardinage,
Un Repas ſans art appreté,
D'une Eſpouſe oeconome et ſage
La belle humeur, le bon ménage,
Vont faire ma félicité.

ble Inheritance he deriv'd from his Anceſtors, did not forſake him at Court, where being frank and free, without being rude, the Example of the crafty giddy Courtier had not tainted him. He obſerves the good Effect of his former Miſcarriage; that it has made him active and indefatigable; and he hopes from henceforwards to be happy in his Studies, in his Garden, and in a plain Diet dreſs'd by his frugal prudent Wife, whoſe good Nature is equal to her Oeconomy.

C'eſt dans ce Port, qu'en ſureté
Ma Barque ne craint point l'orage,
Qu'un autre a ſon tour emporte.
Au grà de ſa cupidité,
Sur le ſein de l'humide plage,
Des Vents oſe affronter la rage;
Je ris de ſa têmerité,
Et lui ſouthaite un bon voyage.
Je reſerve ma fermeté

In this Port, ſays he, my Veſſel dreads no Storm. Let who will defy the Rage of the Winds, while he coaſts along the Shore, I laugh at his Preſumption, and wiſh him a good Voyage; but reſerve my Courage for a more important Paſſage, and approach with Boldneſs to the Gates of Eternity.

Pour

The

The Count *de Tholouſe*, great Admiral of *France*, is the ſecond Son of King *Lewis* XIV. by Madame *de Monteſpan*. In the laſt War he commanded the Naval Army of *France*. He is one of the handſomeſt and comelieſt Lords at Court. He is noble and magnificent in every thing that he does, and they ſay he is generous. He is very polite, and has always been as much eſteem'd for his Merit, as for his Rank of a Legitimated Prince, which he has preſerved, tho' his Brother was diveſted of it. It was believed for a long time, that this Prince would not marry, and that his great Eſtate would fall to the Children of

...r un plus important paſ-
...ſage;
... je m'approche avec cou-
...rage,
... portes de l' Eternité.

Je ſai que la mortalité
... Genre humain eſt l'appa-
...nage:
... quoi ſeul ſerois je excep-
...té?
La vie eſt un pelerinage:
De ſon cours la rapidité,
... de m' alarmer, me ſou-
...lage.
... fin, quand je Denvi-
...ge,
... fallible neceſſité
... me ſauroit faire d'out-
...rage.
... de l'Or empaqueté,
... en perit que l' embalage:
... tout. Un ſi leger dom-
...mage
... oit il être regreté?

The Poet concludes with a Reflection, that ſince Mortality is intail'd upon all Mankind, why ſhou'd he alone think to be exempted? And he ſays, that ſince Life is but a Pilgrimage, the Rapidity of its Race, inſtead of alarming, comforts him; and that the infallible Neceſſity of his Death, when he ſeriouſly conſiders the Matter; is no more an Injury to him, than the burning of a Bale of Gold is to the Metal which remains intire, tho' the Caſe that contains it is conſum'd; which he adds is too trifling a Loſs to be regarded.

the Duke *du Maine*, but he married ſome Years ago *Maria Victoria* of *Noailles*, Widow of the Marquis *de Gondrin*, Son to the Duke *d' Antin*, by whom he had a Son, who is now the Duke *d' Epernon*. The Count *de Tholouſe* has had a Son by her alſo, who is called the Duke * *de Ponthievre*, by which Title the Count has the Rank of a Peer in Parliament. This Prince, ſince his Marriage, has commonly reſided at *Rambouillet*, where the King frequently makes parties for hunting. His Majeſty ſhews a very great Regard for the Counteſs of *Tholouſe*, which gives her Authority to talk to his Majeſty with a great deal of Freedom. The *French* ſay, ſhe was the Occaſion of the Duke of *Bourbon*'s being put out of the Miniſtry. 'Tis certain however, that the King was at *Rambouillet* when the Duke *de Charoſt* went and told the Duke, that it was his Majeſty's pleaſure that he ſhould quit the Station of Prime Miniſter. The Duke being at *Verſailles* when he receiv'd the unwelcome News, they ſay he deſired to ſpeak with the King and Queen, but that the Duke *de Charoſt* told him, he had Orders for his Removal to *Chantilly*. His moſt Serene Highneſs obey'd, and did not appear to be afflicted for the Loſs of his Authority, ſo much as for the falling off of his Friends and Creatures. The Marchioneſs *de Prie*, Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen, whom he honoured with a very ſingular Eſteem, received Orders to leave the Court, and to retire to *Normandy*, where, during her being in Favour, ſhe had purchaſed a conſiderable Eſtate.

* The King gave this young Duke, when he was but nine Years old, the Reverſion of the Poſt of Great Admiral, for a New-Year's Gift, on the firſt of *January*, 1734. He is handſome, well-ſet, all Life and Spirit, and gives very fair Hopes of being a Great Man.

ate. The Brothers of the Name of *Paris*, thoſe bjects of the public Odium, were diveſted of eir Authority. M. *de Blanc* came again into e Miniſtry: M. *de Belle-Iſle* regain'd his Liber-, and obtained the Command of the Troops of e Government of *Metz*, and the three Biſhop-icks. The Marchioneſs *de Prie* had the Morti-cation to ſee her Employment of Lady of the edchamber fill'd up by the Daughter of M. *le lanc*, to whom ſhe was a declared Enemy, and hom ſhe had endeavoured to ruin. This Lady as not able to ſupport herſelf long under her iſgrace; for having been uſed to bear a Sway, e could not reconcile herſelf to Retirement, but nguiſhed for a while, and at length died of a holic, which gave her horrid pains. She was ot much regretted, becauſe ſhe had made few riends. Ambition and Self-Intereſt had taken ntire hold of her. She thought her Diſgrace un-fferable, and the little Reflection ſhe made upon e Revolution of Fortune, rendered her's but the ore intolerable. I will hereafter give you an ccount of the Cardinal *de Fleury*, and of the erſons now of the firſt Rank at Court; but at reſent my Pen is ready to drop out of my Fin-ers; for 'tis one o'Clock in the Morning, and if write any more, I ſhall but give you my Dreams. herefore I am, with all the Eſteem poſſible, *&c.*

LETTER XLI.

SIR, *Verſailles*, *May* 1. 1732.

IN my laſt Letter I mention'd the Princes and Princeſſes of the Blood Royal to you; in this I am to give you an Account of thoſe perſons at this Court who are in the moſt exalted Stations.

The Cardinal *de Fleury*, by his Dignity of Cardinal, and much more by his Character, as the Depoſitary of the Royal Authority, has the Firſt Rank in the State next to the Princes of the Blood. This Prelate, tho' far advanced in Years, is brisk and lively to Admiration. His Stature is ſomewhat above the middle Size; he has a happy Phyſiognomy, to which Fortune has not given the Lie, and he is humble, good-natur'd and civil. You know that he was Biſhop of *Frejus*. He reſign'd that See to excuſe him from that Paſtoral Charge of Souls, when the late King *Lewis* XIV. nominated him by his Laſt Will, Præceptor to the young *Dauphin*, now King *Lewis* XV. This was almoſt the only Article of *Lewis* the Grand's Will, which the Regent put in Execution. M. *de Frejus* won the Heart of the young Monarch to ſuch a Degree that the Prince was intirely wrapp'd up in him, and his Affection for him has increas'd ſo much ever ſince that now it may be literally ſaid, that the Cardinal *de Fleury* is the Depoſitary, or Truſtee, of the Royal Authority. The Regent, a Prince of penetration, if ever there was one, quickly perceived what an Aſcendant M. *de Frejus* had over the young Monarch,

arch, and being apprehenſive of what might be e Conſequences of it, he was continually con-iving how to remove the Prelate from Court. Vith this View he offered him the Archbiſhop-ck of *Rheims*, which was vacant by the Death f the Cardinal *de Mailly*; but M. *de Fleury*, ho reſigned the Biſhoprick of *Frejus*, that he ight not have the Charge of Souls, was ſo far om accepting one of the greateſt Archbiſhop-cks in the Kingdom, that he abſolutely refuſed it. The Duke of *Orleans*, who was intent up-n carrying his point, offered to make him a Car-inal; for he hoped, that the Pope's ill State of ealth would quickly bring on a Conclave, and at then M. *de Frejus* would be obliged to go *Rome*, where he thought he ſhou'd be able of ontinuing him on pretence of managing the ing's Affairs there, and that then the young Mo-arch's Fondneſs to ſee his Favourite would by at Means inſenſibly be weaned. But M. *de rejus* ſaw the Hook that was hid under this Bait. he red Hat did not dazzle his Eyes, and he new moreover, that if he kept cloſe to the King's erſon, he could be ſure of a Hat, whenever he leaſed. However, he thank'd the Duke of *Or-eans*, and told him, he had no ſuch ambitious iews, and that he preferred his Station in the ing's Council, before all the Dignities to hich in his Goodneſs he had thoughts of romoting him. The Duke of *Orleans*, owever chagrin'd at the Prelate's Moderation, as forc'd to keep it to himſelf; he was afraid to ake uſe of his Authority; for it was not long efore this, that he baniſh'd the Marſhal *de Vil-eroy* to *Lyons*, at which the people grumbled; nd to put away the Præceptor too, would have us'd a Clamour againſt him, throughout the hole Kingdom. M. *de Frejus* continued at

Court as a Member of the Privy Council, and there was not a Courtier who gave more conſtant Attendance; and in this Station he ſupported the Miniſtry of the Cardinal *du Bois*, the Duke of *Orleans*, and the Duke of *Bourbon*; but he confin'd himſelf all the while within the bounds of his Office. At the King's Marriage he accepted of that of Great Almoner to the Queen, and by that Means his Attachment to the Court became more ſtrict. When the Duke *de Bourbon* was diſgrac'd, the King offered the place of prime Miniſter to M. *de Frejus*, who indeed accepted of that eminent Poſt; but 'twas on Condition that he ſhould not be compelled to take the Title, and that he might always lay an Account of every Thing before the King.

The Biſhop of *Frejus* being thus become Maſter of the Government, it was but reaſonable that he ſhould be adorned with the Purple, to give the more Luſtre to his Character. Mean time *France* had no Hat to demand, for the Number of her Cardinals was compleated. The Emperor having a pretenſion at that time to a Hat the King deſired him to yield it to him for his firſt Miniſter, and the Emperor, over-joy'd that he could oblige the King, and that he could make the Miniſter ſome ſort of Amends for his pacific Sentiments, gave him his Nomination accordingly. Pope *Benedict* XIII. ſent the Cap to the Biſhop, who then aſſumed the Title of Cardinal *de Fleury*; and with this Title he now governs the State, not with the General Applauſe of the *French*, becauſe the thing is impoſſible, but at leaſt with the Approbation of his King, of Foreigners, and indeed, of every Man in the Kingdom who is thorowly inform'd of the State of *France* in particular, and of *Europe* in General. Yet thoſe who have the leaſt Affection for the Cardi-

nal

, muſt acknowledge his Diſintereſtedneſs and Integrity; for the worſt Enemy he has, cannot accuſe him of amaſſing Riches, or of coveting to aggrandize his Family, in which reſpect he is, perhaps, negligent to a Fault, his Kindred having the Character of perſons of Worth.

The Cardinal's Expences are as much circumſcrib'd as his Dignity will admit of. He is very regular in his Way and Manner of Living, and no doubt, 'tis the ſtrict Regimen which he obſerves, that keeps him in ſo vigorous a State of Health: For he gives very great Application to Buſineſs, and I don't think he can be upbraided with waſting of time in his Diverſions.

The *French* (I ſpeak of thoſe who hope to make their Fortune by the Sword) find fault with his Temper as too pacific. *We are deſpis'd* (ſay they) *our Neighbours make Treaties and Alliances without us, and* France *is no longer what ſhe was in the Time of* Lewis XIV.

I am not here propoſing to make a Panegyric on the Cardinal, but I cannot help letting you ſee how weakly thoſe people talk who cenſure his Conduct as to Foreign Affairs. I don't pretend to enter into the Domeſtic Affairs of the Kingdom, tho' I am very well perſuaded that the Cardinal's Integrity, and his Zeal for the King, incline him to act to the beſt of his power. I will only leave you to judge if his Inclination to Peace is blameable. When he came into the Miniſtry, he found the King's Coffers exhauſted, and the Kingdom in a Condition which requir'd Reſt rather than a War, the Event of which is always uncertain. But after all, Who is there to go to War with? What ſhall be the pretence? Who is it that inſults *France*? Or, Who deſires any thing more of her than her Friendſhip? Have not the Treaties of *Utrecht*, and *Baden*, and all the

Treaties

Treaties made ſince, during the Regency of the Duke of *Orleans*, ſettled the Intereſts of *Europe*? Did not *England* earneſtly court the Alliance of *France*? Has the Emperor ſeem'd leſs deſirous of it? Nay, Did not *Spain* it ſelf, forgetting the ſending back of the *Infanta*, enter into her former Engagements with this Crown, as ſoon as the Cardinal *de Fleury* was veſted with the Miniſtry? In what reſpect then can the *French* think themſelves deſpis'd by their Neighbours? I will take upon me to prove on the contrary, that *Lewis* XV. during the Cardinal *de Fleury*'s Miniſtry, inſtead of being neglected, has been as much courted by the Foreign Powers, as *Lewis* XIV. was in all that Glory which procured him the Title of *Louis le Grand*. When the Clamour was for aboliſhing the *Oſtend* Company, how did *England* and *Holland* beſtir themſelves to make the King a party in their Quarrel? What did not the Emperor do to engage him in his Intereſt? Every thing was uncertain, as long as *France* remained undetermined. The *Engliſh* and the *Dutch* prepared to attack the Emperor, and the latter made ready for his Defence. The Cardinal having got the King to declare for the Maritime Powers, the Emperor aboliſh'd the *Oſtend* Company immediately. What more could have been obtained by a War?

When the Talk was of introducing the Infante *Don Carlos* into *Italy*, what Meaſures, what Solicitations were not employ'd by the Powers concerned, either to bring over *Lewis* XV. to their party, or to oblige him to a Neutrality? Count *Sinzenderf*'s coming from *Vienna* to *Verſailles*, on purpoſe to treat for the Tranquility of *Italy*, ſeems to me a proof that the Emperor does not neglect *France* to ſuch a Degree as the Uneaſy and Diſaffected would fain have it believed. In good

good Truth, if *France* had not threatened to attack the Emperor, in caſe he did not conſent to the Introduction of the *Infante* into *Tuſcany*, would his Imperial Majeſty have been influenced by the bare Menaces of *Spain*? That Monarch is too well eſtabliſhed in *Italy*, to fear any thing from that Crown; and if Equity and Juſtice did not always accompany his Actions, it would have been eaſy for him to have taken Poſſeſſion of *Tuſcany*; and the *Spaniards*, who have never been able to retake *Gibraltar*, and who perhaps would never have reduced *Barcelona* without the Aſſiſtance of the *French*, would have found it a very difficult matter to have turned them out of it. The Cardinal *de Fleury* having perſuaded the King to declare in Favour of the *Infante*, he threatens to join the *Engliſh* and *Spaniards*, and the Emperor ſeeing all *Europe* againſt him, but eſpecially *France*, which is capable of ſtriking the hardeſt Blows, yields to the Times, and grants every thing that is deſired of him. Can there be any thing more to the Honour of the Cardinal? And, why ſhould a War be undertaken, if Menaces alone are ſufficient to obtain what is deſired?

But, ſay the Diſaffected, we purchaſe peace of all the World by our Money. The Cardinal is not chargeable with laviſhing the King's Money. I know not that he gives away any, unleſs it be the Subſidies granted to the Crowns of *Denmark* and *Sweden*. If that be purchaſing a peace, *Lewis* XIV. and the Regent after him, were much more laviſh of the Royal Treaſure, and perhaps with leſs profit; and it would be eaſy to demonſtrate, that in order to diſlodge the *Spaniards* from *Sicily*, the Regent ſent more Money into *Germany* and *England*, in one Month, than the Cardinal gives away in a Year to the Northren Crowns; tho'

tho' one of 'em has for time out of Mind been uſed to draw Subſidies from *France*. Yet all this while, the Regent was not accuſed of purchaſing a peace of his Neighbours; becauſe in order to make it neceſſary to buy a peace, ſome Prince or other muſt have threatened him with a War. But 'tis certain, that no power did then, or does now think of attacking *France*. Let her continue peaceable, and there we will leave her.

But on the other hand, tho' it were not juſtifiable for the Cardinal to entertain pacific Sentiments, and tho' he were to indulge the paſſion of the *French*, I would fain know of thoſe who are ſo hot for a War, whether they are well aſſured it would have a happy Iſſue? And, whether when a War is once begun, it would be in their power to put an End to it, whenever they thought it conſiſtent with their Affairs? Nay, I will ſuppoſe that every thing ſhould happen as they would wiſh, and that the War ſhould prove a fortunate one, what Acquiſition can *France* make, which would not be more to her Expence than her Advantage? For the farther ſhe extends her Conqueſts, the more Enemies ſhe will have of Courſe, and the more Troops ſhe will be oblig'd to maintain. The Fronteers of the Kingdom are ſecured. Are a few more Towns, nay, an intire Province, a ſufficient Temptation for a King of *France*? And are they an Equivalent for the Blood and Treaſure that muſt be expended to acquire them? No, ſurely, the Cardinal is perfectly in the Right, and I muſt beg the *Frenchmen*'s pardon, when I tell 'em, they know not what they would be at. How deſirous were they of the late peace? And they have ſcarce taſted the Fruits of it, but they now want a War. If the Cardinal ſhould enter into a War, and the Conſequences of it ſhould prove fatal, would they not throw the blame upon

on him? They would ſay for the purpoſe, that it was inconſiſtent with a Prieſt to make War. For my part, I think the Cardinal *de Fleury* has ſubſtantial Reaſons for doing what he does. The *French* have been ſo long accuſtomed to the turbulent Reign of *Lewis* XIV. which was interſperſed throughout with great Events, that they know not how to reconcile themſelves to one that is more placid and calm; but 'tis to be hoped they will ere long. Whatever they do, the Cardinal ſeems to be very eaſy, let them ſay what they will of him. As he knows that he has nothing to reproach himſelf with, and that he has always preferred the Good of the Public to his own private Intereſt, he is afraid of no Revolution in his Fortune. He is ſenſible that Innocence always holds up its Head, and that real Merit is above the Reach of Envy and Malice.

M. *Dagueſſeau*, the Chancellor of *France*, is the chief Magiſtrate of the Kingdom, and his Office is attended with ſuch great Prerogatives, that the King cannot take it from him. The perſon whom he ſucceeded in this eminent Dignity, was M. *Voiſin*, who being Secretary of War, was made Chancellor by *Lewis* XIV. upon M. *de Pontchartrain*'s reſigning that Poſt, to devote the Reſidue of his Life to God in Retirement. M. *Voiſin*, dying ſuddenly in the beginning of the Duke of *Orlean*'s Regency, M. *Dagueſſeau*, then Attorney-General, was, by his Royal Highneſs, appointed Chancellor in his Room. All *France* applauded this Choice. Every body was ſo ſatisfied of this Magiſtrate's Candour and Integrity, that no body doubted he would aſſert Juſtice and Equity; and in ſhort, he perfectly anſwered the Expectations of the Public. But as true Merit is always the moſt envied, a Cabal was ſoon formed againſt his Integrity. M. *Dagueſſeau* refuſed

to

to put the Seal to certain Edicts which he thought contrary to the Welfare of the Government, at which the Duke of *Orleans* was ſo incenſed that he baniſhed the Chancellor to *Frene*, a fine Seat belonging to that Miniſter near *Meaux*; and the Seals were given to M. *d' Argenſon* Lieutenant of the Police, with the Title of Keeper of the Seals, which was formerly no more than a bare Commiſſion; but the Regent was then for erecting it into an Office. The Parliament of *Paris* exclaim'd very much againſt this Innovation, but the Regent after all was obey'd. Upon the Death of M. *d' Argenſon*, the Chancellor was recall'd, and the Seals reſtor'd to * him; but he held them not long; for the Regent, who was reſolved to have no Miniſters but ſuch as knew how to obey, diſgraced the Chancellor a ſecond Time for oppoſing his Will, and gave the Seals to M. *d' Armenonville*. The latter dying during the Cardinal *de Fleury*'s Miniſtry, the Seals were given to M. *de Chauvelin*, who, beſides the Title of Keeper of the Seals, has alſo the Office of Miniſter and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The Chancellor who has been recalled for ſome Time, aſſiſts at the Council; but his Office has been depriv'd of its greateſt Luſtre, ſince the Seals have been ſeparated from it.

M.

* As ſoon as he arrived, the Place *de Vendoſme*, on the Square of *Lewis le Grand*, where M. *Dagueſſeau* liv'd, was ſet apart for the Stock-jobbing Trade, which was before carried on in the Street *Quinquempoix*; and one Morning, a Paper was found at the Chancellor's Door, with theſe Words, *Et homo factus eſt, & habitabit cum nobis.*

M. *Chauvelin*, Keeper of the Seals, Miniſter nd Secretary of † State for Foreign Affairs, wes his Advancement to the Cardinal *de Fleury*, who ſeems to confide in him intirely. This Miiſter is reckon'd very laborious, good-natur'd and ivil. The Foreign Miniſters are ſo taken with im that they think no more of Meſſieurs *de Tor-* and *de Moaville*. The former was of the *Colert* Family, Secretary of Foreign Affairs under *ewis* XIV. a Man, as one may ſay, born for e Miniſtry, and whoſe great and good Services ave been very much cry'd up, but more rewardd by the Applauſes of *Europe*, than by Favours om the Court. The other was the Son of the te Keeper of the Seals *d' Armenonville*, and had cquir'd a great Reputation in his Embaſſies to *olland*, and the Congreſs of *Cambray*, when he eſired Leave to ‡ retire, and was ſucceeded by I. *Chauvelin*.

The Count *de Maurepas*, is Grandſon to the hancellor *de Pontchartrain*, and Son to the ount *de Pontchartrain*, Secretary for the Mariıe Affairs, in the Reign of King *Lewis* XIV. e enter'd very young into the Miniſtry, and has behav'd as to gain Friends and Dependants. I ve not heard one Man give him an ill Word, hile every body ſpeaks well of him; but as for s Secretaries, or chief Clerks, the Seafaring ople often exclaim againſt the Airs of Imporıce which ſome of thoſe Scribes put on, who atch all Opportunities to impoſe on the Honeſty

† He is actually join'd in the Adminiſtration with the rdinal *de Fleury*, who was very glad to nominate a rſon for his Coadjutor.

‡ He died ſome time ago at *Paris*, very much lamenl by all that knew him.

ſty of the Miniſter, in Favour of their Creatures, to the prejudice of other Subjects who have more Merit.

The Count *de S. Florentin* is of the Family of *Phelypeaux*, as is alſo the Count *de Maurepas*, who married his Siſter. He is the Son of M. *de la Vrilliere*, Secretary of State, and had the Reverſion of his Father's Office granted him by the Regent, when he was ſcarce twenty Years of Age. M. *de la Vrilliere* dying not long before the King's Marriage, M. *de S. Florentin* entered on his Office. He has that Province which relates to Affairs Eccleſiaſtical. He was married ſome Years ago to the Daughter of the late Count *de Platen*, Great Chamberlain and Hereditary-poſt-maſter of *Hanover*; but neither of 'em knew one another before the Match was made. Mademoiſelle *de Platen* was a *Lutheran*, but is turn'd *Catholic*. The Lady her Mother, for whom I had as profound a Veneration as for any Woman in the World, and whoſe Memory I ſtill revere, brought her into *France*. M. *de S. Florentin* has Reaſon to be pleas'd with the choice he has made: For his Lady is not only very charming, but has noble Sentiments, and a Virtue which calumny itſelf durſt not aſperſe. When ſhe married M. *de S. Florentin*, King *George* I. of *Great Britain*, ſettled a Penſion upon her of forty thouſand Livres for forty-five Years, and King *George* II. on his Acceſſion to the Crown, was pleaſed to confirm the ſaid Penſion, upon that Lady's going to *London* to ſolicit it in Company with her Mother-in-Law Madame *de la Vrilliere*, now Dutcheſs of *Mazarine*.

M. *d' Angervilliers*, formerly Intendant of *Alſace*, is Secretary of the War-Office, in which he ſucceeded M. *le Blanc*, who was the Secre-

tary

ary a ſecond Time, when he died at *Verſailles*. The firſt Time that he was Secretary, he was upplanted by M. *de Breteuil*, during the Miniſtry of the Duke *de Bourbon*; and he in his Turn ſupplanted M. *de Breteuil* the Queen's Chancellor, in the Miniſtry of the Cardinal *de Fleury*. You ſee by this, that the War-Office has been everal Times chang'd, in a few Years; but 'tis ike to remain always in the Hands of M. *d'Anervilliers*, whoſe Application, Vigilance and Integrity, are very much cry'd up by the Officers, nd all that have to do with him. I gave you ome Account of this Miniſter, when I wrote o you from *Strasbourg*, to which I have nothing o add.

As the Secretary of War has been often chang'd f late Years, the Comptrollers-General of the inances has been much more ſo. From the ear 1711, when I firſt came to *Paris*, to this ay, I have known ſeven Comptrollers-General, nd not one of 'em died in the Office: So that his Poſt may well be compared to that of the Grand *Vizier*, which is alike ſtruggled for, and like fatal to thoſe who are inveſted with it.

Of all the Men who have had that tickliſh mployment of Comptroller-General in *France*, here is not one that has made a more ſhining Fortune, and a Fortune that ſooner ſlipp'd from him, han *John Law*. This Man, of whom many eople have wrote and talk'd without knowing im, and according to their Paſſions, was a *Scotſman*, born with a narrow Fortune, but ſtrong Deires to enlarge it. He had travell'd thro' ſeveral Parts of *Europe*, and Gaming prov'd his chief ubſiſtance. He won conſiderable Sums in *Italy*, eſpecially at *Genoa*; and there it was that he atch'd all thoſe Projects which he put in Execution in *France*. 'Tis true, that he did not come into

into this Kingdom, till he had offered his Service to *Victor Amadeus* the King of *Sardinia*. This Prince told him, that his Dominions were too ſmall for the Execution of ſo great a Deſign; but that *France* was a Theatre where he might expect to make his Market, and thither he adviſed him to go. *If I know the Humour of the* French, added the King, *I am ſure they will reliſh your Schemes.* *John Law* took this Monarch's Advice, and ſhewed his Project to the Regent, who approved it, and the Projector ſoon found that he had the Purſes of the *French* abſolutely at his Command. As he was a Proteſtant, he made Abjuration in the *Recollets* Church at *Melun*, in the Dioceſe of *Sens*, in the Month of *December* 1719, in the Hands of the Abbe * *Tancin*. In the Month of *January* following, he was made Comptroller-General; but he quitted that Poſt in *June*, abruptly left *Paris* on the thirteenth of *December* 1720, and after rambling about for a while, not knowing where to fix, for his own Country did not ſuit him, he died at *Munich*. The Generality of the *French* accuſe him of having exhauſted *France*, and ſent away immenſe Sums to Foreign Countries. How true this is I know not, but 'tis certain, that *Law*, after his Diſgrace, liv'd very meanly. His Widow and his Son, (Mr. *John Law*) † who are actually at *Utrecht*,

* The preſent Archbiſhop of *Ambrun*, famous for his Zeal for the Conſtitution, for the Perſecution of the Biſhop of *Senez*, and for his little Council at *Ambrun*.

† He died at *Maeſtricht* in the Year 1734, a Cornet in the Regiment of the Prince of *Orange-Friſeland*. But Mr. *Law* has left an amiable Daughter, who has had a fine Education, and marry'd to the Lord *Wallingford* Son to the Earl of *Banbury*.

recht, make no very great Figure there, which y many People aſcribe to policy. But for my n part, who think more freely, and don't ſee at could hinder Mrs. *Law* and her Son from king a Diſplay of their Riches, in the Coun- where they live, I can't help crediting what ople, and ſuch as were *John Law*'s Intimates, ve aſſured me for a certain Truth, *viz.* That *w* being puff'd up with his Fortune, and not nking it would be ſo ſhort-liv'd, had no Thought ſecuring it in Foreign Countries; and that if had ſuch a purpoſe, he had not Time to ſend y Sums out of the Kingdom. He was oblig'd h by Neceſſity, and out of policy, to make rchaſes in *France*; and accordingly he made nſiderable Acquiſitions, but they were no more t a pleaſant Dream to him, and the Loſs of m only made his Diſgrace the greater Afflicti- . I am of their Opinion who believe that *John w* was richer when he came to *France*, than was three Months after he left it. This Copy Verſes was made upon him, which perhaps u will not be ſorry to ſee. *

he TITLE of it is, A COMMISSION of the OFFICE of COMPTROLLER-GENERAL of the FINANCES, for Mr. JOHN LAW.

DE par le Dieu porte-marotte,
Nous Général de la Calotte,
Attendu que le Régiment
Eſt obligé ſenſiblement
Au Sieur Law, *de qui la Science*
Et conduite dans la Finance

Nous

* Theſe Verſes are not in the firſt Edition of theſe emoirs, but are added by the Bookſeller to the ſe- nd.

Nous a donné maints Calotins,
En inventant les Bulletins,
Autrement dits Billets de Banque,
Pour ſervir au jeu de la Blanque,
Jeu non renouvellé des Grecs,
Comme le Fade jeu de l'Oye,
Mais imaginé tout exprès
Pour exciter l'homme à la joye:
Témoin les Plaiſans viremens,
Et continuels changemens,
Que l'on a vu dans le Royaume
De Quinquempoix & de Vendôme.
Et Principauté de Soiſſons,
Où l'Achat & le Dividende
Cauſoient un Rumeur ſi Grande,
Qu'on ne vit jamais tant de Rats
Obſeder gens de tous états:
Mari, Femme, Garçon & Fille!
Laquais, Servantes, la Famille!
En un mot, ſans rien excepter,
Venoit jouer & blanqueter,
Et s'y portoit de telle ſorte,
Qu'il falloit Gardes à la Porte
Pour renvoyer chacun chez ſoi,
Après les trois coups de Beffroi.
Là de tous Pais & Provinces,
Marchands, Magiſtrats, Artiſans,
Prélats, Guerriers & Courtiſans,
Ducs & Pairs, & même des Princes,
Non du Pais, mais bien forains,
Accouroient comme des Eſſains,
Malgré vent, grêle, pluye & crotte,
Pour y jouer a la Marotte,
En beaux & bons deniers comptant,
Contre des Valeurs Colotines,
Dont la France *& terres Voiſines*
Se pourront ſouvenir longtems.

A ces Cauſes, vu l'Abondance
Des Calotins qui ſont en France
De tous Rangs & de tous états,
Par le moyen du dit Sieur Las
Nous lui confions nos Finances;
Voulons que ſur ſes Ordonnances
Nos fonds ſoient œconomiſés,
Augmentés & réaliſés;
Afin que ſelon ſon merite
Chacun ait part, groſſe ou petie,
Dans nos immenſes Revenus,
Tant de gros Fonds que de menus.
Or comme un pareil Miniſtere
Eſt fort étendu dans ſa Sphere,
Lui donnons pour prémier Commis,
* NOMPAR *qui des moins endormis*
Connoit la mannœuvre diverſe
De la Finance & du Commerce.
Lui donnons pour Profits & Droit,
Penſions, Gages & Salaires,
Le quart de tous les Angles droits,
Que couperont les Commiſſaires
Au papier qui ſera viſé,
Et duquel en homme aviſé
Il a ſi bien groſſi le nombre,
Que la France *y ſeroit à l'ombre,*
Si tous le Billets raſſemblés,
Et les uns aux autres collés,
On en pouvoit faire une Tente.
Au ſurplus de la droite à la gauche,
Ainſi qu'un légere ébauche
De ſa droiture, dont le fond

Va

* *James Nompar* of *Caumont*, Duke *de la Force*, an aſſiduous Humble Servant of Mr. *Law*, and who by his Management, during the *Miſſiſippi* Scheme, drew a great many Paſquinades upon himſelf, of which this is not the ſevereſt.

Va ſi loin que † Terraſſon *même,*
Grand calcuateur du Syſtême,
Ne pouroit pas le meſurer.
En outre, pour mieux honorer
Le chef de ce grand Perſonnage,
Qui fit bouquer tout homme ſage,
Et ſoi diſant docte & profond,
Lui donnons Calotte de plomb,
De la haute et prémiere claſſe;
Et pour ſurcroit de telle grace,
Joignons à ces ‡ *Coqs dont la voix*
Chanta la Juſtice au François,
Papillons, Rats & Girouettes,
Hannetons, Grelots, & Sonnettes.
En mémoire d'un ſi beau chant,
Qu'au ſortir de France *on publie*
Qu'il va chanter en Italie,
Où ſans doute il aura beau champ
Pour exercer ſon grand Génie,
Et ſa connoiſſance infinie
Dans l'art de décupler les fonds
Par Billets payables à vue,
Deſquels aujourdhui nous voyons
En France *une ſi bonne Iſſue.*
Ordonnons à tous les Pais
De notre vaſte Dépendance,
De l'ecouter dans ſes avis,
Sur-tout dans l'art de la Finance;
Art qu'il poſſede eminemment.
Fait au Conſeil du Régiment. *

'Tis

† The Abbe *Terraſſon*, who wrote in Favour of the Scheme.

‡ *Law* had three Cocks for his Arms.

* As theſe Lines will not admit of a Verſion to the Satisfaction of an *Engliſh* Reader, 'tis ſufficient to acquaint him that they are a Satyr upon the Humour which

'Tis certain that never was any Thing more ſplen-
id than the ſhort Reign of his Fortune. The
rench perfectly idoliz'd him, and even thoſe who
urned their Backs to his Altar could not help ad-
niring him as an extraordinary Man. The No-
ility did not ſcruple to pay their Homage to him,
nd I have ſeen Dukes and Peers of *France* wait-
ng in his Antichamber, like the meaneſt Subjects.
owards the Cloſe, there was no coming to the
peech of him without Money. The *Swiſs* muſt
e fed for Entrance at his Gate, the *Lackeys* for
dmittance into his Antichamber, and the *Valets*
e Chambre, for the Privilege of Acceſs to his
reſence-Chamber or Cloſet. The Audiences too
ere very ſhort, and people were quickly diſ-
niſſed with very little Merchandiſe for a great
eal of Money. Mean time he was civil, and
is Fortune did not ſeem to have puff'd him up.
He was a fine handſome Man, of a fair Com-
lexion, as the *Engliſh* generally are, and had a
ery noble Port. No body underſtood *Algebra*
etter than he did, and, let his Enemies ſay what
ey pleaſe, his Syſtem was good in itſelf, and
ight have been beneficial to *France*, if it had
een punctually follow'd.

The Scheme was calculated for keeping two
hirds more of Species in the Kingdom than of
ills, in which caſe there would always have been
Money enough to have paid off thoſe Bills. But,
is did not ſatisfy the Avarice of the Under-

 ſtrappers,
hich prevail'd at that Time, among People of all
anks, from the Duke to his Scullion, to be Adventu-
rs in Mr. *Law*'s Scheme; a Madneſs which was co-
mporary, and equally miſchievous with the Deluſion
at was ſo predominant in our own Country, in that
tal Year of 1720, when ſo many People were, as
e may term it, caſt away in the *South-Sea*, and the
ſſer Whirlpools call'd *Bubbles*, of which there was al-
oſt an infinite Number.

ſtrappers, and in 1720, when the Bank-Bills were put down, there were two Thirds of Bills in the Kingdom, to one Third of Money, *viz.* five hundred Millions of Money, to a thouſand Millions in Bills; and M. *d' Argenſon*, the Protector of the four Brothers of the Name of *Paris*, prevailed on the Regent to circulate 1760 Millions of Extraordinary Bills not regiſtered, with which people bought and ſold Shares; and during this Commerce, the Bills were realiz'd by the Brokers into Species; inſomuch, that according to a Computation then made by *Barême*, they ſay, that at the Time of the Total Suppreſſion of the Bills, which was in *October* 1720, there were more Livres *Tournois* in the famous Bank of *Miſſiſippi*, than there had been Minutes ſince the Creation of the World. All this Variety of Bills had ſo ſtupify'd the *Pariſians*, and they gave them ſuch intire Credit that before the Arret of the fifteenth of *May* 1720, which ſunk the Bills from ten *per Cent. per Menſem* to half their Value, a *Pariſian* did not care to be paid in Specie; for he thought Bills were far better, not only becauſe they were not liable to be lower'd, but becauſe they were more ready to count, eſpecially to carry. A Man that had Millions in his Pocket did not perceive the Weight of 'em, whereas but one hundred *Louis-d'ors* are too heavy; and, how was it poſſible for a Man to carry them in his Pocket without being tir'd? While people's Fortunes were in Paper, I could boaſt of having had a Letter-caſe once in my Hands, in which there were Notes to the Value of thirty-two Millions. If they had been my own, I queſtion whether I ſhould have let them lie in Bank Bills, with the Hazard of loſing half the Value. What follows, is a ſhort, but curious Account of this Scheme.* *Lew-*

* This with the Calculation annexed to it, is an Addition by the Editor, to the ſecond Edition, which was not in the firſt Edition of theſe Memoirs.

Lewis XIV. a little before he died, was two thouſand two hundred Millions in Debt: But by the Reduction of the Principal and Intereſt of the Revenues of the Town-Houſe (of *Paris*) by ſtrikeing-off two-fifths upon all Contracts, and by reducing Intereſt to four *per Cent.* the Debts of the State were reduced to one thouſand eight hundred Millions: which was the very Sum that was owing from the Crown, when *Lewis* XV. came to it. The Debts of the Government were afterwards reduced to one thouſand four hundred Millions, by ſinking a Quarter, a half and three-fourths upon the State Bills, as well as all other Debts owing by the King, as alſo on Penſions, and by the Recovery of great Sums thro' the Chamber of Juſtice. Mr. *Law* thought he ſhould be able to extinguiſh all the Debts, by a Scheme which he form'd upon the Profits that were made by *Miſſiſippi*. For this Purpoſe he erected a Bank, and cauſed as many Shares to be created as amounted to one hundred and fifty Millions, at one hundred Livres each, payable in State Bills, which to the Advantage of the Buyers roſe to no leſs than one thouſand. After this, he created more Actions, to the Value of one hundred and five Millions, payable in Money or Effects, at one thouſand *per Cent.* which, with the former one hundred and fifty Millions, produced one thouſand ſix hundred and fifty Millions; a Sum more than ſufficient to cancel all the King's Debts. Beſides this, Mr. *Law* created Bank Bills for one thouſand two hundred Millions, of which he received the Value, either in Money or Effects. He raiſed the Money higher, upon which there were at leaſt three hundred Millions Profit that are not brought to the Accompt. He compelled all People to carry their Money to the Bank, by certain Arrets which enjoin'd People at firſt to keep no more than one hundred Livres by them, and afterwards but five

hundred: So that in eight Months Management, he augmented the old Debts of the State, that were one thouſand four hundred Millions, to one thouſand ſix hundred and fifty Millions, which added to the one thouſand two hundred Millions of the Bank, riſe to two thouſand eight hundred and five Millions, due at this Time from the King. If to this we add the *Præmium* to which the Actions roſe, which at one thouſand eight hundred among private people, make five thouſand four hundred Millions more, to which the one thouſand two hundred Millions in Bank Bills muſt be added, it will appear that the Public is charg'd with ſix thouſand ſix hundred Millions in Paper; and for the paying-off of that Sum, there will be but five hundred Millions in the Kingdom in Specie, when they are reduced to their intrinſic Value. The King having received one thouſand ſix hundred and five Millions in Effects, of which he owed the greateſt Part, and Actions or Shares being taken inſtead thereof, which Actions by ſecret management roſe to five thouſand four hundred Millions among the Subjects, Mr. *Law* thereby gave the people the Opportunity of putting three thouſand ſeven hundred and five Millions in their Pockets.

An ACCOUNT of the BANK BILLS that ſubſiſted, and of thoſe that were burnt.

Bills engraved - - - - - -	669000000
Bills printed - - - - - -	1927400000
Viz.	
Bills of 10000 Livres - - -	1134000000
- - - - 1000 - - - - - -	1123200000
- - - - - 100 - - - - - -	299200000
- - - - - - 10 - - - - - -	40000000
Total	2596400000

Bills

Bills burnt of	10000 Livres -	562500000
- - - - - - - - -	1000 - - -	138528000
- - - - - - - - -	100 - - - -	6026000
- - - - - - - - -	10 - - - -	273460
	Total	707327460

There then remained therefore in Trade - - - - - 1989072540

The Fortunes made at *Paris*, during this *Miſſiſippi* Contagion, are ſo extraordinary that unleſs one had ſeen it 'twere impoſſible to believe it; and what is ſtill more unaccountable, the greateſt were rais'd by mere Scoundrels; for except a few of the Court Lords and Ladies, it look'd as if Fortune had reſolved to put the Gentry into Almshouſes, for the Sake of inriching a Parcel of Bankrupts, Lackeys, Beggars, and other of the Mobility.* And 'tis my real Opinion that if God had not interpos'd, Footmen wou'd at length have been the Maſters, and the Maſters the Footmen. The Handicraftſmen laid by their Work; there was nothing talked of but Actions, and every Place ecchoed with *Miſſiſippi* and *Quinquempoix*, which is the Street where all that hopeful Trade was carry'd on.

Theſe lucky *Miſſiſippians* have nevertheleſs ſeen the Turn of Fortune's Wheel. The Generality of thoſe who had not the Precaution to ſend their Money out of the Kingdom were call'd to Accompt, and obliged to diſgorge a Part of their Gains. Whether the King got much by this Scru-

* There was a Label affixed to the Gate of the *Palais* Royal, with theſe Words, *Eſurientes implevit bonis, & Divites dimiſit inanes*, i. e. The Hungry he hath fill'd with good Things, but the Rich he hath ſent empty away.

tiny I know not; but I believe it had the ſame Fate as the Chamber of Juſtice, eſtabliſhed in 1716, in the *Auguſtins* Convent at *Paris*, for the Proſecution of People employ'd in the Finances. This Tribunal, at the Head of which was M. *de Portail*, now the firſt Preſident, had condemned ſeveral Tax-Gatherers for an infinite Number of Miſdemeanors committed in the King's Finances. Some were puniſhed as they juſtly deſerved. A great many were tax'd in Proportion to the Declarations they were forced to make of their immenſe Wealth, which might have produc'd very conſiderable Sums for the Eaſe of the Government at that Time plung'd over Head and Ears in Debt. But theſe Bloodſuckers of the People compounded for a Trifle of Expence, by a few Preſents to a Lady, or to ſome Nobleman who had the Favour of the Regent. This was a Golden Shower of which the leaſt Part fell into the King's Coffers.

I have made a terrible Digreſſion. Mr. *Law* carried me to *Miſſiſippi*, which is a long Voyage, and a Country from whence a Man can't return whenever he has a Mind to it; but I am now come back to the Court. I have mentioned the Miniſters to you, but they are not the only Perſons that have a Seat in the Council. One of its Members is the Marſhal *de Villars*, who being of all the *French* Generals the Man that made the moſt ſhining Figure during the laſt War, I think myſelf obliged to give you a more particular Account of him.

Francis Hector, Duke *de Villars*, Marſhal of *France*, and Dean of the Marſhals, is a Gentleman of a good Family, his Father having been a Commander of the King's Orders. His Stature is above the middle Size, and he has the Port and Step of a Nobleman. He has an agreeable winning

ning Countenance, and hazel Eyes, which are lively and ſparkling. He is a Man of Penetration, crafty, complaiſant, and capable of great Affairs. He talks a great deal, but what he ſays is to the Purpoſe. He is laborious, attach'd to, and indefatigable in Buſineſs, a couragious good Soldier, and a ſucceſsful General; Satyr charges him with Avarice, as it did the Duke of *Marlborough* his Rival: He is withal accuſed of being too haughty, and too conceited of his Actions, and his Merits. This indeed may be true enough, for I myſelf was Witneſs to a Converſation in which he diſcovered it plain enough. 'Twas the Winter after the Battle of *Denain*, when the Marſhal being at Dinner with the late * M. *d'Armagnac*, Great Maſter of the Horſe, where I was likewiſe a Gueſt, he talked a great deal about his Exploits, to which I liſtened ſo attentively that he took Notice of it, and being unknown to him, he whiſpered the Maſter of the Horſe in the Ear, to know who I was, and when the Marſhal was told that I was a *German*, he paid me a good deal of Reſpect. Then reſuming his Diſcourſe, and addreſſing it to me, he talked of his Victory at *Denain*, with an Air of mighty Self-Applauſe. *But why*, ſaid he, *did your People drown themſelves? I am merciful, I would have given them Quarter; and they ought ſurely to have asked it.* I declare to you, that my Soul was all in Fire for the Honour of *Germany*. Thoſe Words Mercy and Quarter, I took for an Inſult upon my Country. I was young and hot-headed, and was juſt going to return him an Anſwer that would not have become me; however I kept my Temper, and 'twas not

* He was of the *Lorrain* Family, and was ſucceeded in his Office of Maſter of the Horſe by his Son Prince *Charles*.

till the ſecond or third Provocation that I made him Anſwer, *That I did not think he ought to be ſurprized at what the* German *Troops did, becauſe they had known his Valour ſufficiently before the Battle of* Denain, *but never had a Trial of his Clemency.* I ſaw that he did not reliſh my Anſwer, upon which he ſhifted the Subject, and did not ſpeak a Word more to me all the Time.

Some Time after the Peace, however, I made him Satisfaction: 'Twas at the Houſe of the Dutcheſs *de Lude*, Lady of Honour to the Dutcheſs of *Burgundy*. There was a great deal of Company, and among the reſt, the Marſhal *de Villars*. The Converſation fell upon the Cuſtom of the Ancients, to give Surnames to their Heroes; and the Moderns were blamed for not doing ſo too. *What Name ſhould we find for you, Marſhal?* ſaid the Dutcheſs *de Lude*. I reply'd immediately, *This would be no difficult Task. I don't think that any Title would ſuit the Marſhal* de Villars *better than that of* Germanicus Franciſcus. This Trifle hit the Marſhal's Taſte ſo nicely that he put on a ſmiling Countenanee, and ſaid a great many obliging Things to me.

The Marſhal *de Villars*, in his Youth, was a Page to *Lewis* XIV. He enter'd into the Service very young, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf at his firſt ſetting-out, ſo that he really owes his Advancement more to his Services and Merit than to Fortune. After the Peace of *Ryſwic*, he had the Care of the King's Affairs at the Emperor's Court, but was recalled from thence a little before the War began upon Account of the Succeſſion to the King of *Spain Charles* II. When the War was declared, M. *de Villars*, at that Time Lieutenant-General, was in the Army in *Germany* commanded by the Marſhal *Catinat*. The Marquis *de Villars*, with a Detachment from the Army, attack'd

ack'd the *Imperialiſts* near *Fridlinguen* in 1702. The *French* ſaid that he won the Victory, the *Germans* ſay No. Which Party is in the Right, I can't tell; but be it as it will, the Staff of a Marſhal of *France* was M. *de Villars*'s Reward for the Battle. The ſame Year the Duke of *Savoy* entring into an Alliance againſt the two Crowns, at the very Time that he aſſured them of his Attachment, the Treaty which that Prince made with the Emperor and his Allies was kept ſecret for a while, tho' not ſo ſecret but the Elector of *Bavaria* knew of it, and his Electoral Highneſs reproaching the Envoy of *Savoy* with it, that Miniſter actually ſwore he knew nothing of the Matter, and that moreover he did not believe it; upon which the Marſhal *de Villars*, who was preſent, clapp'd his Hand upon the Envoy's Shoulder, and repeated this Verſe to him out of *Rachine*, *Tu ne le crois que trop, malheureux* Mithridate, *i. e.* Ah! poor *Mithridates!* thou believeſt it but too much. In 1704, the Marſhal *de Villars* was recalled from the Army in *Germany* to command in the *Cevennois*, where he gained Palms and Olives, as well as Laurels; for by his good Nature and Moderation he pacify'd a Rebellion, which the too great Severity of his Predeceſſor, the Marſhal *de Montrevel*, had but the more inflamed.

After this, he had the Command of the Army in *Germany*, and kept it till 1709, when he went into the *Netherlands* to relieve the Duke *de Vendoſme*, who was ſent into *Spain*. M. *de Villars*, when in *Flanders*, retriev'd the Honour of *France*, which has been ſully'd there by ſeveral Defeats. For tho' the French ſuffer'd another at the Battle of *Malplaquet*, yet they made ſo brave a Stand that the Allies could not help admiring their Courage. The Marſhal *de Villars* being wounded in the Knee, was obliged to retire, and to leave

the Command to the Marſhal *de Boufflers*, who drew off the Army in good Order. They give out, that when the Marſhal *de Villars* heard the News he ſaid, Villars *was not there*; *he could not be every where*. The Allies paid dear for this Victory; for they loſt twenty-three thouſand Men, beſides a conſiderable Number of Officers of Diſtinction. They might ſay as *Pyrrhus* did, after the Defeat of the *Romans*, *One more ſuch a Victory, and I am undone*. The *French* loſt eight thouſand one hundred thirty-ſeven Men, and during the whole Courſe of the War, there was not a more bloody, nor a more obſtinate Battle.

The Campaign of 1712, was the moſt glorious to the Marſhal *de Villars*, of any that he ever made; for he therein gained the Victory at *Denain*, and in two Months Time took from the Allies what had coſt them ſeveral Campaigns.

'Twas about the ſame time that, upon the Death of the Duke *de Vendôme* at *Vinaroz* in *Spain*, *Lewis* XIV. conferr'd his Government of *Provence* upon the Marſhal, who was alſo made a Duke and Peer. They tell a Story, that when he went to take Poſſeſſion of his Government, and the Deputies of the Province preſented him with a Purſe full of *Lewis d'Ors*, One of 'em ſaid, *Here*, my Lord, *is ſuch another Purſe as that we gave to the Duke* de Vendôme, *when like you he came to be our Governor*; *but that Prince refus'd to take it*. *Ah!* ſaid the Marſhal *de Villars* ſqueezing the Purſe, *M.* de Vendôme *has not left his Fellow behind him*.

The War in the *Netherlands* being finiſh'd by the Peace at *Utrecht*, the Marſhal *de Villars* had again the Command of the Army in *Germany*. When he took his Leave of the King he ſaid to him, *I moſt humbly intreat your Majeſty to conſider that I leave you in the midſt of my Enemies, whilſt*

whilſt I am going to fight yours. He actually took *Landau* and *Friburg*, and afterwards return'd to *Verſailles* to receive the King's Orders to go and treat of a Peace with Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy*. During the Campaign his Enemies told the King, in hopes his Majeſty would blame him for it, that he had laid out the Sum of 1800,000 Livres in the Purchaſe of an Eſtate. The King asking him one Day at Dinner if it was true that he had made ſuch a Purchaſe; *Yes, Sir*, reply'd the Marſhal, who ſuſpected that thoſe who told the King of it then were at the Table, *I have bought an Eſtate which coſt me* 1800,000 *Livres; and if the War continues, and your Majeſty truſts me with the Command of your Army, I hope to purchaſe a more conſiderable one next Year at the Expence of your Enemies.* But inſtead of making another Campaign, the Marſhal went to *Raſtadt*, where he and Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy* ſign'd the Preliminaries of the Peace, which thoſe two Generals concluded afterwards at *Baden* on the ſeventeenth of *June* 1714. Since that time the Marſhal has always reſided at Court: The *French* look upon him as the Reſtorer of their Reputation in the *Netherlands*, the Support of the State, and the chief Captain of his Time: He is loaded with Wealth and Diguities: He is a Duke and Peer, a Marſhal of *France*, a Grandee of *Spain*, a Knight Commander of the King's Orders, a Knight of the Golden Fleece, and Governor of *Provence*. He has an only Son, for whom he has obtain'd the Reverſion of his Government*.

Perhaps

* The King of *France* having declar'd War againſt the Emperor in 1733, in Conjunction with the Kings of *Spain* and *Sardinia*, his Majeſty gave the Marſhal *de Villars* the Command of his Army in *Italy*, to which Country

Perhaps I have detain'd you too long about the Marſhal *de Villars*; but I thought the little Particularities

Country he repair'd after the Conqueſt of the *Milaneſe* had been very far advanc'd. He took *Pizzigitone*, but the Imperial Army being at length form'd, the Count *de Merci* who commanded it having taken the Field with it on a ſudden by paſſing the *Po*, made ſo many Motions that the old Marſhal being forc'd to be *every where*, according to his old Phraſe, fell ſick upon it, and was oblig'd to leave the Army. Some do not ſtick to ſay that he had Orders for it from Court, where his Conduct was not approv'd: Be this as it will, his Diſtemper growing worſe upon his Arrival at *Turin*, he died there the 17th of *June* 1734, in the 84th Year of his Age, in the ſame Room, as 'tis ſaid, where he was born, his Father the Marquis *de Villars* being then there by Order of the King. In 1702 he married *Joanna-Angelica Roque de Vorengeville*, whoſe Father was the King's Ambaſſador at *Venice*. The Family of *Villars* is originally of *Lyons*, and firſt began to be diſtinguiſh'd in the Perſon of *Claude de Villars*, Lord of *Chapelle*, and *Maſclas*, ſecond Son to *Francis de Villars*, born about *Anno* 1516. The Marſhal was to the laſt a Man of uncommon Gaiety and Gallantry; for whether Fighting or Dancing he appear'd with the ſame Vivacity and good Humour, and ſeem'd an Enemy to none except the Jeſuits. What did not conſiſt with ſuch a Temper was his Love of Money, and he enrich'd himſelf too much by the Spoils of War, and the Contributions he uſed to raiſe for Safe-Guards, *&c.* But as for his Soldier-like Character this one Story of him may ſuffice: In 1702 the Marſhal order'd his Army to paſs the *Rhine* at *Haguenan*, the ſame Night that he invited ſeveral Gentlemen and Ladies to a Ball, where he danc'd till Two o'Clock in the Morning, and then mounted his Horſe unobſerv'd, and follow'd his Army, with which he ſurpriz'd the Prince of *Baden*, and fought a Battle by the Time the Ball was broke up, for which Action the King gave him the Marſhal's Battoon. The Conqueſts of *Milan* and other

ularities I have given you would do you a Pleaſure, nd that you would not be ſorry to know ſome Circumſtances of a Man, who after all has been nuch cry'd up in *Europe*. I ſhall be more brief n my Account of the other Noblemen, and of heſe I ſhall name but two or three, of whom ou have heard ſome Talk, and ſuch as are in noſt Reputation with us.

James

ther Places in *Italy*, which he made in 1733, were ac- ompany'd alſo with Dancing and Balls; but Age and nfirmities at laſt made a Conqueſt of him. His Memo- and his Judgment ſo fail'd him that he became trou- eſome to the Army; but his fighting Humour ſtill revail'd, and he would have endanger'd all, had not the ing of *Sardinia* prevail'd on the King of *France* to re- l him. However, the King of *Sardinia* took Leave f him in the Field with great Civility, and at his rrival at *Turin*, where he fell ill of a Dyſentery, ac- ompany'd with a Fever, of which he died, he was ceiv'd very graciouſly by the late Queen, who pre- nted him with a Diamond Sword valu'd at 300 Piſ- les.

he following Sonnet was preſented to the Marſhal, when he ſet out for *Italy*.

Villars, tes grands Exploits qui ſauverent la France,
Dans les Sieclés futurs t'immortaliſeront.
La Paix fut le dous fruit de ta haute prudence;
Mais de nouveaux Lauriers doivent ceindre ton front.

Le Pere de ton Roi, l'Eſpagne & le Piémont,
Sur toi ſeul aujourd'hui fondent leurs Eſperances.
Arme ton bras vainqueur, cours venger leur affront;
L'Allemand pourra t'il ſoutenir ta préſence?

Les grands Cœurs en tout tems conſervent leur valeur,
L'Age reſpecte en eux leur prèmiere vigueur,
Ils ſavent s'affranchir des Loix de la Nature:

Semblables

James Fitz-James, Duke of *Berwic*, a Peer and Marſhal of *France*, a Peer of *England*, a Grandee of *Spain*, a Knight of the Garter, and of the Golden Fleece, is the legitimated Son of *James* II. King of *Great Britain*.* He follow'd his Father to *France*, where he ſerved with Diſtinction. In 1706 he had the Marſhal's Staff given him; and in 1707 he commanded the Army of the two Crowns in *Spain*, where he defeated the Lord *Gallway* near *Almanza*. The King of *Spain* to reward him for ſuch great Service made him a Grandee of *Spain*, and gave him the Dutchy of *Liria*, which M. *de Berwic* yielded to his eldeſt Son, who is actually in Poſſeſſion of it. In 1714 the

Semblables aux Lauriers que leur main va cueiller,
Qui des ans, des Saiſons ne craignent point l'injure,
Les Héros ont le droit le ne jamais vieillir.

i. e.

Villars, thy great Exploits which ſav'd all France,
In future Ages will immortaliſe thee.
The Peace was the kind Product of thy great Wiſdom;
But new Laurels are ſtill to deck thy Brow.

The Father of thy King, Spain, *and* Piedmont *too,*
Upon thee alone do now found all their Hopes.
Haſte with thy conqu'ring Arm their Quarrel to avenge;
Will Germany *be able to withſtand thy Preſence?*

Great Souls always retain their Valour,
To their former Vigour Age itſelf pays a Reſpect;
They can ſhake off the Yoak of Nature's Laws.

Like to the Laurels gather'd by their Hands,
Which are Proof againſt the Injuries of Years and Seaſons,
Heroes never ſtoop to old Age.

* By Mrs. *Arabella Churchil*, Siſter to the late Duke of *Marlborough*.

the Marſhal Duke of *Berwic* reduc'd *Barcelona* under the Obedience of *Philip* V. This City had refus'd to acknowledge that Prince, and tho' abandon'd, and without any Hopes of Relief, continued the War with an Obſtinacy of Men who ſeem'd to be deſperate. The very Women, the Prieſts, Fryars, all were Soldiers in *Barcelona*, and during the Siege, which held ſixty-one Days with open Trenches after a Blockade of eleven Months, there were five hundred and forty-three Fryars and Prieſts kill'd and wounded in the Sallies and Attacks. The City was taken on the eleventh of *September* by Storm: The Battle laſted from Four o'Clock in the Morning till Eleven, when the Inhabitants retired into the new Town, which is only ſeparated from the other by a ſingle Wall. They ſurrender'd next Day at Diſcretion to the Marſhal-Duke *de Berwic*, who gave them a verbal Promiſe to ſave their Lives, and to protect the City from Plunder on their paying down a large Sum of Money. *Barcelona* being thus reduc'd, the Marſhal return'd to *France* loaded with Wealth and Honours. Upon the Death of King *Lewis* XIV. he was admitted to the Council of the Regency, and ſent ſoon after to command in *Guienne*. The Regent gave him the Command of the Army againſt the King of *Spain*, which his Royal Highneſs had before offer'd to the Marſhal *de Villars*; but that Nobleman told him he would never draw his Sword againſt a Prince who might one Day become his Sovereign, a Prince for whoſe Service he had already ſpilt ſome Blood, and one for whom the Kingdom had expended ſuch a Treaſure. The Marſhal Duke of *Berwic* being not ſo delicate accepted of the Command, took *St. Sebaſtian*, and obey'd the Regent much more than he was bound to do in Duty.

For

For this he was continued in the Command of *Guienne*, and particularly of *Bourdeaux*. For ſome time paſt the Marſhal Duke has been very much at Court, and often at his Ducal Lordſhip in *Picardy**.

Victor-

* The King having appointed the Marſhal *de Villars* to command in *Italy*, thought fit to ſend the Marſhal *de Berwick* to oppoſe Prince *Eugene*, whom the Emperor had nominated for the Command on the *Rhine*. He began the Siege of *Philipsburg*, but on the firſt of *June*, O. S, 1734, as he went to take a View of the Trenches, he was kill'd with a Cannon Ball between his two Grandſons, He is ſucceeded in all his Titles by his Son the Duke *de Liria*, now Duke of *Berwick*, *&c.* who has been lately at the Court of *Naples*.

It will be doing no Diſhonour to the Marſhal to ſay he made War his Trade, which he ſtudyed with an unweary'd Application; and as he never wanted Courage, ſo none had more military Knowledge. Having conſider'd War as a Science he left little to Chance, or even Bravery; but depending upon Skill and Diſcipline, which was the Thing that gain'd him the Battle of *Almanza*. As he was ſo regular and mechanical a Warrior, he was himſelf the Life and Soul of his Army, not as he was belov'd, but as he was much fear'd by his Soldiers, whom he never ſpar'd, and leaſt of all his own Countrymen that came to ſerve in *France*. He was reſerv'd even to his General Officers, rarely conſulting them, nor ſo much as communicating the Orders he had receiv'd, or the Deſigns he had projected, but as they had their own Parts to execute in them. Tho' he was the beſt regular General of his Time, yet he was the leaſt enterprizing one. He was never a great Favourite at the Court of *France*, which is ſomething to be wonder'd at, conſidering the Uſe he was made of upon every Occaſion; for as a Soldier of Fortune he had no Obligations but for his Appointments, and yet attach'd himſelf

Victor-Maria Duke *d'Eſtrées*, whom I ought to have mention'd before the Duke of *Berwick*, as being the oldeſt Marſhal of *France*, is Vice-Admiral of the Kingdom, a Duke and Peer, a Grandee of *Spain*, a Commandeur of the King's Orders and a Knight of the Golden Fleece. He is the laſt of his Family, which has been render'd illuſtrious by all the great Dignities of the Kingdom ever ſince* the charming *Gabriella d'Eſtrées*, who was Miſtreſs to *Henry* IV. He lives with as much Splendor and Magnificence as moſt Noblemen in *France*: His Houſe is open to all Foreigners of Diſtinction, and Men of Knowledge and Learning are well receiv'd in it. The Marſhal has a fine Library, a moſt beautiful Cabinet of Medals, and a complete Collection of antique Stones that are grav'd. Beſides the Eſtate of the Family of *Eſtrées*, of which he is the only Head, he made great Acquiſitions by *Miſſiſippi*

elf to *France* preferably to any other Nation. As he was bred up in the War againſt the *Engliſh*, his Enmity to them became a ſecond Nature, which is ſuppos'd o be the Reaſon that he never did one of that Nation any Service beſide thoſe of his own Family. As he Marſhal took care to be obey'd by the Officers nd Soldiers of the Armies he commanded, he was lways obſequious himſelf to the Orders of the Court, f which there needs no other Proof than the Inſtance bove mention'd, when he appear'd in Arms againſt pain with Alacrity, after he had receiv'd the higheſt honours from King *Philip*.

He had the Title of Duke of *Berwick*, and likewiſe he Garter conferr'd on him by King *James*. He was orn in 1671, ſo that when he died he was ſixty-three ears of Age.

* The Family of *Eſtrées*, originally of *Picardy*, was n Poſſeſſion of the Dignities of the Crown before *Gaiella*, for her Grandfather was Great Maſter of the rtillery of *France*.

Stock

Stock, and there are few Sovereigns that have finer Diamonds. Since the Troubles that aroſe in *Bretagne* during the Regency of the Duke of *Orleans*, the Aſſembly of the States of that Province is always held by this Nobleman. The Nobility of *Bretagne* extol him very much, and find a great Difference between their Treatment by this Marſhal, and the rigid haughty Air with which the late Marſhal *de Monteſquiou* carried it to them during the Regency. Tho' the Marſhal *d'Eſtrées* is very much attach'd to the Court, yet he is often at *Paris*, where he has a very fine Houſe, and is viſited by the greateſt and the beſt People in the Kingdom. The Marſhal's Lady who is *Noailles*, Siſter to the Counteſs *de Tholouſe*, was formerly a Lady of the Bed-chamber to the Dutcheſs of *Burgundy*; ſhe has all the Politeneſs of the ancient Court, and tho' ſhe is paſt the Bloom of her Youth, ſhe is ſtill one of the moſt amiable Women at Court, and by her Management there is not a more agreeable Family than hers in the Kingdom. I am, *&c.*

LETTER XLII.

SIR, *Paris, May* 22, 1732.

YEſterday I loiter'd away a good deal of Time with a Couple of *Engliſhmen*, to whom, as they call it in *Italy*, I was a *Cicero**. Nevertheleſs you muſt not expect me to give you an Account of every thing I ſaw; and beſides, ſo much has been already ſaid of *Verſailles*, that you ſhall hardly find one Book in twenty almoſt, but what treats of the Beauties of this Royal Palace.

* This is the common Name in *Italy* for Interpreters or Expounders of Antiquities.

After

After having ſhew'd my *Engliſh* Gentlemen the Caſtle, the Chappel, the Stables and the Park, I carried them to the Royal Abbey of *St. Cyr*, which they had heard ſo much Talk of that they long'd to ſee it: 'Tis a grand ſtately Houſe, and worthy of the Magnificence of the great Monarch who founded it, at the Sollicitation of Madame *de Maintenon*, for the Education of two hundred and fifty young Damſels, whoſe Families are not able to give them a Maintenance ſuitable to their Birth. Immediately after the Demiſe of *Lewis* XIV. Madame *de Maintenon* retir'd to *St. Cyr*, and there ſhe always liv'd till ſhe died. She went thither indeed even during the King's Illneſs, as ſoon as ſhe found that the Phyſicians had given him over; the King however contrary to all Expectation recover'd, and not ſeeing Madame *de Maintenon*, ask'd where ſhe was: Upon this the Lady return'd, when the King gave her a handſome Reprimand for abandoning him, and deſir'd her to ſtay with him as long as he had any Remains of Life. Madame *de Maintenon* obey'd, but the King's Breath was no ſooner out of his Body than ſhe took Coach and went to *St. Cyr*, with a Deſign never to ſtir from it as long as ſhe liv'd.

She had the Conſolation however of receiving Viſits there from all the Princes and Princeſſes of the Blood; and even the late Madame the Regent's Mother, who never viſited Madame *de Maintenon* in the King's Life-time, thought ſhe could not excuſe herſelf from making her a Viſit. The Regent went thither likewiſe, and told her he might depend upon his punctual Regard to every Tittle that the late King had order'd in her Favour by his laſt Will and Teſtament. Madame *de Maintenon* return'd him Thanks, and ſaid

ſaid, that as ſhe was reſolv'd to be retir'd for the Reſidue of her Life, ſhe deſir'd but 40,000 Livres a Year for her Subſiſtance. Four Years after this ſhe died, and was interr'd in the Church of *St. Cyr* in the Middle of the Choir, in a Tomb of plain black Marble, with the following Epitaph engrav'd on it, which I lik'd ſo well, that I have copied it Word for Word, and ſend it to you, becauſe I don't believe you have ſeen it elſe-where.

CY GIT

Très haute & très puiſſante Dame
Madame FRANCOISE D'AUBIGNE,
Marquiſe de MAINTENON;
Femme illuſtre, Femme vraiment Chrêtienne;
Cette Femme forte que le Sage chercha vainement dans ſon Siecle,
Et qu'il nous eût propoſé pour modele, s'il eût vêcu dans le nôtre.
Sa Naiſſance fut très noble.
On loua de bonne heure ſon Eſprit, & plus encore ſa Vertu.
La Sageſſe, la Douceur, la Modeſtie formoient ſon Caractere,
Qui ne ſe démentit jamais.
Toujours égale dans les differentes ſituations de ſa vie,
Mêmes Principles, mêmes Regles, mêmes Vertus.
Fidele dans les exercices de Piété,
Tranquille au milieu des agitations de la Cour,
Simple dans la Grandeur,
Pauvere dans le centre des richeſſes,
Humble au comble des honneurs;
Révérée de LOUIS LE GRAND,
Environnée de ſa gloire,
Autoriſée par ſa plus intime confiance,

Dépoſitaire

Dépoſitaire de ſes graces,
ui n'a jamais fait d'uſage de ſon pouvoir,
Que par ſa bonté,
ne autre Eſther dans la faveur,
ne ſeconde Judith dans la Retraite & l'Oraiſon:
La Mere des Pauvres,
Aſyle toujours ſûr des malheureux,
Vne vie ſi illuſtre
été terminée par un mort ſainte
Et precieuſe devant Dieu.
n Corps eſt reſté dans cette ſainte maiſon,
Dont elle avoit procuré l'établiſſement;
Et elle a laiſsé à l'univers
L'exemple de ſes vertus.
Décédée le 15 d'Avril 1719.
Née le 28 de Novembre 1635.

i. e.

HERE LIES

he moſt high and moſt potent Lady
he Lady FRANCESE D'AUBIGNY,
Marchioneſs of MAINTENON.
Wife illuſtrious, a Woman truly Chriſtian;*
That

*Here ſhould have been added, *of the Poet* Paul Scarron. She was the Daughter of *Conſtans d'Aubigny*, Baron of *Surincan*, and of *Joan de Cardillac*. *Charles Aubigny*, Governor of *Berry*, and Knight of the King's Orders, who died in 1703, was her Brother. Her Grandfather was *Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigny*, Admiral of *Bretagne* and *Guienne*, celebrated for his Zeal for the Proteſtant Religion, and Author of a *Hiſtory of his own Time*, of the *Confeſſion of* Saney, and of the *Baron de Faneſte*. Every body knows that the Attachment of his Widow *Scarron* to Madame *de Monteſpan* made her way to *Lewis* XIV. who was ſo pleas'd with her Humour, that ſhe continued in the higheſt Favour

That virtuous Heroine whom the wiſe Man ſought
in vain in his Time,
And whom he wou'd have propos'd to us for a
Pattern, if he had liv'd in ours.
She was of Birth moſt noble,
Her Wit was early commended, and much more
her Virtue.
Sobriety, good Nature and Modeſty form'd her
Character,
From which ſhe never derogated.
Always unchangeable in the various Situations of
her Life;
The ſame Principles, the ſame Rules, the ſame
Virtues.
Sincere in the Exerciſes of Piety.
Tranquil during the Storms at Court,
Plain in the Midſt of Grandeur,
Poor in the Centre of Wealth,
Humble at the Summit of Honours;
Rever'd by LEWIS LE GRAND,
Environ'd with his Glory,
Veſted with his moſt intimate Confidence,
The Depoſitary of his Favours,
Who never made uſe of her Power:
But to do Good.
Another Eſther *in Favour,*
A ſecond Judith *in Retirement and Prayer:*
The Mother of the Poor,
The never-failing Aſylum of the Unfortunate.
A Life ſo illuſtrious
Was cut off by a Death Pious,
And Precious in the Sight of God.

vour till that Monarch's Death; and enjoy'd a Penſion of 50,000 Livres, which was punctually paid her by *Lewis* XV. every Year as long as ſhe liv'd. After her Death the Duke *de Noailles* became Marquis *de Maintenon* in Right of his Wife.

Her

Her Body lies in this Sacred Houſe,
Of which he procur'd the Eſtabliſhment:
And her Virtues ſhe has left
To the World for a Pattern.
She departed this Life April 15, 1719.
Being born the 28*th of November* 1635.

My *Engliſhmen* thought the Panegyric upon Madam *de Maintenon* a little too much ſtrain'd. I confeſs that I think ſhe is well equipp'd with a Character; and if it be true that ſhe was as humble as her Epitaph imports, I make no doubt but if ſhe had liv'd to ſee ſuch an Encomium, it would have put her Modeſty ſadly out of Countenance: For 'tis certain that this Lady had a very great ſound of Virtue and Piety; and I have heard it ſaid by Perſons, who otherwiſe had no reaſon to be fond of her, that 'twas impoſſible to be acquainted with her, and not to eſteem her.

When I return'd from *St. Cyr*, I came hither to ſee M. *Voltaire*'s Tragedy of *Brutus*, which is ſo fine a Piece that I and my *Engliſh* Companions were charm'd with it: We not only admir'd the Conduct and Verſification of it, but we applauded the Freedom with which the Author makes the *Romans* think and ſpeak. Mean time, the *French* are not of our Opinion. *The Reſpect due to Royalty*, ſay they, *is not well preſerv'd in it.* They cenſure the Author *for preſuming to confine the Royal Authority within the Bounds of Juſtice.* M. *de Voltaire*, ſay they, *never could imbibe theſe Sentiments in* France. *'Tis very plain that he contracted them beyond Sea. They may be reliſh'd well enough by the* Engliſh; *but with us they are intolerable: And if M.* de Voltaire *goes on to write in this Manner, he may perhaps have an Apartment in the* Baſtile. I confeſs that terrible Name dum-founder'd me, and

I did not dare to ſay a Word in the Author's Vindication for fear of being deem'd his Accomplice. The *Baſtile* and the *Holy Office* are two Terms which always ſilenc'd me, even when I have had the ſtrongeſt Inclination to ſpeak my Mind.

As for the Comedians, they perform'd Wonders. One *du Frêne* actually out-did himſelf. He is Brother to *Quainaut* an excellent Comedian in the Parts which require Humour, but exceſſively out of the Way in Tragedy; and take him off the Theatre, impertinent beyond Expreſſion, as is alſo his Brother, tho' they are both Men of Wit.

The Players are much more reſpected here than they are elſewhere, which makes them inſolent to the laſt Degree. The Nobility are fond of their Company, and admit them to their Parties of Pleaſure: And as they are Kings upon the Stage, and Equals and Companions at Table with the beſt Lords in the Kingdom, no wonder that it turns their Brains. But that which muſt needs render them arrogant beyond Meaſure, is a late Inſtance of Regard paid them by the *French* Academy, who by a Letter invited the Performers in the *French* Comedy to hear an Oration made in their Academy; which the Comedians took for ſuch an Honour that the very next Day, they offer'd the Members of the Academy Admiſſion to their Comedy *Gratis*, which the Academicians made no Scruple to accept, to the great Amazement of the whole City of *Paris* which blames the Members for it not a little: the Fault is laid at the Door of certain Authors, who are in League with the Comedians, and gave the Invitation without conſulting the reſt of the Members, of whom ſeveral that had no Hand in the Tranſaction, proteſted againſt the Conduct of

thoſe

thoſe who had, the Conſequence of which was a Quarrel in the Academy. Indeed one would imagine by that Day's Work that they did not really conſider what they were doing; and the Noblemen who are Members of the Academy, cry out againſt it very much. 'Tis true that the Comedians who preſume to offer Admiſſion *Gratis* to a Marſhal *de Villars*, a Marſhal *d'Eſtrees*, or other Noblemen of that Rank, are not mean Fellows, and deſerve the Appellation of the *Company* of Comedians, inſtead of *Troop*, in order to diſtinguiſh them from the Strollers in the * Country. Why then ſhould not they be honour'd? The Actors in the Opera who, as well as they, divert the Public for Lucre, have indeed the Privilege that a Gentleman may be admitted among them without Diſparagement to his Title. This is a Favour, ays a modern Author very juſtly, which had ever yet been granted to thoſe who perform in he public Spectacles, and who give Diverſion for Money; becauſe in moſt of the Ages of Chriſtinity, they had been look'd upon as perſons excommunicated, and infamous, by reaſon of the Corruption in Morals, owing to their then too centious Repreſentations, which perhaps is no onger apprehended to be the Caſe at preſent. 'Tis ertain that if a Performer in an Opera may be oble, I can't ſee why a perſon mayn't be the me in a Comedy; tho' 'tis my Opinion that if tage-players may be Gentlemen, Rope-dancers

* This alludes to a Joke of the Preſident *de Harli*, who when he was accoſted by the Comedians, in e Name of their *Troop*, which that worthy Gentleman never car'd for, eſpecially ſince *Tartuffe*, and the omedians ſaying to him, *My Lord, the* Company *of medians*, &c. The Preſident made Anſwer, *Gentlen*, the Troop of *the Parliament*, &c.

and Tumblers have a Title to it; for beſides the Honour they have of diverting the Public, they run the Risk of breaking their Necks every Day; and is not that the Lot of the Nobility?

As I returned Yeſterday with my *Engliſhmen* from *Verſailles*, we went to *St. Cloud*, where we had the Honour to ſee the Duke *de Chartres*, the only Son of the Duke of *Orleans*. This Prince was in the Park, to ſee a young Officer of the Train of Artillery make proofs of ſome pieces of Ordnance. We were ſurpriz'd to ſee how attentively the young Prince obſerv'd every thing, and to hear him ask the Officer ſuch Queſtions as were not to be expected from one of his Years. We had reaſon alſo to applaud the gracious and polite Reception which he gave us. To be plain, I was charm'd to ſee a Grandſon of the late *Madame*, ſo worthy of herſelf, and of the illuſtrious Blood from which he is deſcended.

St. *Cloud* is a Palace belonging to the Duke of *Orleans*, firſt Prince of the Blood, and was built by Order of the late Monſieur, *Philip* of *France*, (Brother of *Lewis* XIV.) who added very magnificent Gardens to it. 'Tis certain that if the late King had choſe St. *Cloud* for his Reſidence, inſtead of *Verſailles*, he might have had a finer Building with leſs Expence. What is moſt admir'd at St. *Cloud*, are the Gallery and Salon, both painted by *Mignard*, the Caſcade, and the great Water-work, which throws up the Water a hundred Feet high, and which nothing exceeds of the Kind but the Work that was made by the Direction of an * *Engliſh* Gentleman at *Herenhauſen*, near *Hanover*, in the Reign of King *George* I.

St.

* The Author refers here to the Works directed by Mr. BENSON, one of the preſent Auditors of the Impreſt, (for which ſee p. 71. of the Firſt Volume of theſe Memoirs.)

St. *Cloud* has been fatal to ſeveral Princes of the Royal Family. *Henry* III. was aſſaſſinated there on the 1ſt of *Auguſt* 1589. at Eight o'Clock in the Morning, by *James Clement*. *Henrietta* of *England*, firſt Wife to the late *Philip* of *France*, Duke of *Orleans*, only Brother to *Lewis* XIV. died there ſuddenly of a Cholic, on the 30th of *June* 1670. She ſaid that ſhe was poiſon'd, for which Reaſon the King cauſed her Corpſe to be open'd in Preſence of the *Engliſh* Ambaſſador. 'Tis a difficult Matter to judge whether that Princeſs's Suſpicions were true; for the Phyſicians and Surgeons found all her noble Parts corrupted, tho' ſhe was but tweny-ſix Years old. Her Huſband paid his Tribute to Nature on a ſudden, in the ſame Palace, on the 4th of *June* 1701.

What I have mentioned to you of the unhappy Cataſtrophe of the laſt of the *Valois*, puts me in Mind of a Paſſage in Hiſtory, that *Te Deum* was forgot in the Ceremony of his Coronation; that the Crown fell from his Head; and that there was no Oil in the Sacred Viol, to perform the cuſtomary * Unction: which were then taken for ill Omens, and Time prov'd them but too true.

* The Bottle called the Holy Viol, is kept at *Rheims*, in the Tomb of St. *Remy*, in the Church of that Name. It has not been filled ſince the Coronation of *Clovis*, when 'tis ſaid this Viol was brought from Heaven, with the Oil with which that Firſt Chriſtian King of *France* was conſecrated; and the Fryar who ſhews it at *Rheims*, ſays very ſeriouſly that when the King is ſick, it dries away; ſo that when he dies, there is not a Drop left in the Bottle; but that as ſoon as his Succeſſor is proclaimed, it fills again of its own accord. I tell you no more than what I heard with my own Ears, and tho' I could not help ſmiling at it, the Fryar was not angry. The Liquefaction of this Oil is altogether as miraculous as that of St. *Januarius*'s Blood at *Naples*.

Since I am upon Tragical Events, I will mention a Thing to you that lately happen'd in *England*, and which I was aſſur'd by the *Engliſh* Gentlemen, in our Return from *Verſailles*, is a certain Fact.

One *Richard Smith*, a Bookbinder, and his Wife *Bridget*, were about a Fortnight ago found hanging in their Chamber near their Bedſide, about three or four Feet Diſtance from one another; and in the next Room, their Daughter, who was but two Years old, was found ſhot thro' the Head. There were three Letters left upon the Table, of which the following is the moſt material; and I ſend you a Copy of it, becauſe it will let you into the *Stoic* Character of the *Engliſh* Nation. 'Tis directed to Mr. *Brindley*, a Bookbinder at *London*, in that which is call'd *New Bondſtreet*.

Couſin BRINDLEY,

'THESE Actions, conſider'd in all their Circumſtances, being ſomewhat uncommon, it may not be improper to give ſome Account of the Cauſe, and that it was an inveterate Hatred we conceiv'd againſt Poverty and Rags; Evils which through a Train of unlucky Accidents were become inevitable; for we appeal to all that ever knew us, whether we were either idle or extravagant; whether or no we have not taken as much Pains to get our Living as our Neighbours, altho' not attended with the ſame Succeſs. We apprehend the taking our Child's Life away, to be a Circumſtance for which we ſhall be generally condemn'd; but for our own Parts, we are perfectly eaſy upon that Head. We are ſatisfy'd it is leſs Cruelty to take the Child with us, even ſuppoſing a State of Annihilation, as ſome dream of, than to leave her friendleſs in the World, expos'd to Ignorance

and

and Miſery. Now in order to obviate ſome Cenſures which may proceed either from Ignorance or Malice, we think it proper to inform the World, that we firmly believe the Exiſtence of Almighty God; that this Belief of ours is not an implicit Faith, but deduced from the Nature and Reaſon of Things: We believe the Exiſtence of an Almighty Being from the Conſideration of his wonderful works, from a Conſideration of thoſe innumerable celeſtial and glorious Bodies, and from their wonderful Order and Harmony. We have alſo ſpent ſome Time in viewing thoſe Wonders which are to be ſeen in the minute Part of the World, and that with great Pleaſure and Satisfaction: from all which Particulars, we are ſatisfy'd that ſuch amazing Things could not poſſibly be without a firſt Mover, without the Exiſtence of an Almighty Being: And as we know the wonderful God to be Almighty, ſo we cannot help believing but that he is alſo good, not implacable; not like ſuch Wretches as Men are, not taking Delight in the Miſeries of his Creature; for which Reaſon we reſign up our Breaths unto him, without any terrible Apprehenſions, ſubmitting ourſelves to thoſe Ways which in his Goodneſs he ſhall pleaſe to appoint after Death. We alſo believe the Exiſtence of unbody'd Creatures, and think we have Reaſon for that Belief, altho' we don't pretend to know their Way of ſubſiſting. We are not ignorant of thoſe Laws made *in Terrorem*; but leave the Diſpoſal of our Bodies to the Wiſdom of the Coroner and his Jury; the Thing being indifferent to us where our Bodies are laid; from whence it will appear how little anxious we are about a *hic jacet*; we for our Parts neither expect, nor deſire ſuch Ho-

'nours, but ſhall content our ſelves with a bor-
'rowed Epitaph, *viz.*

'Without a Name, for ever ſilent, dumb
'Duſt, Aſhes, nought elſe is within this Tomb;
'Where we were born or bred, it matters not,
'Who were our Parents, or have us begot,
'We were, but are not, think no more of us;
'For as we are, ſo you'll be turn'd to Duſt.

'It is the Opinion of *Naturaliſts*, that our Bo-
'dies are at certain Stages of Life compos'd of
'new Matter, ſo that a great many poor People
'have new Bodies oftner than new Cloaths: Now
'as Divines are not able to inform us which of
'thoſe ſeveral Bodies ſhall riſe at the Reſurrection,
'it is very probable that the deceaſed Body may be
'for ever ſilent as well as any other.'

Sign'd

RICHARD SMITH.
BRIDGET SMITH.

The Coroner's Inqueſt, after the uſual Formalities, brought in their Verdict, whereby they declared *Richard Smith* Guilty of that Crime which they call in *England Felo de ſe*, or Self-Murder; and of Wilful Murder as to his Child. *Bridget* was brought in a Lunatick, tho' ſhe had ſign'd the Letter with her Husband, and acknowledged that ſhe was equally concern'd in the Murder of her Child: ſo that I think her Corpſe deſerved Hanging, at leaſt for a little while: And ſure I am, that ſhe would not have been found a Lunatic here.

There being commonly ſome little Piece of Entertainment at the End of Tragedies, I am now to

to divert you with ſome ſuch Farce. 'Tis the Adventure of a certain pert Coxcomb of a Counſellor with the Abbé *de Vayrac*, an Author, and a Man of * Wit. Not many Days ago, as the Abbe was walking on Foot, he was overtaken with a Shower of Rain, which made him take Shelter under a Penthouſe, at a Shop-door. At the ſame Time, who ſhould paſs by in a magnificent Coach, driving at a mad Rate as if he would run over every Thing in his Way, but a Councellor, whoſe furious Career was ſtopp'd all on a ſudden by ſomething that broke his Harneſs. This Diſaſter happen'd juſt at the Place where the Abbé *de Vayrac* ſtood, dreſs'd like other Authors, with an old tatter'd Hat upon his Head, and a ſhabby Cloke over a Coat quite thread-bare. The Thing that moſt diverted the Counſellor was his Hat, and he ordered one of his Lackeys to ask him if it was not as old as the Battle of † *Rocroy*. You muſt know the Lackeys of this Country are more brazen-fac'd and inſolent than they are any-where elſe, and the Counſellor's diſcharg'd his Errand to a Tittle. M. *l'Abbé*, ſaid he in a Droll Tone, *my Maſter wants to know in what Bat-*

* The Abbé *de Vayrac* was of a good Family in *Guienne*, and had all the Vivacity natural to that Province, which ſtood him in the Stead of Wit; but it was of the abuſive Kind. If ever an Author was a Plagiary, he was. He publiſhed a *State* of *Spain*, and a *State* of the Empire, which laſt brought him under an ignominious Sentence of the Court of *Vienna*. He had alſo compoſed a Hiſtory of *Portugal*, which he could not obtain a Licence for Printing, becauſe it appear'd that he had paid greater Compliments in it to the *Portugueſe* than to the *French*. He died in the Beginning of the Year 1733, as he returned from a Journey he had made to *Holland*.

† In 1643.

tle your Hat receiv'd all thoſe Wounds. At the Battle of Cannæ, *Friend*, reply'd the Abbé, and then he laid on five or ſix heavy Blows upon the impudent Ambaſſador's Shoulders with his *Cane*. The Counſellor ſeeing his Domeſtic ſo ſoundly drubb'd, ſtepp'd inſtantly out of his Coach, and running to the Abbe, ſaid, *What are you doing?* The Abbe reply'd very ſedately, *I am chaſtiſing Inſolence. Parbleu*, M. *l'Abbe*, ſaid the Counſellor, *I think you are a pleaſant Fellow to preſume to ſtrike a Servant of mine! Surely you don't know me, for if you did, you would have more Reſpect for my Livery. Pardon me*, reply'd the Abbé, *I know you very well. And who am I?* ſaid the Counſellor, *Why you are a Fool*, reply'd the *Abbé*; upon which the Gentleman thought fit to ſneak off. This is a very true Story; for I had it from the Abbé *de Vayrac* himſelf, who told it to me with the ſame Gravity as he had anſwer'd the Counſellor.

Tho' Lackeys are not commonly the Subjects of Converſation, yet I think that thoſe of *Paris* deſerve ſome Notice. They form ſo conſiderable a Body that there are many Kings who have not ſo numerous an Army. Beſides, theſe Fellows make ſuch extraordinary Fortunes, and often riſe ſo quick from *Valets*, to be Maſters and Gentlemen, that really they ought not to be confounded in the Lump with the *European* Lackeys. Thoſe of 'em who ſet up for fine Fellows, as many of 'em do, (for in the Livery of *Paris*, you meet with every Thing that is handſome and gay) ſuch I ſay as are in the Service of ſome young Noblemen, are commonly Equals and Companions with their Maſters. There are others who are the Darlings of the Fair Sex; and if Satire may be credited, and Appearances perhaps into the Bargain, there are Ladies even of the Firſt Quality, who don't always treat their Lackeys like Servants.

Servants. 'Tis true, they moſt commonly take them out of the Livery, and in order to bring them near their Perſons, they make them their Pages, or *Valets de Chambre*. Nothing is thought too good for theſe Favourites of *Venus*; they are rigg'd out like Princes, and were you to ſee one of theſe fortunate Lackeys, you would naturally take him for ſome Perſon of Conſequence. And indeed, there are ſome who act the Man of Quality to ſuch a Perfection that nothing can exceed it; and they have often better Manners than their Maſters. The Airs of Importance, and of Quality, are very natural to the *French*. There are others of the menial Claſs that enjoy the Favour of their young Maſters, in a Way ſo uncommon that one knows not what to think of it; and many of thoſe young Gentlemen forgetting the Reſpect that is due to their own Perſons and their Families, make Parties at Supper with 'em, at which Time I fancy Converſation is the leaſt Part of the Entertainment. But ſuch is the Spirit of Debauchery, that has infected the Generality of the young People at Court; tho' 'tis true enough that it ever was ſo.

I don't ſay that exceſſive Debauchery is the univerſal Goût of the Nation; for on the contrary, the *French* are virtuous from the Cradle to the Grave, if they are but ſo happy as to get over the four or five Years of juvenile Fury, and to ſurmount the tumultuous Paſſions which their great Vivacity kindles in their Breaſts, and prompts them to do Things at twenty Years of Age, which at thirty they deteſt and abhor; and I affirm of the *French* in general, that they are not vicious by Inclination. The Nobleman is infinitely more ſo than the Bulk of the people; and whether 'tis bad Company, bad Counſel, or whatever it is that miſleads him, he thinks that to be debauch'd

gives him a fine Air; and many of 'em really boaſt of being greater Deboſhees than in Fact they are.

But this does not ſeem to me to be the Caſe of the Women (I mean of thoſe who are not very rigidly attach'd to the Precepts of Virtue.) They always preſerve an Appearance of Decency, which impoſes on ſuch as don't know them: Nor is their Converſation licentious, and if they are naughty, 'tis in private. 'Tis certain that our Countrymen don't do the *French* Ladies Juſtice. Many of our young Fellows when they come home from *Paris*, affecting to be Coxcombs, tell Stories ſo much to the Diſadvantage of the Fair Sex that moſt of the *German* Gentlemen, and eſpecially of our Ladies, think the Reverſe of what they ought to do. Virtue and Modeſty are as eminent among the Sex here as elſewhere? and thoſe Whifflers that give themſelves the Liberty of ſcandalizing them, very often know not how to call one Woman of Quality by her right Name, and even never ſaw her Antichamber. 'Tis certain that there are Women of Quality here who have laid aſide the Mask; but of theſe there are ſo few that the whole Sex ought not to be reproach'd for their Miſconduct. I give you my Word and Honour that there are fine young Ladies here, born to charm our Sex, whom Calumny itſelf is obliged to reſpect; and I don't ſee what more can be deſired. I'll vouch the ſame for the young Gentlemen, of whom indeed the greateſt Number is very much debauch'd, but there are ſome that have not quitted the Reins of Modeſty. A *Tremouille*, a *Luxembourg*, a *Boufflers*, and many more, may be ſet up as Examples to our Youth, who perhaps would be worſe than the Youth of *France*, if they were enter'd as young into Company, and ſeated in the Centre of Joy and

and Pleaſures. But I perceive that inſtead of a Letter I am drawing a Caſe. Therefore here I drop my Brief, and think my Epiſtle long enough to be concluded. I am intirely Yours, *&c.*

LETTER XLIII.

SIR, *Paris*, *May* 28, 1732.

I Was puzzled ſome Time ago, to think what could make the *French* forget Father *Girard* and *la Cadiere*, and the pretended St. *Paris*; for I apprehended thoſe two Articles would be the Subject of Converſation, a great while longer; but I was miſtaken: 'Tis all forgot, and there's ſomething now upon the Tapis of quite another Kind.

The Archbiſhop of *Paris* having thought fit to iſſue his Mandate for ſuppreſſing a certain printed Paper intitled *Nouvelles Eccleſiaſtiques*, (a Sort of Eccleſiaſtical News-Journal) the Parliament of *Paris* was diſguſted, and made an Arret, condemning the Archbiſhop's Mandate. The Court took the Prelate's Part, and declared all that was done by the Parliament upon this Occaſion null and void. The Parliament ſtanding up mightily for its Privileges, which nevertheleſs it holds only by the good Pleaſure of its Kings, diſcontinued its Aſſemblies, and the King was obliged to iſſue repeated Orders before the Members would reſume their Buſineſs. Mean time the *Advocates* and *Solicitors* have thought fit to eſpouſe the Cauſe of the Parliament, and refuſe to plead till the King has *done Juſtice* to the Parliament ('tis their own Term) by preſerving it in the Poſſeſſion of Appeals

Appeals againſt Incroachments, which it has really enjoy'd for many Years, and which is the Ground of the preſent Diſputes. The Parliament ſay, that they are the more juſtifiable in ſupporting this ancient Prerogative, becauſe they are obliged to it in Conſcience, and for the Welfare of the State committed to their Charge. For, ſay they, what would be the Conſequence were the Archbiſhop's Mandate to be authoriſed? The Pope and the Biſhops would by Degrees aſſume that Right which they pretend to of pronouncing Excommunications for very trivial Cauſes, and even of putting the King himſelf under an Interdict, and conſequently of uſurping a Temporal Deſpotic power under the Umbrage of their Spiritual Power, which, ſay the Parliament, is abſolutely contrary to the Liberties of the *Gallican* Church, by Virtue whereof, 'tis ſufficient for the Parliament alone, in the like Caſe, to ſtigmatize and condemn thoſe *Nouvelles Eccleſiaſtiques*, as they have already done for a long Time.

This is in general the Situation of Affairs, and the Subſtauce of the Arguments made uſe of by the Parliament for the Maintenance of their Rights, which are ſtuff'd with abundance of pompous Terms, ſuch as the *Obligations of Conſcience*, the *Liberties of the* Gallican *Church*, and a thouſand ſuch Expreſſions with which the very Hawkers make your Ears ring as you go along the Streets. The Ladies too have for the preſent laid aſide all the Jargon of Dreſſes to learn that Language, and ſhe who us'd to talk of Cornets and Gorgets, now aſſumes the Stile of an Advocate, pleads for *Gallican* Liberties, overturns the Church, and ſends the *Sacred College* and the *Biſhops* to the Gallies. In ſhort, I can't expreſs to you how ridiculous the *French* are in theſe Caſes. Being fond of every Thing that's new, be it good or bad, they catch

at

at it blindfold, which is a plain Confirmation of the Inconſtancy of theſe People, who are ſo fickle that I verily believe, if any one ſhould take a Fancy to preach *Mahometaniſm* to them, they would embrace it with their uſual Levity.

The following, my dear Friend, is a Piece of Poetry, which I think is good, and make no doubt will pleaſe you. The Subject of it is Chriſtian Tranquility. If I can pick up any Thing new for you before I go hence, I will not fail to ſend it to you. I ſupp'd lately in a place with M. *de Voltaire*, and another Poet, the latter of whom rehearſed a very pretty Piece to us, of which he refuſed to give us a Copy, pretending 'twas imperfect; but however, he has promiſed it to me. When I have it I will ſend it to you.

TRANQUILLITE CHRETIENNE,

Sur les Diſputes du tems

PLein d'ignorance et de Miſeres,
Pourquoi, Mortel audacieux,
Veux-tu ſur des profonds myſteres
Porter un œil trop curieux?
Toi, pour qui toute la Nature
Ne paroît qu'une Enigme obſcure,
Tu ſondes les Divins Decrets?
Tu croi que ton foible génie
De l'Intelligence infinie
Pourra dévoiler les Secrets?

Crains

CHRISTIAN TRANQUILLITY,

On the Diſputes of the Times.

WHY wilt audacious *Mortal* Man
So wretched, and ſo ignorant
On Myſteries dark and profound
Preſume to caſt an Eye too nice?
Doſt thou to whom all Nature ſeems
But an impenetrable Riddle
Pretend to fathom God's Decrees?
Think'ſt thou thy feeble Genius can
The mighty Secrets e'er unfold
Of infinite Intelligence?

Fear

Crains les ténèbres reſpectables,
Où Dieu cache ſa Majeſtè
De ſes Deſſeins impénétrables
Qui peut percer l'obſcurité ?
Meſure la vaſte étendue
De ces Globes, qu'offre à la vue
Un tems ſerein et lumineux.
Mais arrête ici ton audace,
Tu ne peux voir que la ſurface
De ce Théatre merveilleux.

Fear thou the dark but awful Shades
Where God his Majeſty conceals;
For who the Veil can penetrate
Of his impenetrable Schemes?
Meaſure the vaſt immenſe Extent
Of all thoſe Globes that may be ſeen
In Weather moſt ſerene and bright.
But here thy fond Preſumption check
For thou nought but the Surface ſeeſt
Of this Theatre wonderful.

Où t'emporte l'ardeur extrême
De tout comprendre, et de tout voir ?
Tu ne te connois pas toi-même:
L'Eſprit échape à ſon ſavoir ;
Et la Raiſon impérieuſe
De la Grace victorieuſe
Veut pénétrer la Profondeur !
Paul, *tout rempli de ſa Lumiere,*
Nous apprend quelle eſt la maniere
Dont elle agit ſur notre cœur.

Where will thy furious Ardor ſtop
All things to comprehend and ſee?
And knoweſt not what thou art thyſelf,
Thy Mind a Stranger to its Bounds:
Will then imperious Reaſon dare
Preſume to penetrate the Depths
Of all Victorious Grace Divine?
Great *Paul* in whom its Light ſhone full
Explains to us the Manner how
Grace operates upon our Hearts.

Je ſens en moi que la Nature
Veut établir ma Liberté ;
Elle

I feel within that Nature's ſelf
To

Elle ſe plaint, elle murmure,
Quand ſon pouvoir eſt diſputé.
Mais ſi j' interroge mon Ame
Comment une céleſte flâme
La fait agir, la fait mouvoir;
Je crains que cette Ame hautaine
Ne donne à la puiſſance humaine,
Ce qui vient du Divin Pouvoir.

To fix my Freedom makes Efforts;
And when her Power is controll'd
She murmurs inward and complains.
But if my Soul I do but ask
Which Way a Flame celeſtial
Induces it to act and move;
I fear this haughty ſwelling Soul
To Human Pow'r will aſcribe
That which to Pow'r Divine is due.

Surpris de l'Intervalle immenſe
Qu'on voit de l'Homme au Créateur,
Si je n'admets une Puiſſance
Qui concourt avec ſon Auteur,
Ce n'eſt plus pour moi qu'un vain titre,
Que le franc, que le libre Arbitre,
Que ma Raiſon ſait tan vanter:
Je ne connois plus de Juſtice,
Qui récompenſe et qui puniſſe
Ce qui ne peut rien mériter.

Aſtoniſh'd at the Space immenſe
Betwixt the Creature and Creator,
If I do not a Pow'r confeſs
Concurring with its Author Great,
Free Agency, or that Free-will
Of which my Reaſon ſo much vaunts
Is but for me an empty Plea.
That Juſtice I no longer own
Which doth reward and puniſh too
What ſtrictly neither can deſerve.

Ainſi mon Ame eſt ſuſpendue
Entre les Sentimens divers.
Par-tout où je porte ma vue,
Je vois des Abîmes ouverts.

Thus is my Soul held in Suſpence
Betwixt Opinions contrary.
Where'er my roving Eyes I turn
Abyſſes

Pour

Pour me garantir du naufrage,
Je n'oſe quitter le rivage;
La crainte aſſûre mon repos.
Combien, dans cette Mer profonde,
Flottant à la merci de l'onde,
Se perdent au milieu des flots?

Abyſſes open to my View.
For fear of being caſt away
I dare not quit the Sight of Shore:
And 'tis this Fear my Peace ſecures.
How many in this Ocean deep
Floating at Mercy of the Waves
Are by thoſe Waves immerg'd and loſt?

De tant de diſputes fameuſes
Où nous embarque notre orgueil,
Fuyons les Routes dangereuſes
L'Homme à Lui-même eſt un écueil;
Dans le petit Monde ſenſible,
Eſt un Dédale imperceptible,
Dont nous ignorons les Détours.
La Foi de notre ſort decide:
Elle tient le fil qui nous guide;
Sans elle, nous errons toujours.

Let us the dang'rous Tracks avoid
Of thoſe Diſputes but too well known
In which our Pride engageth us:
Man's to himſelf a fatal Rock:
For in this little World of ours
There is a *Dædalus* unſeen
Whoſe Windings are to us unknown.
'Tis Faith our Fortune doth decide,
She holds the Thread which is our Guide
Or elſe we always go aſtray.

Heureux le cœur ſimple et docile,
Qui ſans raiſonner ſur la Foi,
Reſpecte dans nos Saints Conciles
Le ſacré dépôt de la Foi;
Ne franchiſſant point la Barriere.
Que le Pere de la lumiere

Happy that honeſt docile Heart
Which without reas'ning about Faith
Our Holy Councils venerates
The Sacred Guardians of that Faith;

And

Met aux vains efforts de l'eſprit.
À quoi nos ſoins doivent-ils tendre?
Eſt-ce à pratiquer, ou comprendre
Ce que le Ciel nous a preſcrit?

And dares not climb o'er that Barrier
Fix'd by the Father of all Light
Againſt proud Reaſon's vain Efforts.
To what ſhou'd our Endeavours tend?
Is it to practice, or compriſe
The Things which Heaven has preſcrib'd?

Laiſſons la Sageſſe éternelle
Diſpoſer des cœurs á ſon gré
Il ſuffit á l'Homme fidelle
Qu'à par lui Dieu ſoit adoré.
Qu'importe à ces Docteurs habiles
Que Par des Raiſons trop ſubtiles
Un Syſtème ſoit combattu?
Que produit leur haute ſcience,
Si Dieu ne met dans la Balance
Que l'Innocence & la Vertu?

Let's to Eternal Wiſdom leave
The ſole Diſpoſal of all Hearts;
The true Believer is content
That God by him ſhou'd be ador'd.
What do thoſe cunning Doctors gain
Who by too ſubtle Arguments
A Syſtem ſtrive to overthrow?
What does their Knowledge great avail,
If God but in the Balance caſt
Virtue and Innocence to turn the Scale?

It were to be wiſh'd that every *Frenchman* had the ſame Chriſtian Tranquility, for then they would not worry one another as they now do, nor would they give ſuch a Scandal to *Europe*. But the Matter is puſh'd ſo far that I don't foreſee how a Stop can be put to it. It will be always a Worm preying upon the Vitals of *France*, and a Bone of

of Contention between the Court and Parliament.

Some Days ago, the Court baniſh'd the Abbé *Pucelle*, a Counſellor of Parliament. This Man is another *Brouſſel*, and I believe, he would be overjoy'd if he could revive the ancient Barricades which were erected during the Minority of *Lewis* XIV. after the Queen Mother *Anne* of *Auſtria* had caus'd that ſame *Brouſſel* to be put under an Arreſt. But as yet there does not appear to be ſo much Rout about the Abbé *Pucelle*, notwithſtanding he made a very great Noiſe in Parliament. There he ſpoke like an Angel, and every body ſaid he defended the Liberties of the *Gallican* Church ſo well that no body could do it better. Nevertheleſs, I am apprehenſive that he will be at a Loſs how to vindicate his own Liberty, and I am very much miſtaken if he has not a Lodging at *Vincennes*, or the *Baſtile*, before he dies. The Parliament leaves no Stone unturn'd that he may be recalled, and will do no Buſineſs at all till that dear Brother of theirs is reſtor'd. Mean time, all Affairs are at a Stand, by which private perſons are the Sufferers? And yet theſe very Counſellors, who make a Scruple of Conſcience to regiſter an Edict from the King which infring'd the ancient Privileges of the Parliament, don't care what becomes of poor Widows and Orphans that languiſh for the Iſſue of a Proceſs kept in Suſpenſe by theſe Domeſtic Quarrels! In Truth, I cannot but admire the good Nature of the King, and the Moderation of the Cardinal *de Fleury*. I am ſure that the Regent and the Cardinal *Dubois* would not have had ſo much patience. For the former ſent the Parliament to *Pontoiſe*, and caus'd the Members to be arreſted and baniſh'd for a leſs Offence, and at the Time too when the Parliament remonſtrated againſt the Alteration of the Species in which the Fortune of every *French-*

man

man was concerned. Hitherto all the Repreſentations of the Parliament for the Return of the Abbé *Pucelle* have been of no Effect, and I fancy that the Firſt Preſident will be forced to make another Trip to *Compiegne*, where the King has for ſome Time paſt reſided.*

A Couplet has lately been made upon the Abbé's Exile: I don't remember the Beginning of it, but it ends thus;

Que de bonnes gens vont pleurer!
Que de filles vont crier,
Rendez-nous Pucelle, *ô gai,*
Rendez-nous Pucelle.

i. e.

How do the good Women lament!
How do the Daughters cry,
Give us back *Pucelle*,
Give us back *Pucelle*. †

You muſt allow the *French* are very merry Mortals. Let what will happen, they'll find ſomething or other in it to divert them. Every Thing is to them a Subject for a Song; and I remember to have heard of a Ballad they made and ſung upon the Plague in *Provence*, in 1720. Mean time, theſe Jarrings between the Court and Parliament have abſolutely effac'd the Memory of the Bleſſed *Paris*. 'Tis true, he began to be out of Vogue after the Court caus'd the Church-yard of St.

* This famous Counſellor was reſtor'd not long after, at the preſſing Inſtances of his Brethren, and has merited the Elogiums of the Miniſter himſelf, as well as of all *France*

† *Pucelage* is the French Word for *Virginity*.

St. *Medard* to be ſtopp'd up, where he lies interr'd. If this had been done at firſt, a great deal of Scandal would have been prevented. I am very ſorry I can't ſtay to ſee what will be the End of all theſe Things; but my Affairs call me to *Germany*, whither I propoſe to ſet out the firſt Opportunity; therefore write to me no more at preſent.

Two Days ago, I ſaw ſuch a Slur put upon the Charms of a young Lady that ſhe was thoroughly mortify'd. 'Twas the Marchioneſs *de R--*, one of the Ladies of the Bed-chamber. She has been us'd for a long Time to dawb her Face very aukwardly, with a great deal of white, red, and Patches; but on that Day ſhe out-did herſelf. She came into the Garden of the *Thuilleries*, on purpoſe to be admir'd; for ſhe has the Reputation of a very great Coquette: But ſhe was hooted at by a great many Smart Fellows that follow'd her, and gather'd all the Mob about her, ſo that the poor Lady was glad to retire; and being oblig'd to wait a little for her Coach, was very much hiſs'd into the Bargain by thoſe prodigal Puppies the Lackeys; ſo that in my Life I never ſaw a Woman more run down.

The ſame Night I ſupped with the Marquiſs *de L-----*, whom I had never ſeen before. I was told by a certain Lady that he owed his Fortune to an old Woman: For tho' he was a Man of a good Family, yet being a younger Brother he was not rich. When he was twenty Years of Age, he pleaſed the Marchioneſs *de L-----*, who was threeſcore and ten, to ſuch a Degree that ſhe offer'd to marry him; and the Marquiſs who was then but a plain Gentleman, did not want very much intreaty to accept the Propoſal; for tho' he was a Man of a handſome preſence, he did not preſume to think that any young Woman would

fall

fall in Love with him who had one hundred and fifty thouſand good Livres a Year to her Fortune, which was what the Marchioneſs really had to beſtow upon whom ſhe pleaſed. As the two Lovers returned from the Church of St. *Sulpice*, where they were married, the Marchioneſs carried her Spouſe to her own Houſe, and leading him into an Apartment, *You need not be afraid, Sir*, ſaid ſhe, *don't imagine that I married you to toy with. This is your Apartment; mine is on the other Side of the Houſe. You ſhall lie here, and I'll lye in my own Chamber. I was willing to make a Man of you, becauſe I took you for a deſerving young Fellow: But this I could not do, without taking you to be my Husband; and I had rather it ſhould be ſaid that I am an old Fool for marrying a young Fellow, than to give any Colour for reporting that I keep you in Pay. 'Tis more honourable both for you and me that we are married; for now I can do what I pleaſe for you without the Cenſure of the Public. This too is what I have reſolv'd on; and as I have no Relations, you may depend upon it, that all I have in the World will be one Day or other your own. All the Acknowledgment I deſire of you is ſome little Share in your Reſpect, and I am perſuaded you are too much of a Gentleman to uſe me ill.* Judge you how much the Marquiſs was ſurpriz'd at a Speech which he ſo little expected. He was ready to fall at the Feet of his Bride, and to give her Proofs of his Extaſy of Love, when ſhe puſh'd him from her, and ſaid, *None of theſe extraordinary Fits, I beſeech you, Sir; let us live together like Friends: all the reſt is ſuperfluous.* In ſhort, ſhe gave him to underſtand 'twas her abſolute Determination that he ſhould never think of her as his Wife. The Marquiſs was obliged to comply, and after having liv'd thus in perfect Harmony for ſeven Years,

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the Lady died, and left her Husband Heir to all her Eſtate.

The young Fellows undoubtedly ſtand the beſt Chance for the great Fortunes. I had Engagements here when I was but twenty-two Years of Age, with an old Lady too, but ſhe was not altogether ſo diſintereſted as the Marchioneſs *de L*----; for though ſhe was kind to me, ſhe obliged me to a great deal of Duty. This Lady of mine was forty Years older than myſelf, yet what with Patches, and the red, and the white, her Charms were renewed every Day to ſuch a Degree that 'twas well I was twenty-two Years of Age, or elſe they would have frightened me. But fourſcore thouſand Livres a Year, which I always kept in view, made me take that for natural, which was only artificial; inſomuch that if I had been put to my Oath, I know not whether I ſhould not have ſworn that my ſuperannuated Miſtreſs was but in her Teens. We lived a couple of Years together very lovingly. The Lady happened to have two Sons living, old enough both of 'em to be my Fathers; yet ſhe did not deſpair of having another Brood. For this End ſhe propoſed Matrimony to me, and I freely conſented. But my Sons-in-Law *in futuro*, being advertiſed, by whom I know not, where I had appointed a Meeting with their Mother, came and fell at her Feet, and conjur'd her not to wrong them and their Children (for they were both married) by marrying me. The was Lady ſtagger'd in her Reſolution, and was juſt going to promiſe her Sons that ſhe would not have me; when I came to her in the Nick of Time, and ſo encourag'd her by my Preſence that ſhe got the better of her Weakneſs.

Mean time, the Sons ſprung a new Mine which anſwered their End. Their Mother was a Coquet,

Coquet, but one of the pious Sort, and devoted that Time to God, which ſhe did not ſpend with me, or at her Toilet. The Sons detached a Prieſt of St. *Sulpice* to her. The Holy Man choſe his Opportunity when I was abroad. I did not foreſee that a Blow would come from ſuch a Quarter, or elſe the *Swiſs*, and all her Domeſtics being my Creatures, I could eaſily have kept him out of the Houſe. He diſcharged his Commiſſion ſo effectually that he prevail'd to have the Signing of the Marriage Articles, which were to have been executed the very next Day, put off for three Motnhs longer. I was not very much chagrin'd when I heard this News; for I confeſs, I flatter'd my ſelf that it was not poſſible for the Lady to eſcape me. By the Deſcription I have given you of my Sweetheart, you will imagine that I was not over Head and Ears in love. Whatever Scruple the Prieſt of St. *Sulpice* had raiſed in her, ſhe carried it to me the ſame as ever: We ſtill lived very lovingly together, and I had conſiderable Preſents made to me, which I ſquandered away as faſt as I received. At the ſame Time, I did not dare to mention any Writings for my Security; and to talk to a Miſtreſs of threeſcore Years and ten, about making her Laſt Will and Teſtament, was I thought, a ſtrange Kind of Courtſhip, and the Way to ſpoil all.

Nevertheleſs, this Misfortune fell upon me when I leaſt of all expected it. As I went one Morning into my dear's Chamber, I found her at her Toilet, complaining of a great Pain in her Head. She told me that ſhe was in a ſad Quandary too, becauſe ſhe had invited People to Dinner, but was not in a Condition to keep them Company, and ſhe deſired me therefore to do them the Honours of her Houſe: But I prevail'd with her to ſend Word

Word to thoſe whom ſhe had invited, that ſhe was ill, and that ſhe ſhould be glad to ſee them another Time. I then left her, with a promiſe to come back and dine with her; and having taken a Walk, I returned accordingly, when I found her dreſs'd more gay than uſual. She told me that a Diſh or two of Coffee had quite removed her Head-ach, and that ſhe had trick'd herſelf up to pleaſe me. We din'd together, but ſhe eat very little, and began very ſoon to complain again, ſo that I made her lie down upon the Bed, and taking a Book in my Hand, I ſat down by her to read, while ſhe reſted: But all on a ſudden, I felt her lay hold of my Hand, and as I turned about to her, my Miſtreſs gave my Hand a Squeeze, and that inſtant expir'd. I call'd for help, and both Surgeons and Phyſicians came, by whoſe Order ſhe was blooded, but, it was to no Purpoſe: For *there's no returning from the Shore of the Dead.*

This Accident ſo ſurpriz'd me that I did not ſo much as think of ſecuring my own Effects, but went into my Room, and preſently I was given to underſtand that one of the Sons of the Deceaſed was come with an Officer to ſeal up all her Effects. I did not in the leaſt oppoſe it, nor indeed had I any manner of Title to diſpute it. But my good Nature only made the Son the more inſolent; for he even came into my own Apartment to ſeal up ſuch Effects as belong'd to me. I told him, that if he did not withdraw, I would make my Servants and thoſe of the Deceaſed, who had all a Reſpect for me, turn him out. During this, the late M. *de N*------, a Counſellor of Parliament, who was very much my Friend, came to ſee me, who adviſed me to quit my Quarters with all Speed and to pack up every Thing that belong'd to me immediately. He alſo offer'd me Room in his

his Houſe for my Furniture, and other Effects, which Offer I accepted; and in a few Hours every Thing of mine was clear'd off of the premiſſes. The Sons after this, threaten'd to enter an Action againſt me; but as they had no proof of any thing that I owed to their Mother, they did not preſume to moleſt me. If I had been of the temper then, that I am now, I ſhould not have ſo ſoon forgot the Loſs I ſuffer'd; for beſides a good She-Friend, which is a rare and precious thing, I loſt the Hopes of a ſplendid Fortune.

I know not how it came into my Head to entertain you with my *quondam* Amours. But 'tis a Vein of Prating which I am indulg'd in more by you than by any body. Farewel, my Dear, You will hear no more of me about this Country, for I am preparing to quit it the very firſt Opportunity.

LETTER XLIV.

SIR, *Bruſſels, June* 4. 1732.

WHEN I left *Paris*, I kept on the Pavement all the Way to CHANTILLY, which may paſs for the fineſt Seat in the Kingdom, ſince the great Additions made to it by the Duke of *Bourbon*, who is the Lord of it. The Foreſt likewiſe of *Chantilly*, is as fine as any thing that ever Art and Nature form'd. 'Tis a magnificent Palace, the Stables are ſtately, and the Park is adorned with the fineſt pieces of Water in the World *Lewis* XIV. who was always very deſirous of being the Maſter of this Houſe,

wanted to purchaſe it of the late Prince. The latter made Anſwer to him that it was at his Service, only he begged him he would make him the Keeper of it from that moment. The King perceived that the Prince reſign'd it to him with ſome Reluctance, and therefore ſpoke no more of it.

The Duke *de Bourbon*, who is certainly the richeſt Prince in *Europe*, that is not a Sovereign, lives very much at CHANTILLY, ſince he is no longer in the Miniſtry. There is always a very numerous Court, and he lives there more like a King than a Prince of the Blood.

After having walked ſufficiently about *Chantilly*, I went and lay at *Senlis*, and next Day arrived in good time at CAMBRAY, a City famous upon ſeveral Accounts, but its Beauty does not anſwer its Reputation. *Cambray* the Capital of the *Cambreſis*, was formerly an imperial City, and its Archbiſhop was a Sovereign and Prince of the Empire. *France* having ſeiz'd *Cambray* there remains nothing more to the Archbiſhop, of ſo many fine Prerogatives, but the empty Title of a Prince of the Empire, which he ſtill retains, tho' he has no Vote nor Seſſion at the Diet. Since 1712, that I came for the firſt time into *France*, the Church of *Cambray* has had four Archbiſhops. I then found the See poſſeſſed by the illuſtrious *Francis de Salignac de la Mothe Fenelon*, Preceptor of the late Duke of *Burgundy*, Father of *Lewis* XV. He had for his Succeſſor *John d'Eſtrees*, but the latter died before he had taken poſſeſſion of the Archbiſhoprick. The celebrated Cardinal *Dubois* ſucceeded to him, but he did not enjoy that Dignity long, for he died at *Verſailles* the 10th of *Auguſt* 1723. The Abbé *de S. Albin*, the Natural Son of the Duke of *Orleans*, the Regent, was appointed Archbiſhop of *Cambray*, at

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an Age when he had need of Diſpenſations from *Rome* to qualify himſelf for that Dignity.

I think 'twill not be impertinent to make ſome little mention of the Cardinal *Dubois*, and perhaps you will not be ſorry to hear a few particulars of him. In the firſt place, theſe were his Titles; William *Cardinal* Dubois, *Prieſt, Archbiſhop and Duke of* Cambray, *Prince of the Holy Empire, Count of the* Cambreſis, *Abbat of* St. Juſt. de Nogent *under* Couſſy, *of* Bourgueil, Airvaux, Cercamps, St. Winoxberg, *and* St. Bertin *of* St. Omer; *Principal and Prime Miniſter, and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; Great Maſter and Superintendant General of the Couriers, Poſts and Relays of* France; *one of the forty Members of the* French *Academy, and that of the Belles Lettres: And choſe by the Prelates and other Deputies at the General Aſſembly of the Clergy of* France, *to be their Firſt Preſident.*

The Cardinal *Dubois* was not of extraordinary Extraction, but was born with great Talents, and an uncommon Genius. He was preceptor to the Duke of *Orleans*, afterwards Regent of the Kingdom; which was the Reaſon that the Prince and he were ſo well acquainted with each other's Thoughts, that the leaſt ſign given by the one, was underſtood by the other. The Abbat *Dubois* was employ'd in the Negociations of peace in *England* and at *Utrecht*. When the Duke of *Orleans* came to be Regent, he ſent him to take care of the King's Intereſts, at the Court of King *George* I. of *Great-Britain*, with whom he concluded the famous Treaty of the Quadruple Alliance. When the King came of Age, the Regent being deſirous to have a firſt Miniſter that he could confide in, choſe the Abbat *Dubois*, whom he firſt made an Archbiſhop, and then obtain'd a Cardinal's Hat for him. 'Tis ſaid, that the Cardinal was begin-

ning to forget his Obligations to his Benefactor, and thinking to ſhake off all Submiſſion to him, when he died at *Verſailles*, after having enjoyed his ſplendid Fortune but a few Years. His Illneſs was of no long Continuance, but very painful. *La Peyronie*, the King's Chief Surgeon, made an Operation upon him for a Diſorder which the Cardinal's Enemies aſcribe to his Incontinence, before he was Archbiſhop. He dreaded the Operation very much, and was loth to undergo it, tho' the Surgeons aſſured him that nothing elſe could ſave his Life. The Duke of *Orleans* to whom the Miniſter's Life was dear made uſe of his Authority, and obliged the Cardinal to ſubmit to the Operation, which did not anſwer his Royal Highneſs's Hopes; for in a few Days after it his Favourite died. The Eagerneſs with which the Duke of *Orleans* ſeized the Miniſtry, confirmed the Publick in their Opinion, that the Cardinal had entertained a Thought of aſſerting his own Independency.

The Cardinal was not much lamented, for he was blunt, violent and outragious, which was not the Way to acquire the Good Will of a Nation which loves that Decency and Politeneſs ſhould be kept up in every Thing. Satyr, or if you pleaſe Calumny, gave it out, that the Cardinal was married at *Tours*, when he was made Archbiſhop, and that his Wife liv'd in that City; that he gave it in Charge to M. *de Breteuil*, the Intendant of *Tours*, to prevail upon her, if poſſible, not to diſcover that ſhe was his Wife; but that ſhe refuſed to relinquiſh the Advantage; that thereupon M. *de Breteuil* ſent for the Pariſh Regiſter, where the Marriage was ſolemnized, and tore out the Leaf in which their Names were entered; and that the Woman was going to make a great Noiſe, but was threatned with Confinement, and by that Means obliged to be ſilent.

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I will not engage for the Truth of all, or any Part of this Story; but 'tis what the ſcandalous Chronicle has given out, and what has reach'd even to *Rome*; ſo that when it was told to the late Pope, with a great many other Paſſages concerning the Cardinal, he was heartily vexed that he had advanced him to the Purple; and I have been aſſured that it was ſuch a Grief to the Holy Father that it help'd to ſhorten his Days.

The Dutcheſs *de F*——, was with the Cardinal one Day, when being in one of his ſullen Moods, his Eminency in plain Terms bade her *go and pick Violets*. The Lady complaining of him to the Duke of *Orleans* the Regent, the Prince made Anſwer, *You are much in the Right*. Madame, *the Cardinal* Dubois *is a Brute, but nevertheleſs he has a good Headpiece.*

This Cardinal made a Compliment of much the ſame Nature to the Cardinal *de Noailles*, who telling him one Day as he came from an Audience of the Duke of *Orleans*, that the ſaid Prince would not give Ear to his Repreſentations, but bade him *go and*-----*himſelf*, you underſtand the reſt; the Cardinal *Dubois* made Anſwer, *And really, Brother, the beſt Thing your Eminency can do is to obey.*

Theſe Stories put me in Mind of another that was current all over *Paris*, a little after the Cardinal *Dubois* was advanced to the Purple. The Lackeys of theſe two Cardinals happening to be at a certain Place together, they had a Diſpute about their Maſter's Pre-eminency. *Our Maſter*, ſaid the one, *is the eldeſt Cardinal, Duke and Peer, and a Commander of the King's Orders.* The others ſaid, *Ours is a Prince of the Emp're Duke of* Cambray, *and Prime Miniſter. Ours.* reply'd the former, *conſecrates Biſhops; therefore, to be ſure he has the Preference above the Cardinal*

Dubois-----*A very pretty Argument this*! ſaid one of *Dubois*'s Lackeys, *Why if there's any Thing in Conſecration, my Maſter is the greater Lord in that Reſpect too: For yours may conſecrate Biſhops, but mine conſecrates G--d every Day of his Life.* And indeed, if the Fellow meant his Maſter's Swearing by all that's Sacred, he was not in the Wrong; for the Cardinal had a very bad Habit of Swearing, like any Grenadier.

The Cardinal left no great Eſtate behind him; and whether it was owing to his Diſintereſtedneſs, or to his Want of Time to amaſs Wealth, his Fortune being but of a ſhort Duration, his Heirs had not much Reaſon to rejoyce at his Death. The Duke of *Orleans* ſoon forgot him, and nothing preſerved his memory ſo long in *France*, itſelf, but certain Satyrs and Epitaphs made upon him by the Wits, which might have been tranſmitted perhaps to Poſterity, if there had not been too much Gall in them. The Cardinal *Dubois* lies interr'd in the Church of *St. Honore* where his Brother was a Canon. This Clergyman ſet up a Marble Tomb for him, where the Cardinal is repreſented on his Knees, inclin'd towards the Altar of the Choir, but his Head ſeems to turn from it; upon which the Critics remark that he durſt not ſince his Death, look towards what he had prophan'd in his Life.

The Cardinal *Dubois* obtained in Favour of *Cambray*, that the Congreſs ſhould be held there for accommodating the Differences between the Emperor and *Spain*. The *French* made great Boaſt of this Matter, and vaunted how much it was to the Honour of the Duke of *Orleans*, that all the Powers of *Europe* ſhould ſend Ambaſſadors to him, to ſubmit their Fortunes to his Arbitration. The ſame Things were ſaid with regard to the Congreſs of *Soiſſons*. *They are come*, ſaid

ſaid the Court-Flatterers, *into our own Country, to deſire Peace of us.* They were not ſo modeſt as the Allies were heretofore; for when *Lewis* XIV. ſent his Ambaſſadors to *Aix la Chapelle*, *Nimeguen*, *Ryſwic*, *Gertruydenberg*, *Utrecht*, *Raſtadt*, &c. we did not ſay that the King came to beg a Peace of us; whereas the *French* always ſaid *that they gave Peace to* Europe. Be this as it will, they have no very great Reaſon to boaſt of the two laſt Congreſſes, that were held in their Country, which tho' both were opened with a World of Splendor, yet both came to nothing. The Treaty of *Vienna* concluded the 19th of *April* 1725. O. S. put a Period to the *Cambray* Congreſs, the Operations of which, during four Years Continuance, amounted to nothing more than forming fine Rules for the Ceremonial, and the maintaining of a good Order among the Domeſtics. The Baron *de Ripperda*, afterwards created a Duke and Grandee of *Spain*, and alſo Prime Miniſter to their Catholic Majeſties, being a Perſon of great Vivacity, was ſo tir'd with the Dilatorineſs of the Congreſs of *Cambray*, that he went to *Vienna* with the Name of the Baron *de Puffenberg*, and eſtabliſhed ſo ſtrict a Friendſhip betwixt his Maſter and the Emperor, that the like was never perhaps known before between thoſe two Courts, even when the Houſe of *Auſtria* poſſeſſed the Throne of *Spain*. This very much eclipſed the Glory of the Congreſs of *Cambray*, and the Congreſs of *Soiſſons* received as great a Check afterwards by the Treaty of *Seville*.

From *Cambray* I went to VALENCIENNES, the laſt Place in *French Flanders*, and one of the moſt conſiderable Towns in that Province. The Governor of it is the Prince *de Tingry*, who is the Son of the famous Duke *de Luxembourg*, the

Marſhal of *France*, whoſe Honour our Writers have endeavoured to ſully by accuſing him of having held a Correſpondence with the Devil, and of gaining ſo many Victories over us by that Means. The Prince *de Tingry* diſtinguiſhed himſelf very much during the laſt War, by the Name of the Chevalier *de Luxembourg*. He contributed a great deal to the Support of *Liſle*, when it was beſieged, by throwing a Convoy of Powder into it in the Night Time. He is look'd upon by all the Officers, as one of the chief Generals in *France*. Conſidering his Birth, Merit, Services, and thoſe of his Father too, he ought to have had the Marſhal's Staff a long Time ago; and 'twas thought he would have been included in the laſt Promotion, but he happened to be left out. * He is now one of the oldeſt Lieutenant-Generals. I cannot help mentioning his Politeneſs and Civility, having infinite Reaſon to acknowledge his Favours to myſelf.

MONS, the Capital City of *Hainault*, is not ſo large a City as *Valenciennes*, but I believe has more Gentry in it; and that if it had a *French* Garriſon, would have more Parties of Pleaſure. The Duke *d'Aremberg* is Governor both of this City and of *Hainault*, of which he is Hereditary Grand Bailiff; but he reſides at *Bruſſels*, and never comes into this Province, except to hold an Aſſembly of the States. This Nobleman is a Sovereign Prince of the Empire. Lieutenant-General and Colonel of a Regiment of Foot, Governor of *Hainault*, and of the City of *Mons*, Knight of the Golden Fleece, and lately

* Neither was he included in the Promotion of the four Marſhals of *France*, which the King made in 1734, tho' he had ſerved with great Bravery ever ſince the Beginning of the laſt War between *France* and *Germany*.

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a Captain of the Halbardiers of the Emperor's Guard. He was but in his Cradle when he received the Collar of the Order of the Golden Fleece from King *Charles* II. after his Father had been killed in *Hungary*. He is the only Nobleman in all the *Netherlands*, that has recognized the Houſe of *Auſtria* alone for his Sovereign. His Mother who is the Daughter of the late Marquis *de Grana*, Governor of the *Netherlands*, prevented him from engaging with any other Side, and always rejected the Advantages that were offered to her on the Part of *Philip* V. After the *Netherlands* were reduced to the Obedience of their lawful Sovereign by the Battle of *Ramellies*, the Dutcheſs *d'Aremberg* and her Son were the firſt to acknowledge King *Charles* III. The Son had a *Flemiſh* Regiment in that Prince's Service, and was very young when he made his firſt Campaign under my Lord *Marlborough*. 'Twas under him and Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy*, that he made all his future Campaigns, wherein he always ſignalized his Valour, but particularly at the Battle of *Belgrade*. 'Tis certain, that if the Duke had ſtay'd longer at *Vienna*, he would have had ſome important Employment long ere now. He has all the Qualities neceſſary for a good general, and an able Miniſter, and has every Endowment that renders a Man amiable. The Emperor values him, and Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy* loves and eſteems him: But the Duke ſeems to have no Inclination to improve theſe Advantages, and prefers the tranquil Pleaſures of *Bruſſels*, to the Tumult of the Court of *Vienna*.

I don't mention the Battle of *Malplaquet*, which was fought in the Neighbourhood of *Mons*, nor the Siege of that City, which to be ſure have been often repeated in your Ears, and what I have already told you of upon other Occaſions.

From *Mons* to *Bruſſels*, there's a famous Cauſey. We paſs thro' *Halle*, whoſe Church is very much frequented by the Devotees of this Country, and has a miraculous Image of the Holy Virgin, to which the Princes of the Houſe of *Auſtria* have made great Preſents.

The City of BRUSSELS is not populous, in Proportion to its Bigneſs, nor is the Town itſelf ſo pleaſant as its Out-parts. The Houſes are generally old, and it may be ſaid that excepting the Churches, and the Townhouſe, there is not a Structure worth the Mention. One very great Inconvenience of *Bruſſels*, is its irregular Situation, which is all up Hill and down Hill, ſo that if it was as large as *Paris* it might truly be called the Hell of Horſes: and another very great Nuiſance is the little care taken of the Streets, where one is always beſpatter'd with Dirt, or choak'd with Duſt.

The Palace which was burnt, was an old Edifice, with commodious Apartments, but irregular. Its Ruins which are ſtill to be ſeen, look like thoſe of the Palace of *Priam*: Why they are not removed, I know not. The Archdutcheſs, Governeſs of the *Netherlands*, lives in the Palace of *Orange* belonging to the Prince of *Naſſau*, the Hereditary Stadtholder of *Frieſland*. She has not much room there, but her moſt Serene Highneſs prefers it to the Palace of *Egmont*, the Apartments of which are more ſpacious and commodious, tho' 'twas offered her by the Duke *d'Aremberg*, who is the Proprietor of it.

This Princeſs had like to have periſhed in the Flames of the Palace, which was ſet on Fire by the Indiſcretion of the Confectioners, who were preparing Sweetmeats for a Ball which the Archdutcheſs intended to give the next Day. The Fire caught the Sugar, and ſpread into the Confectionary

fectionary. The Officers thought they ſhould be able to ſuppreſs it without any Noiſe, but it maſtered them. 'Twas four Hours however before it alarmed the Palace, and in the mean Time, they ſay, a great Part of the Building, and of its Furniture, might have been ſaved, if the Burgers had been permitted to have given their Aſſiſtance: But for Fear of Confuſion, and of the Embezzlement of Goods, which generally happens in ſuch Calamities, the Gates of the Palace were kept ſhut a long Time, and the Soldiers puſhed off ſuch Burgers as offered to come near, ſo that the whole was conſumed. The Archdutcheſs was ſaved as it were by a Miracle; for a little Dog that lay with her, ſcratching her Face, awaked her, when ſhe perceived the Smoke and called out to her Women. At the ſame Inſtant, her Guards broke open the Door, ſo that ſhe had only Time to ſlip on a Gown, and one Stocking. The Floor was quite burnt, and fell in the Moment that ſhe was gone out of her Chamber. She made a Shift to ſave her Dog, and that was all. Her moſt Serene Highneſs went inſtantly to Prayers in her Chapel; but the Flames ſpreading to that Sanctuary, ſhe was obliged to retire to the Houſe of the Prince *de Rubempré*, her Maſter of the Horſe, whoſe Houſe fronted her Palace, and which, from thence, ſhe ſaw conſumed to the Ground, with all its Treaſure; but nothing ſeemed to give her ſo much Pain, as the Misfortune of her Domeſtics, and the Danger to which they were expoſed. But even here the Archdutcheſs could not be ſafe; for *Rubempre*'s Houſe was ſo near her own, that 'twas fear'd the Fire would have reach'd it, ſo that ſhe was obliged to retire to the Palace of *Orange*, then occupy'd by the Count *de Viſconti*, the Grand Maſter of her Houſhold and her Firſt Miniſter. The Princeſs

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de Rubempré furniſhed her with Stockings, and the Counteſs *de Viſconti* with Shifts and other Apparel; and 'twas in theſe borrowed Cloaths, that a Daughter, deſcended from ſo many Emperors, did next Day receive the Compliments of all the Nobility. Her Wardrobe was quite deſtroyed, and nothing ſaved but the Plate.

Every body agrees that the Archdutcheſs preſerved an extraordinary Serenity of Mind, under ſo great a Misfortune. She was continually encouraging ſome, and comforting others. The only Thing that heartily grieved her, was the unhappy Fate of Mademoiſelle *d'Uhlefeldt*, Lady of the Golden Key, whoſe Mother was one of the Ladies of Honour. This unfortunate young Lady, thinking her Mother ſtill aſleep, was caught by the Flames as ſhe was running to her Apartment to awake her. She was ſnatch'd as ſoon as poſſible out of the Flames, but was all over parch'd from Head to Foot, and died the next Day after having received the Sacraments of the Church, and the Farewels of her Mother, with a Conſtancy the more to be admired, becauſe ſhe was very young, very dear to her Mother, and on the Point of making a very advantageous Settlement. The whole Court was charm'd to ſee with what Reſignation ſhe bore her Misfortune. She ſaid ſeveral Times, that ſhe died with Pleaſure, ſince God had ſaved the Archdutcheſs and her Mother. Her moſt Serene Highneſs honoured her with her Tears, and cauſed a magnificent Funeral to be performed for her in the Church of the Reverend Fathers the Jeſuits, at which all the Nobility of *Bruſſels* was preſent, and every Soul was ſorry for the Loſs of her.

In ſearching among the Ruins of the Palace, moſt of the Archdutcheſs's Jewels were found again,

again, and only ſome Ear-pendants of great Value and a good Toilet were miſſing.

The Archdutcheſs is the eldeſt of the Emperor's three Siſters. She is jolly, but dances nimbly and gracefully. The Princeſs has a noble and majeſtic Aſpect. She appears to be extremely grave, and talks little, but with Dignity, and ſhe is Miſtreſs of ſeveral Languages. When ſhe came into the *Netherlands*, as ſhe paſſed thro' *Louvain*, ſhe returned an Anſwer in *Latin* to the Deputies of the Univerſity who harangued her in that Language. She is Miſtreſs of Hiſtory, Geography, and many other fine Sciences; and without flattering her, ſhe may be ſaid to be a Mirrour of Virtue and Piety. 'Tis impoſſible for any one living to be more charitable, and ſhe does not know what it is to refuſe Acceſs to the Unfortunate. She wiſhes it were in her Power to ſerve all that ask Favour at her Hands, and is very much perplexed when ſhe is obliged to give a Denial. That Portion of the Day, which ſhe does not devote to God, ſhe beſtows upon Buſineſs, to which ſhe gives very great Application: And her moſt Serene Highneſs is ſo eaſy of Acceſs that 'tis no manner of Difficulty to obtain an Audience of her.

The ſame Honours are paid to her here, as are paid to the Emperor at *Vienna*. She always eats alone, and for moſt Part in Public. Her Ladies wait on her at Table. She lends a gracious Ear to thoſe that ſpeak to her, and returns the kindeſt Anſwers. She was never known to expreſs the leaſt Diſguſt with any of her Domeſtics.

Her Second in Affairs, is the Count *Don Julio Viſconti*, by Birth a *Milaneſe*, a Perſon of Honour, and of a good Family, a Man of Integrity and Sincerity, impoſſible to be byaſs'd by any thing but Juſtice, a good Oeconomiſt, and always diſin-

diſintereſted. Tho' the People of this Country are not the moſt ready to ſpeak well of their Governors or Superiors, they all agree that M. *de Viſconti* is a Miniſter not to be corrupted. He is pretty tall, and has a grave ſtern Countenance. He has ſuch a Weight of Affairs upon his Hands, that he cannot always give the like Attention to every thing, but refers many Things to his Secretary, *Henry Crumpipen*, by Birth a *Weſtphalian*, who was born with all the Talents for Buſineſs. He is good-natur'd, civil, courteous, ready to do Kindneſſes, has an extraordinary Memory, and is a Man of a ſingular Application. He is univerſally beloved here, and every one allows that he is as uncorrupt as his Maſter.

M. *de Viſconti* is lately appointed Viceroy of *Naples*, and is to be relieved here by the Count *Frederick de Harrach*, who is not only a Perſon of a great Family, but has a very amiable Temper, and the Carriage of a Perſon of Quality. He was at *Cambray* during the Congreſs, where tho' he had not the Character of Ambaſſador, he was let into all Affairs, the Emperor's Plenipotentiaries being ordered to communicate every thing to him. After that, he was ſent as a Miniſter to take care of the Emperor's Affairs at the Court of *Turin*. From thence he was recalled, and ſent Ambaſſador from his Imperial Majeſty as King of *Bohemia*, and firſt Secular Elector, to the Diet of *Ratisbon*, which Poſt he is quitting, in order to come hither to be Prime Miniſter to the moſt Serene Archdutcheſs. I make no doubt but he will be acceptable to the *Flemings*; for he is affable and engaging, active, laborious, generous and liberal, and loves Expence and Pleaſures. As he has a Fortune of his own, and another by his Wife, who is a Princeſs of *Litchtenſtein*, he is in

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a Condition to pleaſe the People of * *Bruſſels*, who expect their Miniſters, *&c.* to lay out a great deal of Money with 'em, and therefore daily regret the Loſs of *Maximilian Emanuel* the Elector of *Bavaria*, becauſe that Prince expended ſeven or eight Millions with them every Year, which he drew from *Bavaria*, *The Archdutcheſs*, ſay the People of *Bruſſels*, *ſpends nothing, and her Court is rather a Convent*; yet if they conſidered that this Princeſs has but four hundred and ſixty, or at moſt but five hundred thouſand Florins Revenue, they would no doubt be more ſparing in their Reflection. With this Sum, which is a Trifle for ſo great a Princeſs, her moſt Serene Highneſs maintains a very large Houſhold, pays every body well, and keeps out of every body's Debt, which is what can't be ſaid of any Governor or Sovereign of the *Netherlands*, who always went away from theſe Provinces in Debt. The Inhabitants have been accuſtomed to make Complaints Time out of Mind, and I believe, if the Queſtion was put to every ſingle Native of *Brabant* or *Flanders*, there would be very few that could tell what ſort of Government they would have, and what Maſter would ſuit them beſt: For ſince the Death of *Charles* II. King of *Spain*, they have been under four ſeveral Dominions, and have had eight or nine Governors, who have all given them Cauſe to murmur. The only one that ever had their Applauſe, was the Marſhal Count *de Daun*, now Governor of *Milan*, which perhaps was as much owing to his ſucceeding the Marquis *de Prie*, whoſe Recal every body deſired, as to the advantageous Alterations he made in the Government.

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* This Miniſter pleaſes them to Perfection. They all like his Behaviour, and the Diligence with which he diſpatches Buſineſs. In a Word he is beloved and adored.

The Court of *Bruſſels* is really not the moſt inviting Court in the World. Th eCeremonial at *Vienna* is obſerved here almoſt in every Thing. The Archdutcheſs is ſerved like the Empreſs, and no body has the Privilege of eating with her, only the Duke of *Lorrain* was indulg'd that Liberty, but 'twas at one of the Hunting Seats, and then the Ladies attended him as they did the Archdutcheſs. When the Elector of *Bavaria* came hither with the Princes his Brothers, in their Return from *France*, he ſaid, *'Twas very comical, that he who lay every Night with an* Archdutcheſs *at* Munich, *could not have the Pleaſure of dining with an* Archdutcheſs *at* Bruſſels.

The Ladies of this Country who have Titles, of whom there are many whoſe Husbands are Grandees of *Spain*, inſiſted at firſt on the Privilege of being ſeated on a Stool in the Preſence of her moſt Serene Highneſs; but they were diſappointed in their Claim; and notwithſtanding they urged that the other Governeſſes of the *Netherlands* had granted them this Diſtinction, they were anſwer'd, That thoſe other Governeſſes were not Siſters of the Emperor, and that if they were ſuch, they did not keep to the Ceremonial of the Court of *Vienna*, where all Ladies, Princeſſes as well as others, ſtand in preſence of the Archdutcheſſes. Others claim'd the privilege to come to the Palace in a Coach and Six, and ſome have actually preſumed to drive in with ſuch Equipage: But the Guards, who are better inſtructed in the Ceremonial than ſuch Ladies, ſent them back again, and told them, that it was not proper for any but her moſt Serene Highneſs to come with ſix Horſes. The Ladies turned back not a little mortified, and for ſome Time took it in ſuch Dudgeon that they would not appear at Court; but when they ſaw that no body regarded their

their pouting, and were apprehenſive of an Order from *Vienna*, they came to Court again, and now do as they ought.

The Nobility and Gentry of this Country are extremely haughty. There are ſome Families which are really of very great Quality, but a great many, who, tho' they have very pompous Titles, would be very much at a Loſs to prove their noble Parentage. If you would take their Word for it, they were all heretofore Counts of *Hainault*, *Flanders*, Dukes of *Brabant*, *Guelderland*, and ſo on. Their Anceſtors have performed important Services to the State, but moſt of 'em are now retired, or if they ſerve, 'tis in *Spain*, or *France*. *To go to* Vienna, *to make Court to the Emperor*; *oh fye!* ſay they, *'tis fatiguing to Death. The Manners of the* Germans *are ſo different*, ſay they, *from ours*; *their Service is ſo unpolite! To be confined in that Place called* Hungary; *don't mention it to us. There's not a Mortal to converſe with.* Theſe Gentlemen, after all, have Reaſon on their Side: For many of 'em, tho' they never ſerved the Emperor, and perhaps never ſeen him, have been preferred to Regiments, Governments, and the moſt diſtinguiſhed Employments in the *Netherlands*; and as they have had ſuch good Succeſs, they would be to blame to act otherwiſe. They ſerve in *Spain*, and come to *Bruſſels* to receive their Reward.

It muſt be owned neverthele s, that tho' few of the *Flemings*, under whom I generally include all the Subjects of the *Auſtrian Netherlands*, go to *Vienna*, 'tis partly owing to the Narrowneſs of their Fortunes. The Nobility being not rich, are not able to lay out much Money, and they live therefore with very great Oeconomy like private people. They ſeldom make Invitations to Dinner,

Dinner, and not one of 'em keeps an open Table. Yet there are more Equipages here with the Ducal Mantle than in *Vienna* itſelf. All thoſe Dukes and Princes, made by the Kings of *Spain*, formerly aſſumed only the Title of *Excellency*; but ſince they have been under the *German* Government, they are called *my Prince*, and *Monſieur*. They would fain uſurp the Title of *Highneſſes* which is given them by their Domeſtics, and many poor Gentlemen who interlarded it with abundance of *Monſeigneurs*. The Duke *d' Aremberg* is the only Nobleman who ſupports the Expence of a Man of Quality; and tho' he is the Perſon to whom moſt Honour is due, yet he is one that leaſt requires it.

Bruſſels is a great Sufferer by the frequent Abſence of the Prince of *la Tour* and *Taxis*, Hereditary Poſt-Maſter of the Empire and the *Netherlands*. When this Nobleman is at *Bruſſels*, he lives with very great Splendor and Magnificence. His Houſe is open to all Men of Quality, and 'tis the Aſylum of Foreigners. The Princeſs *de la Tour*, who is a Princeſs of *Lobkowitz*, is wonderfully civil; and by her noble and gracious Deportment, and her agreeable Converſation, attracts all Perſons of Merit; and all Foreigners are charmed with her. * The Natives have a Regard for the Family of *la Tour*, but 'tis attended with Envy. The Prince *de la Tour*, tho' not a Sovereign, is nobly ally'd. His Mother was a *Furſtenberg*. His Wife is a *Lobkowitz*. His Son is married to a Princeſs of *Brandenbourg-Culmbach*; and his Daughter to the Prince *Alexander of Wurtemberg*; ſo that all who queſtion the Antiquity or Nobility of the Family of *la Tour*, are, I think, very much in the wrong. I will not diſpute

* In *November* 1736. ſhe was delivered of a Son.

pute that there are Families more ancient, tho' thoſe of *la Tour* have printed ſeveral Volumes in Folio to prove the great Antiquity of their Origin, as well as their Deſcent from the *Torres*, who were ſo long at Variance with the ancient *Viſcontis*. And I can't help thinking that a Family, which has been ally'd for many Generations with the greateſt in the Empire, and whoſe Son has been a * Canon, or Count of the Cathedral of *Cologn*, may be rank'd among our beſt Families in *Germany*.

Of all the Ladies, the Princeſs *de la Tour* is moſt diſtinguiſh'd by the Archdutcheſs, for which the other Ladies envy her, but this is very natural: For the Princeſs *de la Tour* was born at *Vienna*, and as it were, brought up with the Archdutcheſs; and Friendſhips ſo early contracted are generally the moſt laſting. Beſides, the Princeſs *de la Tour* diſcovers ſuch an Attachment to the Archdutcheſs that 'tis not ſurprizing that ſhe ſhould honour her with her Confidence.

I have told you that the Pleaſures of the Court of *Bruſſels* are not very gay, and I'll aſſure you thoſe of the City are much of the ſame dull Taſte. There's a very fine Theatre here, but the Comedy acted on it is horrible. The Aſſemblies here are very melancholy, and will be more ſo when the Counteſs *de Viſconti* is gone, ſince, were it not for that Lady, there would be no ſuch Pleaſures here. Whoever ſaw *Bruſſels* in the Time of the War, and ſees it now, ſcarce knows the place again. Every thing falls to decay, and it has hardly any Trade ſtirring but in Lace, Camlets, and Tapeſtry, the Fabric of which is indeed brought to very great Perfection.

* Prince *Chriſtian* II. Son of the Prince *de la Tour*. He reſigned his Canonſhip of *Cologn* on Purpoſe to ſerve in the Emperor's Army.

Perfection. *Lewis*'s Manufacture of Tapeſtry, excels all the reſt for the Beauty of its Colours, and he furniſhes *England* and *Italy* with it. *Devos* who works for *Germany*, made the fine Tapeſtry of Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy*, and the Hiſtory of *Charles* V. for the Emperor *Charles* VI. *Vermillon* ſends a great many of his Works to *Portugal*, *France*, and *Muſcovy*. *Van der Borg* the Son has lately made a fine Piece of Tapeſtry for the Archdutcheſs, repreſenting the *Iſraelites* worſhipping the Golden Calf, and *Moſes* receiving the Tables of the Law. The Father of *Van der Borg*, who is as good a Workman as the Son, has made magnificent Tapeſtries for the Chamber of the States, which repreſent the joyful Entry of *Philip the Fair*, Duke of *Brabant*. They are in the Town-houſe, and worth ſeeing.

Here lives the Marſhal *de Zumjungen* who commands the Emperor's Troops in this Country. He is a Perſon of very great Merit, and has been raiſed by his Valour and Services to the chief Military Employments. * He is deſcended of an ancient *Patrican* Family of *Francfort*, and profeſſes the *Lutheran* Religion. He was at firſt but a common Soldier, and has gone thro' all the Degrees of Preferment. He is a General of very great Experience, and is very well beloved by the Officers. He makes Foreigners very welcome, and lives very handſomly without being at extraordinary Expence.

The Governor of *Bruſſels* is the Marſhal *de Wrangel*, a venerable old Man, and much reſpected. He is a *Swede*, and like M. *de Zumjungen*, has gone thro' all the Military Employments from

* The Marſhal *de Zumjungen* dy'd the 25th of *Auguſt* 1732. The Count *de Wurmbrand* commanded till another was appointed.

from a Dragoon. He is not very rich, but lives handſomly upon what he has, and always keeps a very good Table.

The Prince *de Rubempré* is of the Family of *Merode*, one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed in the *Netherlands*. He is Maſter of the Horſe to the Archdutcheſs, and Knight of the Golden Fleece, a very courteous Nobleman, and one of the richeſt in the *Low Countries*.

The Prince of *Naſſau* is Captain of her moſt Serene Highneſs's Band of Penſioners, and Knight of the Order of St. *Hubert*. He is the younger Brother of the Prince of *Naſſau-Siegen*, who after the Death of *William* III. King of *Great Britain*, aſſumed the Title of Prince of *Orange*, which he ſtill goes by in *Spain*, where he is a Penſioner to the King. The Prince of *Naſſau* of whom I here make mention, was alſo formerly in the Service of *Spain*. He married the Siſter of the Marquis *de Neſle* in *France*, and went ſome Years ago into the Service of the Emperor, who made him one of his Lieutenant-Generals. I make no doubt but his Birth, and the aſſiduous Application he gives to the Office which he holds under the Archdutcheſs, will ſoon procure him the Honour of the Golden Fleece.

I ſhall ſet out in a few Days to make the Tour of *Flanders*, a Country ſo well known, and of which you have heard ſo often from Officers who are continually going and coming to it, that I think I need not confirm to you what you know of it already. Therefore only expect a ſuperficial Account of it. You ſhall hear from me by the next Poſt. Mean time, I have the Honour to be, *&c.*

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LETTER XLV.

SIR, *Liege, June* 28, 1732.

FROM *Bruſſels* I went to GHENT, the Capital City of the County of *Flanders*, and a Biſhoprick, Suffragan to the Archbiſhop of *Mechlin*. The *Scheld* paſſes through the City, which, with its Suburbs, is divided into ſeveral Iſlands by by the *Lys*, and a great number of Canals. 'Tis very large in Circumference, inſomuch that 'tis reported, the Emperor *Charles* V. us'd to ſay, *that he could put* Paris *into his* Gand. * This might be true enough then, but now *Ghent* might eaſily be contained in *Paris*, becauſe like all the Towns in the *Netherlands*, it is decay'd, and not ſo large, nor ſo powerful, as it was formerly. The Citizens of *Ghent* were heretofore much diſpoſed to rebel; but the moſt notable Revolt they ever made was from *Charles* V. for which they were ſeverely puniſhed by that Emperor, who forgetting that he was their Countryman by Birth, no ſooner heard of their Revolt, but he paſſed through *France* to chaſtiſe the Rebels. Accordingly he cauſed twenty-five of the principal Burghers to be put to Death, baniſhed a greater Number, confiſcated the Eſtates of the Ring-leaders, took away their Artillery, their Arms, and their Privileges, condemned them to pay a Fine of above one Million two hundred thouſand Crowns, and built a Citadel; by which Means *Ghent* became as it were a wide Deſert, many of its Inhabitants retiring to other Towns.

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* *Gand* ſignifies *Ghent* in the *German*, and *Glove* in the *Engliſh*.

The Fortifications of *Ghent* conſiſt of great Outworks, a Counterſcarp, broad Ditches and good Ramparts. Its Bulk, Situation and Wealth, render it very conſiderable; but it takes up too much Ground to be a good Place: Nevertheleſs, I have heard that King *William* of *England* uſed to ſay that in a Time of War, it was much more convenient for the Allies to keep *Ghent* than *Bruſſels*.

I have done nothing at *Ghent* but ſauntered about the Streets. I have been to ſee all the Churches, of which there is a great Number, and ſome of them very fine, but have made no Acquaintance, except with the Baron *de Stein*, Colonel of a Regiment of the Infante of *Portugal*, a Gentleman of good Extraction and Merit, who is married to Mademoiſelle *de Watteville*, formerly Lady of the Bed-chamber to the Archdutcheſs, Governeſs of the *Netherlands*. She is a Lady worthy to be reſpected, and is eſteemed by all *Ghent*. What Amuſements there are in this Town I cannot ſay, but if I am not deceived in Appearances, there are no Pleaſures here but what muſt be inſipid.

I went in the Bark along the Canal from *Ghent* to *Bruges*, which is the moſt commodious and agreeable Way of travelling in the World. I was in a good Room, and with Company very happily mix'd. At Noon we had a Dinner ſerv'd up as if it had been at the beſt Victualling-Houſe at *Bruſſels*, where by the Way, there are excellent Inns. 'Tis a Rule in this Bark for the Women to drink at Free-Coſt, the Men paying for the Wine. This cuts pretty deep into the Reckoning, for there is generally a good Number of Women on Board, and the *Flemiſh* Women are for moſt part good Topers of the juice of the Grape.

BRUGES

BRUGES in the County of *Flanders*, ſtands in a great Plain, three Leagues from the Sea, upon the Canal of *Rye*, which being divided into ſeveral navigable Streams, forms ſeveral Iſlands in this City. Another Canal goes to *Oſtend* which is but three Leagues off, and carries Ships to *Bruges* of four hundred Tons. 'Tis this that keeps up the Trade here, tho' 'tis conſiderably diminiſhed, ſince many of the Merchants went to ſettle at *Antwerp*, and in *Holland*, notwithſtanding which, *Bruges* is ſtill one of the biggeſt and beſt Cities in *Flanders*. Here are magnificent Structures, both ſacred and profane. The Streets are broad, ſtrait and open, with ſeveral large Squares, and there's no want of Inhabitants; but they know no Pleaſure beſides Eating and Drinking. 'Tis a hard Matter for a Foreigner to get acquainted with 'em, for the *Flemings* are naturally unſociable, and it ſeems as if they were afraid to converſe with a *German*. When the Count *de Lalaing*, formerly the Viſcount of *Audenarde*, is in this City, of which he is Governor, one is ſure of being welcome at his Houſe; but unlucky for me, he happened to be at *Bruſſels*. And as I don't care to be in the Spleen, I went immediately to OSTEND;

This City is famous for ſtanding out a Siege of three Years and three Months, againſt *Albert* Archduke of *Auſtria*, and for the *India* Company eſtabliſh'd here by a Grant from the Emperor, which all *Europe*, however, agreed to get revoked. *Oſtend* never was a Town of much Note for Pleaſures. 'Tis ſmall, but worth ſeeing. Its Port is the moſt conſiderable that belongs to the Emperor in *Flanders*. Its Situation renders it very ſtrong: 'Tis encompaſſed with two very deep Canals, has eight Bulwarks, and a large Ditch, ſeveral Baſtions, and good Outworks, kept in due Repair. If the *Oſtend* Com-

pan

pany had continued, this would certainly have been a powerful City. The People began to build here apace, but now every thing is at a Stand, both Buildings and Commerce: For *Holland* and *England* ſwallow up all, and ſeem to have vowed the Ruin of the *Netherlands*.

NEWPORT, to which I went by the Canal, is infinitely worſe than *Oſtend*. 'Tis a perfect Hole, but extremely well fortify'd, and can lay the Country under Water for ſeveral Leagues. The Air here is deteſtable, to ſuch a Degree that there's never more than a Detachment in the Garriſon at one Time, and yet a great many Men die here. The Inhabitants have a livid unwholſome Complexion. There is not a Soul to make a Viſit to, and the Officers who love Company, are ſick to Death for want of knowing what to do with their Time.

As I left *Newport*, I returned to *Ghent*, and went to COURTRAY, over one of the fineſt Cauſeys, with Trees on both Sides, that is in all *Flanders*. This which is a pleaſant little Town, drives a great Trade in *Holland* and damask'd Linen, and its Inhabitants are wealthy. Its Fortifications are good for nothing; nevertheleſs, here is a Governor, a Commandant, and the whole Complement of Superior Officers. The firſt is M. *de Deveniſh*, an *Iriſhman*, one of the Emperor's Major-Generals. The ſecond is M. *Dickſon*, a *Scotſman*, who has a Colonel's Commiſſion, and is one of the civileſt Men that I know, his only Fault being perhaps that he is too liberal. He was very generous to me. There are five or ſix Perſons of Quality in this Town, who, rather than expoſe themſelves too much to Spleen, will not admit of Viſits from the Towns-people. The Chapter of the Collegiate Church of *St. Mar-* conſiſts of true Prieſts, who rail at one anothe plentifully, and are never ſeen together but in the

Chapter-houſe, where they have the Diverſion of abuſing each other heartily; ſo that I dare ſay, were they to embrace at High Maſs, they would hug ſo lovingly as to ſqueeze the Breath out of one another's Bodies.

I proceeded over a fine Cauſey to MENIN, one of the Barrier Towns belonging to the Emperor, with a *Dutch* Garriſon. The Count* *de Naſſau Laleck*, Lieutenant-General, and Colonel of a Regiment of Horſe in the *Dutch* Service, is Governor of it. To qualify himſelf for this Government, he muſt (like all the Governors or Commandants of the Barrier Towns) have taken an Oath of Fidelity to the Archdutcheſs, to the Emperor, and alſo to the States General his Maſters. But I can't imagine how he would be able to reconcile ſuch Swearing to his Conſcience, in caſe a War ſhould break out between the Emperor and *Holland*. I think this Oath may be put upon a Par with that which is taken by the Captain of the *Bucentaur* at *Venice*, when he carries that Veſſel out to Sea, to bring her back into Port be the Weather what it will. *Menin* is one of the moſt regular Fortifications in *Flanders*. M. *de Vauban*, by whom they were directed, thought them his Maſter-piece. Yet ſome will have it that the Works are too cloſe together, and too ſmall. This Place was very ill defended in the laſt War, inſomuch that I heard ſome Officers ſay, there was no Breach made in it. The *French* Commandant, when he ſurrendered it to the Duke of *Marlborough*, having demanded Leave to march out at the Breach, was anſwered, that 'twas not adviſeable for him to do it, unleſs he had Ladders; upon which he choſe with his Garriſon to march out at the Gate. There's no Company at *Menin* but

* He is the Great Great Grandſon of Prince *Maurice* by the Lady *de Malines*.

but Mademoiſelle *de Laleck*, and ſome Officers Wives, who are Perſons of very great Merit.

LISLE the Capital of *French Flanders*, is as gay, populous and trading a City, as the Towns of *Imperial Flanders* are declining. 'Tis a large fine and well-fortify'd City. The Streets are broad and well-pav'd. It has two magnificent Squares, and Edifices both ſacred and profane, which diſcover its Riches. There's a new Town-houſe building here, in a bad Situation, but when finiſh'd, will be grand and magnificent. The Duke *de Boufflers*, whoſe Father acquir'd great Glory by his vigorous Defence of *Liſle*, is Governor of this City, and of *French Flanders*. He is a fine handſom young Nobleman, tho' of an under Size. He applies very much to the Military Science, and gives very great Hopes of his Proficiency in that Calling. The Officers cry him up very much, and I heard every body ſpeak well of him. He makes a noble Appearance, and lives generouſly. I found him extremely civil and reſpectful to every body, with a ſweet and amiable Temper, far from the Preſumption to which Youth are but too liable; in a Word, ſuch a one that a Friend to *France* would wiſh all her young Noblemen were like to him.

There are ſeveral good Houſes in *Liſle*, particularly that of Madame *de Mouchi*, heretofore Lady of the Bed-chamber, and Favourite of the late Ducheſs of *Berry*, the Houſes of the Commandant of the Town, and the Citadel, and of the Intendant; and in all theſe Houſes there's abundance of good Company. The *French* Officers make a much better Appearance than ours do, and as ſoon as the Service is over, they all treat one another upon a Par. Here is a good Comedy, and a tolerable Theatre for it. In Winter there are a great many Balls, and a true Re-

liſh of good Living here, ſuch as Eating, in Company, Gaming, and other Diverſions.

You know that *Lewis* XIV. took *Liſle* from the *Spaniards*. The Allies retook it in 1708, after a long Siege, which, when one conſiders the Number of Princes and great Noblemen who were preſent at it, ſuch as the King of *Poland*, the Electoral Prince of *Hanover*, now the King of *Great Britain*, and the late Landgrave of *Heſſe Caſſel*, puts one in mind of the Siege of *Troy*. *Liſle* was reſtored by the Treaty of *Utrecht* to *France*, which Crown in Exchange for it, yielded *Ypres* and its Chatellany to the Emperor.

Commerce flouriſhes mightily in this City, and there's a Concourſe to it from all *Imperial Flanders*, becauſe of the Profit to be made by the Mint. Since the Peace, the City has been very much augmented and embelliſhed, ſo that there are few Towns that out-ſtrip it. I was very much delighted here, and if my Affairs had not call'd me back to *Germany*, I ſhould have ſtay'd here ſome Time longer.

I return'd again thro' *Ghent*, and from thence went to *Antwerp*, ſurnam'd the *Trading*; for you muſt know that all the Towns in the *Low Countries* have Surnames: Thus *Bruſſels* is called the *Noble*, *Ghent* the *Great*, *Louvain* the *Wiſe*, *Mechlin* the *Genteel*, *Namur* the *Strong*, and ſo of the reſt.

ANTWERP, anciently one of the fineſt and richeſt Cities in *Europe*, ſtands in a pleaſant fruitful Plain on the Right Side of the *Scheld*. Our Lady's Church, which is the Cathedral, is a very great Building, that is worth ſeeing for the magnificent Pictures with which 'tis adorn'd. The Town-houſe and the Jeſuits Church are worthy of a Traveller's Attention. This Church was formerly very magnificent, but was conſumed by Lightning in 1718, when the Reverend Fathers the

the Jeſuits loſt a real Treaſure in Pictures. They rebuilt it, but with more Frugality than their Predeceſſors. The fine Pictures done by *Rubens*, and two very magnificent Chapels, are ſtill to be ſeen.

The Foundation of *Antwerp*, its Citadel built by the famous Duke of *Alva*, and all the Calamities which this City ſuffered during the Civil Wars for Religion, are Things too well known for me to mention them.

Antwerp is very much fallen from what it was once. 'Twas formerly a City of the greateſt Trade in *Europe*, but *Amſterdam* is riſen upon its Ruins; for Towns, like all other Things, muſt ſubmit to Fate. *Antwerp* is incomparably better ſituate than *Amſterdam*, and the largeſt Veſſels came to it heretofore by the *Scheld*; but this River is now choak'd up by Veſſels full of Stones and other Things, ſunk there on Purpoſe by the *Dutch*, thoſe charitable Neighbours of the *Netherlands*. Notwithſtanding its Decay of Trade, there are Families here extremely rich. All its wealthy Citizens keep magnificent Equipages, wear lac'd and embroider'd Cloaths, and their Wives dreſs like Princeſſes. They all go to the Aſſembly, which begins at an early Hour, where they play at *Quadrille*, and then every one goes Home to Supper. There's a charming Walk upon the Ramparts, but no Company, beſides the Prieſts, who pretend there to con their Breviary. There is one of the prettieſt Theatres that is to be ſeen out of *Italy*, but no Play. So that take it all together, you may perceive this is not a Place of the greateſt Entertainment.

The Marquis *de Rubi*, one of the Emperor's Major-Generals, is Governor of *Antwerp*. He ſhould by right live in the Citadel or Caſtle, but as his Houſe there is very much run to Ruin, he has one in the City where he appears with Dig-

nity. He is a *Catalan*, and was Viceroy of * *Sardinia*, when the *Spaniards* made a Conqueſt of that Kingdom in the Time of Cardinal *Alberoni*.

This, Sir, is all that I have to ſay to you of *Antwerp*, from whence I went to MECHLIN, a pretty Town, where the Metropolitan Church is worth ſeeing. The Cardinal *de Boſſu*, brother of the Prince *de Chimay*, is its Archbiſhop, and the only one in the *Netherlands*, belonging to the Houſe of *Auſtria*. You know that at *Mechlin* is held the Sovereign Council or Parliament, which is the Reaſon one ſees ſuch a Swarm of Attornies and Solicitors here, and hears ſo many of the Quirks of the Law. There are few People of Quality here, and the Aſſemblies are not very inviting.

The Cauſey between *Mechlin* and *Louvain*, is a new Piece of Work. Before this was caſt up, the People of *Mechlin* were obliged in the Winter Time to go thro' *Bruſſels* in order to avoid the bad Roads, which was a great Way about.

LOUVAIN is a great City, where one ſees a vaſt Number of Students, Doctors, Prieſts and Friars. But none of theſe being Companions for me, I only paſs'd quite thro' the Town; for I had ſeen the Churches before, and I was not a Stranger to the turbulent Spirit of the Inhabitants who are the moſt unpoliſh'd of all the *Netherlands*. One of the grand Privileges of the Univerſity of *Louvain* is a Nomination to a great Number of Benefices, about which they are actually at Law with ſeveral Biſhops of the *Nether-*

* The Emperor lately appointed him to relieve the Count *de Saſtago*, Viceroy of *Sicily*, at the Time that Don *Carlos* King of *Naples* went to make a Deſcent upon *Sicily*, with twenty thouſand Men, under the Command of the Count *de Montemar* Duke of *Bitonto*.

lands,

lands, who pretend to diſpute their ſaid Right, on Pretence that the Univerſity prefers Men to Livings of whoſe Perſons and Sentiments they have no Knowledge. Mr. *Strickland*, by Birth an *Engliſhman*, and Biſhop of *Namur*, is to go on the Part of the Biſhops, to get this Affair determined at *Rome*. But I'll lay a Wager that he will do nothing more than fee the Datary and the Rota with a round Sum of Money.

There's a very good Pavement from *Louvain* to *Tirlemont*, which is a Town in a Manner abandoned, and where I know of nothing remarkable; ſo that I bruſh'd thro' it, and went and lay at MAESTRICHT, one of the beſt and ſtrongeſt Places in *Europe*, belonging to the *Dutch*, to whom *Spain* abandoned it by the Peace of *Munſter*. The *French* Army took it in 1673, in thirteen Days, and the Allies retook it in fifty. The *Dutch* Propriety in it was recognized by the Peace of *Nimeguen*, and they maintain a numerous Garriſon in it. The Governor of it is Prince *William* of *Heſſe Caſſel*, Brother to the King of *Sweden*; but ſince the Death of the Landgrave of *Heſſe*, that Prince being veſted with the Regency of the ſaid Landgraviate, reſides no longer at *Maeſtricht*; which is a Loſs to this Town, for he kept a fine Court there, and liv'd with all the Dignity anſwerable to his high Birth. The Perſon who commands in the Place during his Abſence, is the Brigadier * *d' Amerongen*,

The Walks about *Maeſtricht*, eſpecially thoſe on the Ramparts, are charming; for there's no want of good Company, and 'tis the genteeleſt of

* M. *d' Amerongen*, who is deſcended of one of the beſt Families in the Province of *Utrecht*, having loſt his elder Brother, who was in the Regency, has quitted his Service to ſucceed him in the Government.

all the Garisons that belong to the *Dutch*. 'Tis a very pretty Town, with beautiful Squares, and the Streets are very open. The Catholics as well as Protestants have Churches here, and keep up that Union, which is remarkable in all the Towns of *Holland*. The *Maese* passes thro' this Town, and over it there's a Stone Bridge, from which I have been assured for a Truth, the late Marshal *d'Auverquerque*, when a young Man leaped his Horse into the River, to convince Mademoiselle *de Feldtbruck*, how sincerely he loved her. It seems he was one Day making his Vows and Protestations to her at her Coach Door, when she told him that she looked upon all he said to be flams, and that she would lay him a Wager he did not love her enough to leap his Horse over into the River. He accepted the Wager, and won it at the Risque of his Life. He was so fortunate as to keep his Footing in the Stirrups, and his Horse was so good as to wade with him to the Shore. But after he had taken this dangerous Leap, he reflected on the capricious Temper of his Mistress, and broke off his Courtship with the young Lady, which I think was the least she deserved.

I stay'd a few Days at *Maestricht*, which City put me in Mind of my Father who died there in the Service of the Elector *Frederic* of *Brandenbourg*. I have been to shed a few Tears at his Tomb in the new Church, which is the only Devoir I could pay to his Memory, the Religion wherein he died forbidding me to put up the Prayers of the Church for him.

The City of LIEGE is about five Leagues from *Maestricht*. A Vessel goes thither, and returns every Day. But to go against the Stream of a River so rapid as the *Maese*, and which in the Sum-

Summer Time often wants Water, is what I ſhall never adviſe any Friend of mine.

The Generality of the Antiquarians will have it, that *Liege* was built by that *Ambiorix* King of the *Eburons*, a great Enemy of the *Romans*, who cut in Pieces one of their Legions, commanded by two of *Cæſar*'s Lieutenants, for which Affront *Cæſar* afterward took a ſweet Revenge.- But be this as it will, 'tis certain that *Liege* is a very ancient City. 'Tis large and very populous, and ſituate in a pleaſant Valley encompaſſed with fine Hills and Dales, wherein there are Meadows, thro' which there run ſeveral Rivulets that fall into the *Maeſe*, which paſſes thro' the City, and has a Bridge over it of Stone. The Cathedral, dedicated to *St. Lambert*, is famous for its Chapter, which conſiſts of Princes, Cardinals, and Perſons of the firſt Quality, in which Number are included ſome of but ordinary Extraction, who become Lords of Manors, or *Trffonciers* (the Title that the Canons aſſume) by Means of the Doctor's Degree. But this Chapter, let it be as venerable as it will, comes very far ſhort of being as well conſtituted as thoſe of *Germany*.

The Palace of the Prince and Biſhop of *Liege* is ancient. It has large Rooms, but is ſo pent up by little Streets that the Apartments are not airy enough. * The preſent Biſhop is the laſt Survivor of the Family of *Berg*. He was choſen againſt powerful Competitors, who were the Elector of *Cologne*, and the Cardinal of *Saxe Zeits*; but he had the good Luck to be choſe when himſelf did not expect it. Whether the Chapter is pleaſed with him I know not, but the Populace are very fond of him. He governs with Mo-

* It was burnt quite to the Ground in the Beginning of *Anno* 1734.

deration and Wiſdom. He is very juſt; rarely pardons a Crime, is of very difficult Acceſs, but in other reſpects good, very regular in his Affairs, and abounding in Charities, which perhaps are not always diſtributed according to his Intention. He had for a long Time a *Capuchin* to be Confeſſor, who directed every Thing; but the good Father was accuſed of loving his Brothers too well, and of being acceſſary to their Breach of the Vow of Poverty. This *Capuchin* Miniſter died without being lamented for any Thing elſe by that Prince's Domeſtics. He is ſucceeded in his Poſt of Confeſſor, by another *Capuchin*; but his Authority is more limited.

The Prince leads a very private Life, and is eight Months in the Year at *Serai*, a Country Houſe a ſmall League from *Liege*, on the Banks of the *Maeſe*, towards *Huy*, where he has ſeldom any body with him but his Confeſſor, the Captain of his Guards, and a Gentleman of his Bed-chamber. His Table is not ſo ſumptuous as 'tis elegant; his Liveries are very modeſt, his Guards but few, and cloath'd exactly alike. He has rais'd a Regiment of Guards, of which the Count *de Beaufort*, Brother to the Governor of *Charleroy*, is the Colonel. This Regiment is lodged in the old Caſerns of the Citadel, which was formerly very conſiderable, but has been intirely ruin'd and demoliſh'd ſince it was beſieg'd and taken by my Lord *Marlborough*. 'Twas alſo ſtipulated in the Treaty of Peace that the Citadel of *Liege* ſhall not be rebuilt.

You know that the Epiſcopal See of *Liege* was formerly at *Tongres*, of which they ſay, that *Maternus*, ſent by St. *Peter*, was the firſt Biſhop. The See was transferr'd by his Succeſſors, firſt to *Maeſtricht*, and then to *Liege*.

There

There are ſome magnificent Churches in this City, where thoſe that love Paintings will be delighted. The Churches in general are beautiful, and have for moſt part been repaired within theſe few Years. St. *Paul*'s Church here would be admir'd, even in *Rome* itſelf. Divine Service is perform'd in it with very great Regularity, and 'tis impoſſible not to be edify'd by it; the *Roman* Ritual being obſerved in every Particular.

The Pleaſures of *Liege* conſiſt very much in Drinking, for there's little Society among the Women; and as for the Men, they are generally at the Tavern, where there's good *Bar* and *Burgundy* Wines, and a Sort of Beer ſtill better, neither of which being very dear, the People of *Liege* go with Joy to the Bottle; but being at beſt Men of warm Brains, great Talkers, Railers and Backbiters, their Entertainments and Aſſemblies commonly end like the *Italian* Comedies. The *Liegeois* are accuſed of being inſincere, and are called *the* Italians *of the* Netherlands. They drive a great Trade, with as little Honeſty as elſewhere. They are Drunkards, quarrelſom, and ſo vindictive that they think any Sort of Revenge ſweet. They love Law-Suits and Chicanery to ſuch a Degree that the Country of *Liege* alone furniſhes the Chamber of *Wetzlar* with more Buſineſs than all the Empire. I confeſs that of all the People I ever converſed with, there are none for whom I have leſs Eſteem, and none whoſe Society I ſhall always more avoid; tho' I ſhall ever eſteem the honeſt Folks there, of whom I am perſuaded there are ſome: But I enter not into particulars, I ſpeak only of the Generality of the *Liegeois*, who appear'd to me ſuch as I have deſcrib'd them; and if I wrong them I ask their Pardon. Another Man may conceive what Idea of them he pleaſes,

and

and for my own part, I ſhall be overjoy'd to hear of any Merit found among them.

The Country of *Liege* is fruitful, and abounding with all Things, except Wine and Oil, which they muſt have from Foreigners. Here are Mines of Iron and Lead, Quarries of Marble, and a Sort of Mineral, which is an Earth proper to burn, and their common Fuel; but a Fuel, very diſagreeable, becauſe of its naſty Smell, which is infinitely worſe than the *Engliſh* Coal, and renders *Liege* in the Winter Time as black and as ſooty as *London*.

The Biſhop is Lord of the whole Country: He has however his States, who are not always of the Prince's Opinion. In this Country are reckon'd fifty Baronies, a great Number of Abbies, above twenty wall'd Towns, and near fifteen hundred Villages. This Principality is ſubject to the Empire.

I reckon to ſet out hence To-morrow, and to go and lie at *Spa*, where I hope to be merry. Be you the ſame, and believe me to be always Yours, *&c.*

LETTER XLVI.

SIR, *Cologne*, *July* 23, 1732.

THE Road from *Liege* to SPA is very diſagreeable, and really the Place itſelf is not worth the Trouble of going to it; I mean for ſuch as are not under a Neceſſity of uſing the Waters, for I am not willing to embroil myſelf with the *Engliſh*, who neglect the beſt Waters in the World, which they have at *Bath* and *Tunbridge*, to go

go to thoſe of the *Spa*. Here are ſeveral Springs, which the Phyſicians of the Place adjuſt to all Diſtempers. That of *Pouhon*, which is in the Middle of the Square of *Spa*, is good for the Gravel, the Sciatica, and in ſhort, for every Thing, except the Stomach; but then on the other hand, this Part of the Human Body may be ſet to Rights by the Water of the *Geronſtere*, which muſt be taken every Morning, three Quarters of a League from *Spa*, in a little Coppice, where a ſorry Hovel is built to ſhelter the Water-Drinkers from the Rain. But how good ſoever the *Geronſtere* Spring is for the Stomach, it is of no Manner of Service to the Breaſt, in which Caſe they muſt go to another Fountain, of which I have forgot the Name. The Phyſicians and Inhabitants of *Spa*, good People, conſulting their own Intereſt more than the Health of the Foreigners, tell them abſolutely that they muſt continue to drink the Waters at leaſt ſix Weeks ſucceſſively, which Precepts the *Engliſh* follow very readily, and even go beyond them. I knew a young *Iriſhman*, who for three Years fancy'd himſelf to be ſick, and was continually taking the Waters of the *Spa*. He would fain have perſuaded me that otherwiſe he ſhould have died: He complained of a great Pain in his Kidneys, yet he look'd very well, eat heartily, ſlept ſound, and danced like one mad. While I was at *Spa*, I thought myſelf at *London*, there being ten *Engliſhmen* to one Foreigner. I believe that Nation, in ſhort, has laid a Plot to take away *Spa* from the Biſhop of *Liege*. I was overjoy'd to renew my Acquaintance there with Perſons of good Families whom I had known at *London*. Tho' I am extremely prepoſſeſſed in Favour of *England* and *Engliſhmen*, yet I cannot help agreeing with many

many others, that they are more amiable, and more ſociable Abroad, than they are at Home.

In my Road from *Spa* to *Aix la Chapelle*, I came to LIMBOURG, the Capital Town of the Duchy of that Name, and truly the moſt diſmal Capital in the World. It ſtands upon a Mountain, as it were by itſelf, and in one of the moſt diſagreeable Situations that can be imagined. Heretofore it was fortify'd, but is now diſmantled. There are, however three hundred Invalids that keep Guard here, ſuch a one as it is. The whole Country has a very miſerable Appearance, yet I have been aſſured that the Inhabitants are very well to paſs. They have good Store of Cattle, make a great deal of Cheeſe, and manufacture very good Cloth, for which they have a great Vend in the *Netherlands*, and at *Frankfort* Fair, where a great many Pieces are ſold, which paſs for the Cloth of *Holland*, and even of *England*. The Road from *Limbourg* to *Aix la Chapelle*, which is four Leagues, is very diſagreeable to travel in a Chaiſe, becauſe of the Rocks and Mountains.

AIX LA CHAPELLE, which is an Imperial City, owes its Foundation to *Charlemagne*, who eſtabliſhed the Seat of his Empire here, and they ſay that the Town-houſe was formerly Part of his Palace. This City is fixed by the Golden Bull, to be the Place for crowning the Emperors. *Charlemagne* cauſed his Son *Louis the Pious* to be crowned there, by *Hildebold*, Arch-Biſhop of *Cologne*, ſince which there have been thirty-ſix Emperors crowned in *Aix*. They who have been crowned elſewhere have always given an Inſtrument to the City of *Aix*, and to the Chapter Royal of the Church of Our Lady, declaring, that this Ceremony, performed elſewhere, ſhall be of no Prejudice either to the City or its Church,

The

The Annals of *Aix*, among ſeveral other miraculous Events, report, that during the Coronation of *Rodolph* I. there appeared a great bright Croſs over the Church of Our Lady, as a Mark that God approved of the Choice which the Electors had made of that Prince, according to the Advice given them by *Albert the Great*, of the *Dominican* Order, Biſhop of *Ratisbon*, and *Rodolph*'s Confeſſor. When the Electors were going to take the Oath of Fidelity to *Rodolph*, according to Cuſtom, the Sceptre which they were to touch, was not to be found? whereupon *Rodolph* who did not think this Ceremony abſolutely needleſs, took a Crucifix from the Altar: *See* (ſaid he to the Electors who ſtood round *Charlemagne*'s Chair in which *Rodolph* ſate) *See the Signal of that by which we and all the World have been redeemed; we will make uſe of this, inſtead of the Sceptre.* Then kiſſing the Crucifix very devoutly, it ſo wrought upon the Princes and Electors, that without ſtaying for the Sceptre, they took the Oath, and paid Homage with their Hands croſſing each other. I forgot to tell you, that the Croſs which appeared in the Firmament, during this Tranſaction, tho' white at firſt, became red as Blood; which being told to the Emperor *Rodolph*, he ſaid, *If God gives me Life, I will go beyond Sea, and there ſacrifice my Blood for my Sins for the Honour of my Saviour* Jeſus Chriſt. Probably this Emperor did not live to perform his pious Reſolution, for Hiſtory does not ſay that ever he went to Sea; but it mentions that when this Prince was only the Count *de Hepsbourg*, he met a Prieſt in a Field, walking on Foot, and carrying the Viaticum to a Perſon that was ſick, and that *Rodolph*, ſuch was his Devotion for the Holy Sacrament of the Altar, alighted from his Horſe, and ſet the Prieſt upon it, uſing this Expreſſion, *That it ſhould never be ſaid that the*

the Man who carry'd the Saviour of the World, ſhould walk on Foot, while he, Rodolph, *ſate on Horſeback.* The Prieſt, who was wrought upon by the Zeal of the Prince, and inſpired by God, propheſy'd to him that he ſhould be choſe Emperor, and that his Poſterity ſhould attain to the higheſt Honours. The Event has anſwered the Prediction, for God has ſo bleſſed *Rodolph*'s Family, which now goes by the Name of the Houſe of *Auſtria*, that ſince his Time, the Imperial Sceptre has not departed from it, *Charles* VI. being the fifteenth Emperor, beſides ſeven Kings of the *Romans*, who are deſcended without Interruption from the *Rodolphin* Line.

The Church of *Our Lady* is very ancient, being conſecrated by Pope *Leo* III. in Preſence of the Emperor *Charlemagne*, and as many Biſhops attended at the Ceremony as there are Days in the Year, of whom no doubt a great many were Biſhops in Parts beyond the Seas. At this Conſecration a Thing happened very ſurpriſing and extraordinary, to which you may give as much or as little Credit as you pleaſe. 'Tis that God, in order fully to anſwer *Charlemagne*'s Deſire, to complete the aforeſaid Number of Biſhops, of which there wanted two, permitted *St. Monulphus*, and *St. Gondulphus*, Biſhops of *Tongres*, who had been both dead a long Time, and bury'd in the Church of St. *Servais*, at *Maeſtricht*, to appear viſibly at the Solemnity of this Coronation, and to receive the Pope's Bleſſing, after which they vaniſh'd. But I think, without pretending to dive into this Myſtery, that if theſe two Biſhops were really Saints, they ought to have given the Pope their Bleſſing, as being older Saints than the Holy Father. Mean time, that there is ſuch a Story you are not to doubt; for in the Roof of the Church of *St. Servais* at *Maeſtricht*, I ſaw a Pictur

Picture that repreſents it. There is an Angel holding out a Label in the Language of *Brabant*, ſignifying, *Monulphus and Gondulphus, ariſe, and go to the Conſecration of the Church of* Aix: and upon their Tomb there is this *Latin* Diſtich, expreſſing their Departure from thence to the Church at *Aix la Chapelle*.

Excitus hâc arcâ Monulphus, *Aquiſque dicato*
Gondulphus *Templo ſe reddit uterque Hierarcha.*

After ſuch Authentic Evidences of ſo extraordinary a Paſſage, a Man muſt be very incredulous not to believe it. I ſhould never have done were I to give you an Account of all the precious Reliques that are in Our Lady's Church, of which you know that the Emperor is by Birth a Canon. The great Reliques are only ſhown once every ſeven Years, when Pilgrims come from all Parts, and particularly from *Hungary*; but as they are then only expoſed from the Top of a Steeple, the poor Creatures have only the Satisfaction of ſeeing them at a very great Diſtance; and after having been regaled by the City of *Aix*, moſt of them return Home, without being able to ſay what they have ſeen. The firſt and moſt ancient Reique is the Shift which the Holy Virgin had on when ſhe was delivered of Our Lord. Whenever theſe Reliques are expoſed, a Prieſt makes a Proclamation to the people what Relique he is going to ſhow them. The following is the Form of one of thoſe Proclamations.

At the firſt RELIQUE.

We ſhall ſhow you the Linen, the ſacred Raiment, which the Holy Virgin Mary, *Mother of God, was dreſt the Night of the Holy Nativity of Our Lord,*

Lord, when ſhe brought forth Jeſus Chriſt, *Very God and Very Man; therefore let us beſeech God, that we may look upon this ſacred Relique in ſuch a Manner that the Honour and Glory of God may be thereby advanced, and that we may obtain his Grace, and his ſacred Benediction.*

The other Proclamations are in the ſame Taſte: But ſo much for Reliques.

In the Church of *Aix*, there is a very great Treaſure, conſiſting of Veſſels of Gold and Silver-gilt, Copes embroider'd with Pearls, and other ſacred Ornaments, which are very rich. There is the Royal Chair, in which *Charlemagne* ſat in his Tomb three hundred and twenty-five Years. 'Tis of white Marble, not poliſhed, becauſe it was covered with Plates of Gold; but what's become of 'em, I know not. 'Tis in this Chair that the King of the *Romans* goes and ſeats himſelf as ſoon as he is conſecrated; and here the Electors, and the Chapter of the Church, go and make their firſt Obeyſance to him, in Quality of King of the *Romans*. The High Altar and the Pulpit are covered with Plates of Gold, adorned with Jewels of a great Value, eſpecially an Agate of an extraordinary Size, the whole given by *St. Henry* of *Bavaria*, the ſecond Emperor of the *Romans*, of that Name. Were I to give you all the other Particulars of this Church's Treaſure, my Letter would ſwell to a Volume.

The Citizens of *Aix* being in Hopes to have had that Congreſs there, which was held afterwards at *Soiſſons*, cauſed their Town-houſe to be repaired, ſo that 'tis now one of the fineſt in *Germany*. They alſo built new Baths, very proper and commodious, and the Structure makes a handſom Appearance. *Aix*, take it all together, is a very pretty Town, and there's very good com-

pan

pany here, even when the Waters are not in Sea-ſon; but the noiſy Pleaſures are not to be expect-ed. The Houſes of the Counteſs *de Golſtein*, and the Baron of *Dobelſtein*, are of great Relief. The laſt is a Gentlemen of Merit, and of a good Family, his Father having been a General Officer in the Service of *Joſeph Clement* Elector of *Co-logne*, and having ſerved in *France*, the laſt War, with Reputation. He honoured me with his Friend-ſhip, and I revere his Memory.

Of all the Places where the Waters are uſed, here's none of more agreeable Accommoda-tion than *Aix*; the Lodgings and Proviſions here being perfectly good. There's the Houſe of *Bou-ſir*, near the *Fountain*, where the late King of *Denmark*, the Queen, the Princeſs, and all their Retinue, were lodged very conveniently. This Houſe is exceeding well furniſhed, and belongs to very genteel People, who, during the Seaſon, hold Aſſemblies, and give a Ball, in a Room which is perfectly fine.

From *Aix la Chapelle*, I came in leſs than a Day to *Cologne*, thro' a very even Road, and a flat Country all the Way, excepting a Hill that one aſcends going out of *Aix*. I paſſed thro' JULIERS, the Capital of a Duchy of that Name, upon the little River *Roer*, which is very ſubject to overflow its Banks. Several Authors will have that *Julius Cæſar* cauſed this City to be built, while others aſcribe its Foundation to *Druſus*. Which of them ſoever it was, the Town does no Honour to either. There is not one Houſe in it, that can be called a Structure, and I thought the Fortifications were very much neglected. The Caſtle or Citadel, which I only ſaw at a Diſtance, is to be hoped is in a better State. The Elector Palatine keeps a good Garriſon there, commanded by the General *Haxhauſen*, whoſe Houſe is, I think

think, the beſt in all *Juliers*. The *Roman* Catholic is the only Religion exerciſed in the City, but the *Lutherans* and *Calviniſts* have their Chapel on the Glacis of the Place, and 'tis natural enough to ſuppoſe, that ere long they will have Churches in the Town itſelf, ſince nothing ſtands in the Way but the life of the Elector *Palatine*, after whoſe Death 'tis hardly ſuppoſed that the King of *Pruſſia* will let a Country ſlip from him to which he has ſuch juſt Pretenſions.

COLOGNE is the greateſt City in *Germany*, but the ſaddeſt in *Europe*. There's nothing to be heard in it but tolling of Bells, and nothing to be ſeen but Prieſts, Friars and Students, many of whom beg Alms with a Song. The People of *Cologne* boaſt that *Agrippina* the Mother of *Nero* was born there, and that this Princeſs, in order to give the City ſignal Proofs of her good Will and Generoſity, very much augmented its Circumference, and peopled it with a Colony of Veteran *Romans*. 'Twere to be wiſh'd that this Empreſs was ſtill living, and that ſhe would take it into her Head to people *Cologne* again, where there are really more Houſes than Families. For 'tis a poor Burgher indeed here, who has not a whole Houſe to himſelf.

If the Inhabitants of a Town were the more righteous for having a Number of Churches, thoſe of *Cologne* would be the greateſt Saints upon Earth; for they have as many Churches and Chapels as there are Days in the Year. The moſt conſiderable is the Metropolitan Church dedicated to the Apoſtle St. *Peter*. If it were finiſhed, it would be one of the greateſt and moſt magnificent Buildings in *Europe*; but in its preſent Condition it does no very great Honour to the Chapter, which is the moſt illuſtrious in *Germany*, the Canons being all born Princes, or Counts of the Empire

who muſt prove their Nobility from ſixteen De-ſcents. There are indeed ſome Canons who are only Doctors, but properly ſpeaking, they are no more than the Officers of the Chapter. The Bodies of the Three Kings that were brought to *Cologne* lie in a Chapel behind the Choir. They came into the City thro' a Gate towards the *Rhine*, which was walled up, as ſoon as the ſa-cred Reliques had paſs'd, that nothing might pro-phane it. The Effigies of the Three Kings are painted over it. The Inhabitants of *Cologne* have ſuch a Veneration for theſe Reliques, that I be-lieve it would not be proper ſo much as to queſtion whether they are genuine, in a Company of the Burghers.

The Nobility and Gentry at *Cologne* are as po-lite as they are elſewhere, but the Vulgar are extremely clowniſh. There are very ancient *Pa-trician* Families here who make as plain Proof that they are deſcended from the old *Romans*, as the Duke *de Ventadour* in *France* does that he is Kin to the Holy Virgin.

The Town is governed by a Senate, and is a free Imperial City; nevertheleſs the Elector of *Cologne* holds the Supreme Court of Juſtice here, as a Sort of Chief Juſtice, or Lieutenant Crimi-nal, who has no manner of Dependence on the Magiſtrates. The principal Offices are ſhared a-mong the *Patricians* or Senators, who keep cloſe in their own Houſes, and ſhun the Nobility, as do the *Patricians* of *Germany*. There are very few Families of Quality in this City, conſidering its Bigneſs. The Noblemen of the Chapter are the good Company to be met with in *Cologne*, and they are reſpectful to Foreigners; but the greateſt Part of 'em are very little in Town; for as ſoon as their Reſidence is expired, they either go home, or remove to other places where they

are

are Prebendaries. There are ſubſtantial Tradeſmen here who eat well and drink ſtill better. They may be merry Blades for ought I know, but I have not kept them Company; and you need not be told that our *Germanic* Haughtineſs will not permit us to demean our ſelves to them.

There are a great many other Curioſities to be ſeen in this City, particularly the Houſe where the Horſes went up of their own Accord into the Garret, to convince a Man that his Wife, who was bury'd the Day before, was not dead. You will find the Account of it in *Miſſon*'s * Letters. I have been to ſee the Houſe where the unfortunate Queen *Mary de Medicis* lodg'd, while ſhe liv'd here, and where ſhe died in a Condition ſo forlorn as may be a Warning to the World of the Frailty of Human Grandeur. The ungrateful Cardinal *de Richlieu*, on whom ſhe had heap'd Riches and Honour, not content with having baniſh'd her out of the Kingdom, abandon'd her to the Want of every Thing; and while himſelf liv'd in the Luxury of the moſt ſplendid Fortune he made the Queen ſuffer the Martyrdom of Miſery and Sorrow. Cardinal *Mazarin*, his Succeſſor in the Miniſtry, retir'd likewiſe to this Town while the whole Kingdom of *France* was in a Conſpiracy againſt him, but he had the Glory to defeat it.

I ſhall ſay nothing to you of the Revenue of this City, becauſe I have ſeen no body that could give me the leaſt Inſight into that Matter. It maintains ſome Companies of very ſorry Soldiers who keep Guard at the Gates, at the Town-houſe, and very inſolently ſearch the Luggage of all Comers; which is certainly of all Inconveniencies the Greateſt, becauſe when one is not abo-

* Vol. I. LETTER V.

two hundred Steps from our Quarters, we are obliged to unlooſe our Portmanteaus, which are then ſearch'd, and every thing turn'd topſy-turvy; after which, one is obliged to be at the Trouble of putting every Thing to Rights again, while the very Fellows that have put all in Confuſion, have alſo the Impudence to ask for a Spill of Money to Drink. In other Towns, an Officer goes with you to your Quarters, and you ſhew him what you have. But the Imperial Cities always affect to differ from others in certain Particularities, which are generally in direct Oppoſition to their own Intereſt, and conſtantly ſo to the Convenience of the Public.

There are Proteſtants ſettled here who are not the pooreſt people in the City. They go to Church at *Mulheim*, a Village in the Country of *Berg*, about half a League off.

I ſet out To-morrow for *Bonn*, where the Elector is expected every Hour. He comes from *Mergendahl*, where he has been elected Grand Maſter of the *Teutonic* * Order, tho' the Pope thought

* He ſucceeded *Francis Lewis* of *Neubourg*, Elector of *Trentz*, who was choſe Grand Maſter the 12th of *July* 1694. in the room of his Brother, *Lewis Anthony* of *Neubourg*, and he is the fourteenth Grand Maſter ſince the Defection of *Pruſſia*, formerly the Seat of this Order, which has exiſted ever ſince the Year 1190. when it was inſtituted in the Holy Land, by *Henry* King of *Jeruſalem*. A Duke of *Maſovia* having invited to his Houſe *Herman de Saltza*, the fourth Grand Maſter of the New Order, choſe in 1210, he gave him and his Knights Lands upon the Frontiers of *Pruſſia*, the Inhabitants whereof being *Pagans*, did great miſchief to his Subjects, and he promiſed to leave them all the Lands that they conquered from thoſe People, which the Emperor and the Pope confirmed. Before the Year 1250, they took

thought he had Benefices enough before. This is actually the ſixth which the Elector holds at this Time, and I believe the ſeventh will not eſcape him. The leaſt of all brings him in a hundred

took *Pruſſia*, *Courland*, and a Part of *Livonia*, and put all the *Pagans* to Death that refuſed to turn Chriſtians. The *Teutonic* Knights being drove out of the Holy Land, by the taking of *Acre*, went and eſtabliſhed the principal Houſe of their Order at *Marpurg*, in the Beginning of the fourteenth Century, from whence they tranſferr'd it to *Marienbourg* in *Pruſſia*. The Order made ſuch a rapid Progreſs, that in the Beginning of the following Century, it was in a Condition to oppoſe *Jagellon* King of *Poland*, with an Army of eighty-three thouſand Men, which that Prince, *Anno* 1410, cut in Pieces. After that Time, the Order was ſcarce ever at Peace, but was always at Variance, either with the *Poles*, or the *Lithuanians*, or with the *Ruſſians*, or with its own Subjects, till it was obliged to make a diſhonourable Peace in 1446. with *Caſimir* King of *Poland*. The Grand Maſters from that Time to 1510, when *Albert* of *Brandenbourg* was choſe Grand Maſter, could not repair their Loſſes. The latter having embraced the Proteſtant Religion, made a Bargain in 1525 with the King of *Poland*, and yielded all *Ruſſia* to him, on Condition of holding of him in Fee, what was afterwards called *Ducal Pruſſia*, or *Brandenbourg Pruſſia*, which now forms the Kingdom of *Pruſſia*, and the reſt was incorporated with *Poland*, and forms the Palatinates of *Culm*, *Marienbourg*, &c. Thus were the *Teutonic* Knights obliged to retire to *Germany*, where their Order is ſhared into twelve Provinces, each of which has its particular Commandeurs, and their oldeſt Commandeur is called the Provincial Commandeur. Theſe twelve Commandeurs depend on the Grand Maſter, and have a Right to chuſe him. The Grand Maſter's Reſidence is at *Marienſhal* in *Franconia*, and his Revenue about twenty thouſand Crowns. 'Tis ſaid, the Order does not yet deſpair that ſome Day or other, it will be able to recover its loſt Dominions.

dred thouſand Crowns a Year. I don't think there's any Harm in the Plurality of Benefices, but in the Abuſe of 'em; which is a Thing that cannot be charged to the Score of the Elector. I ſhall let you know in my next what I think of this Prince's Court. In the mean Time, and always, I am with the moſt perfect Eſteem, *&c.*

LETTER XLVII.

SIR, *Bonn, July* 130. 1732.

AS I came to BONN, two Days before the Return of the Court, I had all that Time to walk about. This City ſtands upon the *Rhine*, five Leagues from *Cologne*, from whence one travels to it thro' one of the fineſt Roads in the World, well pav'd and planted with Trees over a large fruitful Plain, encompaſſed with Hills laden with Vines and Woods. This is a City ſo very ancient that *Florus* tells us 'twas founded by *Druſus*. The Learned ſay, 'tis the *Ara Ubiorum* of the Ancients, mention'd by *Tacitus*. Be this as it will, *Bonn* has not the leaſt Monument that favours of the *Roman* Magnificence, is now but a little City and of no Conſequence at all, when the Court is not there. 'Twas heretofore very well fortify'd, and has ſuſtained ſeveral Sieges, particularly one in 1689, by *Frederic* Elector of *Brandenbourg*, afterwards King of *Pruſſia*, who beſieged it at the Head of his own Troops, and thoſe of *Munſter* and *Holland*, and loſt a great many Men before it, His tall Muſqueteers, all *French* Gentlemen and Proteſtants, diſtinguiſhed themſelves in an extraordinary Manner; for, be-

ing juſt come out of *France* with a Spirit of Hatred and Revenge againſt *Lewis* XIV. who by repealing the Edict of *Nantes*, had forced them to abandon their Country, they performed ſuch valiant Feats as were ſurpriſing, and were never weary of Fighting; every *French* Man that was a Catholic being odious to them. *St. Bonnet*, their commanding Officer, a Man of Birth and Bravery, was killed as he was ſtorming the Breach in Quality of Volunteer. This Officer thought it was an Injuſtice to him that he was not appointed to command the Storm, and complained of it to the Elector, who told him that he knew very well 'twas his Due, but that he thought it beſt to ſpare an Officer for whom he had a very great eſteem. *St. Bonnet* ſaid, he did not think it would be for his Reputation to ſtay behind; and therefore he begged his Electoral Highneſs by all Means not to let him loſe an Opportunity, which would undoubtedly procure him the Honour of convincing him of his Zeal. The Elector, by way of Reply, laid his abſolute Commands on him not to think of Fighting, but to continue always near his Perſon. *St. Bonnet*, ambitious of Glory, and perhaps hurry'd by his Fate, did not pay Obedience to the Elector's Commands, and was wounded by a Muſquet Ball, of which he died two Days after, very much regretted by his Maſter, and the whole Army.

During this Siege, *Bonn* was reduced to a Heap of Rubbiſh, ſo that ſcarce a Houſe was left ſtanding; for the Baron *d'Asfeldt*, who commanded in the Place for *Lewis* XIV. made a very ſtout Defence, having ſuſtained a Blockade of two Months and twenty-ſeven Days open Trenches.

This City was again beſieg'd in 1703, by my Lord Duke of *Marlborough*, who obliged the Mar

Marquis * *d'Alegre*, now Marſhal of *France*, to capitulate at the End of eleven Days. It had been agreed by the Treaty of *Utrecht* that the *Dutch* ſhould keep Garriſon in *Bonn*; but the Elector *Joſeph Clement*, not long after his Re-eſtabliſhment, found Means to turn them out, and to be Maſter, as it was but reaſonable, in his own Territories.

This ſame Prince, at his Return from *France*, found his Capital City in a ſorry Condition; a great many Houſes deſtroy'd in the laſt Siege, were not yet rebuilt, and his own Palace lay in Ruins. But he ſet about the Repair of every Thing; and in ſhort, in a few Years, not only cauſed the old Houſes to be rebuilt, but likewiſe erected a great many new ones, and built a Palace which makes a grand Appearance, and would have been one of the moſt conſiderable Structures in *Germany*, if it had been brought to Perfection. The main Body of it, which is quite finiſh'd, has ſpacious Apartments, laid out with Art, richly adorn'd, and nobly furniſh'd. The Tapeſtry with which the Chapel is hung upon grand Feſtivals, is worth ſeeing. It repreſents in twelve great Pieces, the Hiſtory of Our Lord's Nativity, which is wonderfully well deſigned; and they may be reckoned the Maſter-pieces of the *Gobelins*, where the Elector *Joſeph Clement* cauſed them to be made.

The principal Church of this City is a large Pile. They ſay it was founded by St. *Helena*, the Mother of the Emperor *Conſtantine*, to the Honour of the Holy Martyrs *Caſſius Florus* and *Maluſius*, Soldiers of a *Roman* Legion. The Statue of that Princeſs, in yellow Copper, is placed at the Extremity of the Nave. The Saint is re-

* He is dead.

preſented on her Knees, adoring the Croſs, which ſhe holds in her left Hand. The Attitude of this Statue is ſo very noble that it would certainly be eſteemed, if it were in any Church of *Rome*.

Tho' the Elector has all the Pleaſures that can be deſired at *Bonn*, yet he ſpends moſt of his Time at *Bruhl*, a Houſe he cauſed to be built three Leagues out of Town, which tho' not very large has very fine Apartments, adorned with every Thing that is completely elegant and magnificent. The Elector is making ſome Gardens to it, which are like to be exceeding fine when finiſh'd.

The late Elector cauſed a Caſtle to be erected, about one Quarter of a League from *Bonn*, near a Village called *Popelſdorff*, which was built in Form of a Circus, and the Architecture of it was very ſingular; but the preſent Elector has been pleaſed to pull down a Part of it, and to employ the Materials in the Works at *Bruhl*. Near *Popelſdorff*, there's a Nurſery very well laid out, and kept in neat Order.

All theſe Houſes are an Embelliſhment to the Suburbs of *Bonn*, which are moreover very agreeably ſituate; I was infinitely more delighted here than at *Cologne*; for *Bonn* grows every Day finer while the latter is decaying.

After having walk'd about here a great deal expecting the Elector's Return, this Prince is at length arrived, together with Duke *Ferdinand* his Brother. He was welcom'd with the Diſcharge of the Cannon, and complimented by all the Perſons of Diſtinction in Town, upon his Return and upon his Advancement to the Grand Maſterſhip of the *Teutonic* Order. Next Day there was a Gala at Court, when the Elector was dreſs'd in a Lay Habit, and wore a Sword, at which everybody was ſurprized; becauſe the Dreſs which is moſt affected by the Electors of *Cologne*, is like

that of the Cardinals: But the Elector declared, he appeared in that Habit, as Grand Maſter of a Military Order.

His Electoral Highneſs has a juſt Title to be called *Clement Auguſtus*; for he has a ſtately Mien, is handſom, and of eaſy Acceſs, and loves Pleaſures, and particularly Hunting, as much as his Condition will admit of. His regular Life, and the Soundneſs of his Morals, may ſerve for an Example to many older Prelates, that are not ſo powerful, nor ſo nobly deſcended. He lived in his Infancy at *Gratz*, together with the Princes his three elder Brothers. The Elector, his Father, ſent him afterwards, with Duke *Philip* his Brother, to *Rome*. The Marquis *Santini*, a Native of *Lucca*, a Commandeur of the Order of *Malta*, and a Lieutenant-General in the Service of *Bavaria*, was appointed for their Governor. Duke *Philip* was choſe Biſhop of *Paderborn* and *Munſter*. The Gentleman who was very inſtrumental in his Election, was the Count *de Plettenberg*, now the Elector's Prime Miniſter, who was then purely attach'd to that Prince, from the Devotion he always had for the Houſe of *Bavaria*; and Duke *Philip* dying not long after his Election, the Count prevailed on thoſe two Chapters to chuſe the young Duke *Clement-Auguſtus* for their Biſhop. This Prince received his Bulls from the Pope's own Hand, at *Rome*, and afterwards went and took Poſſeſſion of his Biſhoprick. Not long after this, the Elector of *Cologne*, his Uncle, cauſed the young Prince to be appointed his Coadjutor: And upon the Death of *Joſeph Clement*, *Clement-Auguſtus* ſucceeded him alſo in the Biſhoprick of *Hildeſheim*. After the Death of the Duke of *York*, *Erneſt-Auguſtus*, Duke of *Brunſwic-Lunenbourg*, and Biſhop of *Oſnabruck*, he was choſe for Succeſſor to that Prince's Epiſcopal See; and

he is juſt now elected Grand Maſter of the *Teutonic* Order, by the unanimous Choice of the Knights, who have Commanderies in that Order.

The Enemies of the Houſe of *Bavaria* murmur ſadly to ſee half a Dozen of ſuch great Benefices in the Poſſeſſion of one Prince; *What!* ſay they, *one Biſhop to hold ſo many Biſhopricks! there are few Inſtances of the like in all our Annals; 'tis not agreeable to the Canons of the Church.* I am not ſo well verſed in the Canon Law, as to determine, whether it be ſo or no; but I am not ignorant that other Princes have held as many, and even more Benefices, and that 'tis for the Welfare and Intereſt of the Church, that the Elector ſhould be a powerful Prince. *Albert*, Cardinal of *Brandenbourg*, was at the ſame Time Archbiſhop of *Mentz* and *Magdebourg*. The Archduke *Leopold* held nine great * Benefices; but it was not ſaid in his Time, that this was not agreeable to the Canons of the Church. *Francis* of *Newbourg*, the laſt Elector of *Mentz*, tho' not a Prieſt, held five Biſhopricks and Abbies, and yet there was no Outcry againſt him; why then ſhould it be thought ſo ſtrange that the Elector ſhould have ſix? This Prince is not inferior either in Birth or Merit to the Archduke *Leopold*, and to the Prince of *Newbourg*.

Tho' I am not a Penſioner to the Elector I cannot help ſaying that the Catholicks, inſtead of clamouring againſt his Grandeur, ought, on the contrary, to do every Thing they can to increaſe it: For the ſeveral Biſhopricks held by this Elector, are ſo ſurrounded, and even indented by the Dominions of the greateſt Proteſtant Powers,

* He was Grand Maſter of the *Teutonic* Order, Biſhop of *Strasbourg*, *Halberſtadt*, *Paſſau*, *Olonitz* and *Breſlaw*; Abbat of *Hirchsfeldt*, *Murbach* and *Luders*.

that

that neither of them ſeparately would be able to defend itſelf, in caſe it ſhould be the Misfortune of *Germany* to be expoſed to a Religious War, whereas, being united under one Head, they are a formidable State.

But, ſay the Grumblers again, *Bernhard de Galen was only Biſhop of* Munſter, *and yet he made* Holland *tremble*. This is very true; but they don't conſider, that this Prelate was ſupported by all the Power of *Lewis* XIV. or elſe, as turbulent and as martial as he was, he would never have entertained a Thought of attacking the Seven Provinces. But admitting that he had been able to have made War ſingly with the Republic, what does that ſignify to the Time preſent? The Face of *Europe*, and particularly of *Germany*, is very much chang'd ſince his Death: The Proteſtants, who were then weak, are become powerful. They are the Maſters of Commerce, which is the Fountain of Wealth; and they have Provinces, the beſt ſituate that can be, for receiving Foreign Succours. The Catholics, on the contrary, are exhauſted, divided in Intereſt, and their Dominions impoveriſhed by the Loſs of Manufactures, and the Want of Trade. Therefore, I ſay it again, 'tis my Opinion that inſtead of oppoſing the Grandeur of this Elector, they are obliged by Intereſt, to contribute their utmoſt to augment it, in order to furniſh Religion and the Church with an able Protector.

Pardon me, Sir, this long Plea, into which I was drawn by a Religious Zeal, and for the juſt Cauſe of a Prince who challenges both Love and Reſpect. His Prime Miniſter is *Ferdinand* Count *de Plettenberg-Nordkirchen*, whoſe Family has been of diſtinguiſh'd Rank for a long Time in *Weſtphalia*, and has given ſeveral Princes Biſhops of *Paderborn* and *Munſter*. It had formerly on-

ly the Title of a Barony, and M. *de Plettenberg* is the firſt Count of it. Soon after he had been promoted to this Dignity, the Emperor nominated him a Member of his Privy Council, and his Imperial and Catholic Majeſty has lately ſent him the Order of the Golden Fleece, to reward him for having prevailed on the Elector to guarantee the *Pragmatick Sanction:* The Count *de Plettenberg* is adorned therefore with all the Dignities which a Lay Nobleman can be ambitious of in *Germany:* He is Count of the Empire, one of the Emperor's Privy Counſellors, a Knight of the Golden Fleece, Grand Maſter of the Elector of *Cologne*'s Houſhold, his Great Chamberlain, and his Prime Miniſter.

Nor was there ever any Perſon more deſerving of thoſe Employments, the Elector being partly obliged to him for his own * Grandeur. 'Twas this Miniſter, as I have already ſaid, who cauſed this Prince to be choſe, firſt, Biſhop of *Paderborn* and *Munſter*, and afterwards Biſhop of *Hildeſheim* and *Oſnabruck:* He alſo contributed very much to his being elected Coadjutor of *Cologne*; for had it not been for his Repreſentations, the deceaſed Elector *Joſeph Clement* would perhaps have never been prevailed on to accept of a Coadjutor, becauſe he apprehended that he ſhould not live long after he had taken ſuch a Step: But the Count *de Plettenberg*, diſpoſſeſſed him of that ſilly Surmiſe, and by that Means procured for his

* Nevertheleſs, he was diſgrac'd in 1733, for a very trifling Cauſe, which made the Count *de la Lippe* alſo loſe all his Employments; and his own Diſgrace has been attended with that of his whole Family, and by great Alterations at the Elector's Court, where the Count *de Hohen-Zollern* is now Grand Maſter of the Houſhold, and Firſt Miniſter, and the Baron *de Hornſtein* Great Chamberlain.

Maſter

Maſter the ſecond Electorate of the Empire. You will naturally imagine, Sir, that ſuch great Services, performed by this Miniſter, for a Prince to whom he was not a Subject, could not but be attended with great Rewards. They have purchaſed him the Elector's entire Confidence, who leaves all Affairs wholly to him. The Count uſes his Authority with Moderation, and is civil and courteous. His Behaviour is noble and eaſy, and his Perſonage altogether as agreeable. He has none of thoſe Airs of Superiority, which they commonly aſſume, who in their Grandeur are the Favourites of Fortune. Being advanced to be the firſt Miniſter of a great Prince, at an * Age, when a Perſon would ſcarce preſume to think himſelf fit to meddle with State Affairs, he makes Labour itſelf a Pleaſure, and has nothing of that myſterious haughty Air which only ſerves to alienate Peoples Hearts; for he is eaſy of Acceſs, hears attentively thoſe who ſpeak to him, and gives clear Anſwers without affecting Evaſions or Delays. He is generous, liberal and beneficent, vigilant, laborious, and in Love with Buſineſs. He riſes at five o'Clock every Day, and employs the Morning in Buſineſs. After this, he keeps a magnificent Table, where in the midſt of an Abundance and Delicacy, there is that Frugality obſerved, which is ſo laudable in thoſe who have Places. After Dinner, he goes into his Cloſet, where he gives Audience to the Subaltern Miniſters, leaving it to the Counteſs his Spouſe to do the Honours of his Houſe, which is always open to Perſons of Diſtinction and Merit. As he was born to one of the greateſt Eſtates in *Germany*, ſo he is one of thoſe Noblemen who lives with the greateſt Magnificence. His Expences

* He was ſcarce twenty-eight Years of Age.

are conſiderable. His Houſe is richly furniſhed, and full of excellent Pictures by the moſt skilful Maſters. Yet the Magnificence of his Houſe in Town does not come near to that of his Seat at *Nordkirchen*, where every Thing is ſtately, and has the Air of a Prince. Mean Time, the Count *de Plettenberg* adorns it every Day, and is actually making Gardens to it which will not eaſily be match'd in *Germany*. This Miniſter has an only Son, at the Univerſity of *Leyden*, a Youth of great Hopes, who is already actually an Aulick Counſellor of the Emperor, is Chamberlain, and Maſter of the Horſe * to the Elector of *Cologne*, and to whom the Count *de Plettenberg*, beſides his great Eſtate, will leave his Steps to follow, and his Example to imitate.

There are many other Perſons of good Birth and Merit at this Court. The Baron *de Nothaft*, Lieutenant-General, Chamberlain, and Captain of the Elector's Guard. M. *de Walbot de Goudenau*, Marſhal of the Court. The Baron *de Schourff*, and the Marquiſſes *Caponi* and *Trotti*, the Elector's Chamberlains, are diſtinguiſhed for their Civility to Foreigners. The Baron *de Sparr*, by Birth a *Swede*, whoſe Father died in the Service of *France*, is Almoner to the Elector, and Dean of *Bonn*. His Electoral Highneſs has lately ſent him to *Rome*, to deſire the Holy Father's Approbation of his Election as Grand Maſter of the *Teutonic* Order. M. *de Sparr* was Page to the late Elector of *Bavaria*, in which Poſt he behaved with an uncommon Sobriety, applied himſelf to the Study of ſeveral Languages, and learnt to ſpeak them with the ſame Eaſe as his Mother-Tongue. He made great Progreſs in Muſic, Hiſtory, and Geography, and neglected no Means

* The Baron *de Roll* has ſucceeded him in his Place.

to

to render himſelf one Day or other uſeful to the State, and to his Prince. After he had ſerved as Page, he entred into the Military Service, and was made a Major in the Guards, and Chamberlain to the Elector of *Bavaria*. He propoſed to make a Settlement, when God, whoſe Decrees are impenetrable, inſpired him with a Reſolution to go into Holy Orders. For this End, he quitted his Employments, and retired to a Seminary, which he only left to take up Prieſt's Orders. He ſaid his firſt Maſs in the ſame Church, and on the ſame Day, that the Duke *Theodore* of *Bavaria*, Biſhop of *Ratisbon* and *Frieſingen*, ſaid his. He went a Year ago to *Rome*, where he applied himſelf ſtrenuouſly to the Study of the Canon Law. I knew him there, and found that he had the Eſteem of every Body. He has ſuch Sentiments of Piety and Honour, that 'twere to be wiſhed all our Clergy had the like, for then they would do more Service both to God, and the World.

The Elector's Houſhold is very numerous, but he has no more than two Regiments of Foot in his Electorate. The Baron *de Nothaft* is Commander in Chief of thoſe Troops, which tho' but a Handful, are ſufficient for the Guard of *Bonn*, *Rhinberck*, and *Keiſerſwaert*, which were fortify'd heretofore, but have ſince the Peace been demoliſhed.

In the Abſence of the Elector, the Dean of the Chapter of *Cologne* governs with the Title of Stadtholder. He is lodged in the Electoral Palace, and is ſerved by the Elector's Officers. During this Time, *Bonn* is a very melancholy Place. The Nobility and Gentry have their Aſſemblies at the Houſe of the Counteſs *de Fugger*, where there are many more of the Fair Sex than ours, and the Canoneſſes of this City make a ſhining Figure In ſuch good Company I leave you, and am, *&c.*

LETTER

LETTER XLVIII.

SIR, *Mentz*, *Aug.* 20, 1732.

I Have been up the *Rhine* from *Bonn* to *Mentz*, to avoid the diſagreeable Paſſage over the Mountains of *Wetteravia*. I was not fatigued, but then I was pretty much chagrin'd. I landed at LINTZ, a little Town in the Electorate of *Cologne*, on the right Side of the *Rhine*, and there I drank the excellent Wine of *Bleickert*, which is made near the Village of *Huningen*, about a League from this Town. The *Liegeois*, who know how to brew Wine as well as Beer, buy up a great Quantity of it, which they balderdaſh after their Manner, and ſell for *Burgundy*. After I had filled my Bottles I continued my Voyage, and arrived at ANDERNACH, a little Town, which is a conſiderable Gainer by the Floats of great Timber that are brought hither, and ſent from thence for *Holland*. Here is alſo a great Vent of Stone Jugs and Pitchers, and of the Mineral Water of *Dunchſtein*, which in the Summer is very much drank with Wine.

A little above *Andernach*, on the other Side of the River, there's an abandon'd Seat belonging to the Count *de Neuwidt*, who lays up his Hunting Equipage in it. The Vulgar have a Notion that this Houſe is haunted by the Devil, which is a Sort of Superſtition that is to be met with more or leſs in all Countries.

The little Town of NEUWIDT gives its Name to a County of the Empire, where the Count has a very pretty Houſe. This Nobleman and his

his Subjects too are * Calviniſts. He married a Daughter of the late Count *Alexander de Dhona*, who was the King of *Pruſſia*'s Governor. She is a Lady highly to be valued for her Virtue, her Underſtanding, and her Behaviour.

The *Rhine*, which runs thro' none but a plain Country from *Neuwidt* to *Bonn*, is above that Place, pent up by Mountains ſo high that they gave me the frightful Remembrance of the *Alps*. Theſe terrible Rocks are cultivated to the very Top, and produce excellent Wines. One can hardly take one's Eyes off of them, there's ſuch a variegated Proſpect of Vineyards, Woods, Towns, Villages, Gentlemens Seats and Cottages.

The only Town of Conſequence is COBLENTZ, in the Electorate of *Triers*, at the Conflux of the *Moſelle* and the *Rhine*, in a fine Valley ſurrounded with noble Hills. The City is fenced with grand Walls and Ramparts. Its two Rivers are a great Advantage to its Commerce, and to them 'tis obliged for all its Wealth. In this Town there reſide ſeveral Perſons of Quality, ſuch as the Counts *de la Leie*, and *de Metternich*, the Barons *de Walpot*, and *d'Oels*. The Count *de la Leie* is a very rich Nobleman, lives high, and is very charitable; ſo that the Poor look upon him as their Father, and the Convents as their Supporter. He is a Gentleman of ſound Piety, very great Politeneſs, and all his Behaviour is to the laſt

* The Count, who is a Lover of the Sciences, intends to make a *Lycæum* of his Caſtle, and a little *Athens* of his Town. He begins by forming a numerous Library, and longs to get the Learned about him. But the main Point is to make a good Choice of them; and the firſt Choice which the Count has made of a Man who has already engroſſed his Favour, does not promiſe well for the future.

laſt Degree noble. He has an only Son by the Counteſs *de Schonborn*, Siſter to the Elector of *Triers*, a young Gentleman of a lovely Preſence, and whoſe Merit infinitely ſurpaſſes his Years.

The Fortreſs of *Ehrenbreitſtein*, which is properly the Citadel of *Coblentz*, ſtands on the other Side of the *Rhine*. They reckon it impregnable, for this Reaſon, perhaps, becauſe it was never taken. It is ſituate upon a high Mountain, or ſteep Rock, which ſtands in a Manner by itſelf, and is on all Sides of very difficult Acceſs. The Works are all of Stone, and ſeveral cut out in the Rock. There is a Cannon here, which they ſay is longer than the famous Culverin that *Lewis* XIV. cauſed to be carried from *Nancy* to *Dunkirk*. The Palace of the Elector of *Triers* is at the Foot of this Fortreſs, in a place which is very much pent up by the *Rhine* on one Side, and by a Rock on the other. It makes but a mean Appearance, and the Apartments are low, incommodious, and very much expoſed to the Sun. Near this Palace is a little Town called *Dahl*, where live moſt of the Elector's Domeſtics. This Quarter has a Communication with the City of *Coblentz*, by a flying Bridge.

The preſent Biſhop of *Triers* is *Francis-George* Count *de Schonborn*, who is the younger Brother of the Cardinal Biſhop of *Spires*, and of the Biſhop of *Bambourg* and *Wurtzbourg*. He is alſo Biſhop of *Worms*, and Abbat of *Elwangen*. He was elected Archbiſhop when *Francis-Lewis* of *Newbourg* was tranſlated from the Electorate of *Triers* to that of *Mentz*. This Prince is not tall, but very ſtout, and has a fine Aſpect. He is affable, and very civil. His Courtiers aſſured me that he was a very kind Maſter, and his Subjects ſeemed to be pleaſed with his Government. His Diſburſements ſeem to me to be very moderate, and his Houſhold not large.

From

From *Coblentz* I went to *Sanckewerdt*, which is at the Foot of the Caſtle of RHINFELDTS, belonging to a Catholic Branch of the Family of *Heſſe*. The Landgrave of *Caſſel* was once in Poſſeſſion of this Fortreſs, and claimed it as his Right, by Virtue of his being the eldeſt of the Family of *Heſſe*. Upon this Occaſion he was engaged in a great Law-Suit, but the Aulic Council gave a Verdict in Favour of the Prince of *Rhinfeldts*, and the Troops of *Heſſe Caſſel* were by an Imperial Commiſſion turn'd out. A Garriſon is actually kept here for the Emperor, and the Circle of the *Upper Rhine*. This Place is reckoned one of the moſt important upon the *Rhine*, over which River here is a Paſſage by a flying Bridge.

As I ſtill went up the River, I came to *Binger-Loch*, a Name which is given to a Caſcade, that the *Rhine* forms here between two Rocks. This is reckoned as the moſt dangerous Paſſage of all the *Rhine*, tho' there's no Danger to be apprehended unleſs the Watermen are drunk with Wine, which is too commonly the Misfortune at this Place where the Juice of the Grape coſts little or nothing. Near to this Hollow, upon a Rock, in the midſt of the *Rhine*, there's the famous *Rats-Tower*, built according to Tradition, by *Hatto* Biſhop of *Mentz*, in the Year 969, to ſecure him from the Rats which gnaw'd him as a Puniſhment for his having burnt a conſiderable Number of poor People in a Barn, that came in a great Dearth of Proviſions, to beg he would give them Bread; and when this barbarous Prelate hearing the Shrieks of thoſe unfortunate Wretches in the Flames, ask'd his Courtiers if they did not hear the Rats cry? How improbable ſoever this Story may ſeem, 'tis as much believed by the Vulgar, as if it were an Article of Faith; inſomuch that when I told my Watermen I queſtioned

oned the Truth of the Fact, they ſaid that if I had any doubt of it, I could not be a good Catholic. For my Part, I ſincerely believe that this Tower ſerved heretofore as a Place of Toll, and perhaps for a Mainguard to a Caſtle, of which the Ruins are ſtill to be ſeen, and in which 'tis ſaid that Biſhop *Hatto* dwelt, when he was obliged to retire to the Tower, where he was nevertheleſs gnaw'd by the Rats.

The little City of BINGEN is not far from thence, on the left Side of the *Rhine*. 'Tis the moſt conſiderable of all the *Rhingau*, and 'tis thought to produce the beſt *Rheniſh* Wine; for you are to know that the Faſhion of Wines alters, as well as of every Thing elſe. Formerly the Wine of *Bacharach* was moſt in Vogue, and the *French* have not diſdained to celebrate it in their drunken Catches; but now that Wine is no longer in requeſt by the Wine-Conners, who are here ſo delicate that if they do but wet their Lips, they can preſently tell the Age, and the Growth of any Wine that they taſte. They ſay now that the Wine of *Bacharach* is worth nothing, in compariſon with the Wine of *Ridelſheim*, and of *Johanneſberg*, Vineyards in the *Rhingau*: But for my Part who have the Happineſs not to be ſo nice, I thought the Wine of *Bacharach* very good, and ſhould not be ſorry if I was obliged to drink that, and no other.

From *Bingen* to MENTZ the *Rhine* is very broad. This capital City of the firſt Electorate of the Empire is ſeated on the left Side of the *Rhine*, over which there's a Bridge of Boats that is pretended to be in the very ſame place where *Charlemagne* cauſed one to be made of five hundred Paces in Length, in the Year 798. The Antiquarians of this City, in ſpite of the beſt Authors, will have it to be built by a Son of *Japhet*,

or at leaſt by a great Lord who eſcaped out of *Troy*. Be it as it will, 'tis very ancient, and has ſuffered, as almoſt all the Towns in the World have, great Revolutions. They ſay that St. *Creſcent*, who was a Diſciple of St. *Paul*, was its firſt Biſhop. But what I know for a greater Certainty, is, that the Elector of *Mentz* is Archbiſhop, and Great Chancellor of the Empire. The Perſon who is now poſſeſſed of that eminent Dignity, is *Philip-Charles* Baron of *Eltz*, who was choſe unanimouſly on the Ninth of *June* laſt. He was a Capitular of the Metropolitan Churches of *Mentz* and *Triers*, Great Chanter of *Mentz*, in the Year 1710, Suffragan to the Biſhop of *Triers*, Provoſt of the Collegiate Church of St. *Peter* at *Monſtadt*, a Privy Counſellor to the late Elector of *Mentz*, his Predeceſſor, and Preſident of his Aulic Council. His Election by the Chapter of *Mentz* has been applauded by the whole Empire; but particularly by thoſe who know this Prince's Candour, and the Purity of his Morals. He ſucceeded *Francis-Lewis* of *Neubourg*, whoſe Predeceſſor was *Francis Lotharius* Count *de Schonborn*, who was alſo Biſhop of *Bamberg*. This Prince, who has had this Dignity a long Time, has cauſed his Capital City to be very much embelliſhed, furniſh'd it with good Fortifications, and put it into ſuch a Condition that it may be looked upon as a powerful Bulwark of the Empire. The *French* had begun to fortify *Mentz* in 1688, and the Marſhal *d'Uxelles*, who then commanded here for King *Lewis* XIV. put it into ſuch a Condition as to ſuſtain a Siege of ſeven Weeks open Trenches againſt Duke *Charles* of *Lorrain*, to whom he ſurrendered it by Capitulation. Moſt of the Works, caſt up by the *French*, being only of Earth, were demoliſhed, and others of Stone erected in their Stead.

The

The Town is not airy, the Streets being narrow and crooked. There are ſome fine Houſes here, particularly thoſe of the Barons *de Dalberg*, *Ingelheim* and *Rolling*; but 'tis pity they are not in a better Situation.

The Metropolitan Church is an ancient Structure, which has nothing remarkable but its Treaſury, one of the richeſt in *Germany*. I remember to have read in an old Chronicle of Biſhop *Conrade*, that in his Time, there was in this Treaſury a Croſs of Gold, of ſix hundred Weight, adorned with Diamonds, and that at the Foot of the Croſs, theſe *Latin* Words were engraved;

Auri ſexcentas habet hæc crux aurea libras.

Whether there ever was ſuch a Croſs here, I know not, but I can aſſure you there is none here now. The Chapter of this Church conſiſts intirely of Perſons of Quality, but they don't admit Princes to it.

The Elector's Palace would be a magnificent Pile, if the whole was anſwerable to the new main Body of the Building, whoſe Apartments are commodious and grand, and enjoy one of the fineſt Proſpects in the World.

That which moſt deſerves a Traveller's View in this City, is the *Carthuſians*-houſe, one of the fineſt in *Europe*, as well for its Buildings, as its Situation. The Church belonging to it is ſmall, but very neat; and the Pews of the Friars are moſt nicely carved in Wood. The Joyner's Work is adorned with Sculpture, very well executed, which repreſents the Paſſages of the New Teſtament. The main Body of this Fabric fronts the *Rhine*, and there are Apartments commodious enough to lodge a Sovereign and his Retinue. The Cloiſter is very ſpacious, and forms a perfect Square, with the

the Cells of the *Carthuſians* round it, each of which conſiſts of four or five Rooms, all upon one Floor, plainly, but neatly furniſhed. The *Carthuſians*, after the Hours are over which they devote to ſpiritual Exerciſes, cultivate their own little Gardens, or employ themſelves in the Work of Joyners, Turners, and the like uſeful and induſtrious Occupations.

It may be ſaid, to the praiſe of the *Carthuſians* in general, that they always keep clear from the Intrigues of the World, the Converſe of Women, and the Ambition of aſpiring to Prelacies. They live in a Manner, ſo as that tho' they are not very ſerviceable to the Public, they cannot do it any Prejudice; which is what can ſcarce be ſaid of the other Orders.

At the Foot of the *Carthuſians*-houſe which ſtands on a very high Hill, is the Palace and Garden of the *Favorita*, belonging to the Elector. *Francis-Lotharius de Schonborn*, cauſed this Houſe to be erected, the Gardens of which are not extraordinary large, and may be call'd a Labirynth of Grottos, Caſcades, Summer-houſes and Statues; but the whole are heap'd as it were one upon another, and ranged with very little Fancy. There's a Salon, accompanied with ſix Pavilions, detach'd from it, diſpoſed in ſuch a Manner that from each Pavilion there's a Proſpect of the *Rhine*, the *Main*, and of all the fine Scenes of the Country on the other Side of thoſe Rivers.

For the reſt, 'tis a very dull City, as are almoſt all the Cities ſubject to the Eccleſiaſtical Princes. Nevertheleſs, there's a great Number of Gentry here, but they ſcarce ever viſit one another, except in Ceremony. The Men rarely viſit the Ladies, and ſeem to my Mind, to be fondeſt of the Bottle. One of the chief Diverſions of the Inhabitants of *Mentz*, is to go all the Summer

Summer long to ſome neighbouring Places where they uſe the Waters, ſuch as *Wisbade*, *Schwalbach* and *Schlangenbadt*. And while theſe Waters are in Seaſon, *Mentz*, *Francfort*, *Darmſtadt*, and all the neighbouring Towns, look as if they were quite forſaken

I was ſome Years ago at SCHWALBACH, and was very merry there. 'Tis a little Town, between the Hills, three Leagues from *Mentz*, and belongs to the Landgrave of *Heſſe Rhinfelds*. The Waters which are drank there, very much reſemble thoſe of *Spa* in Taſte, but I think they are ſtronger. I am ſure that if *Schwalbach* was ſo happy as to be frequented for the Sake of its Waters, by two or three *Engliſh* Gentlemen of Diſtinction, it would make a Fortune out of the People of that Country, and bear away the Purſe from *Spa*. The Method of taking thoſe Waters, is altogether the ſame as at *Spa*, and they obſerve the ſame Regimen, but with much greater Mirth. For here is a great Room, where every body meets, without Diſtinction of Perſons, and where they play at all Sorts of Games; and it's ſurrounded too with Shops, in which there's a thouſand Sorts of fine Toys. Here is commonly a Ball, and ſometimes a *German* Comedy, which really I think is but indifferent; and here are often great Feaſts, at which every one pays their Quota. But there are generally ſome Princes here to take the Waters, who make Entertainments for the Gentry.

SCHLANGENBADT, which is a League from *Schwalbach*, is a Place that conſiſts properly of two great Houſes, one belonging to the Elector of *Mentz*, and the other to the Landgrave of *Heſſe Darmſtadt*. Here they uſe the Hot Baths, which are extremely wholſome for relaxing the Nerves and for the Stone. Barren Women alſo frequent

this

this place, but if they don't take very great care of themſelves, they generally return pregnant.

This, Sir, is all the Account I can give you of *Mentz*, and its Neighbourhood. Having done all my Buſineſs here, I am making ready to be gone in a few Days. I propoſe to go back the ſame Way that I came, and as I fall down the *Rhine*, I hope in two Days to be at *Cologne*, from whence I ſhall proceed thro' *Duſſeldorff* towards *Cleves*. There I hope to have a Letter from you, than which nothing can be more welcome. I am, *&c.*

LETTER XLIX.

SIR, *Cleves, Sept.* 1. 1732.

AT my Return to *Cologne*, I went to ſee the Caſtle or Palace of BENSBERG, belonging to the Elector *Palatine*, in the Country of *Berg*, three Leagues from the *Rhine*, which River I paſſed over a flying Bridge, between *Cologne* and *Duitz*. This Houſe is worth ſeeing. 'Twas founded by Order of the Elector *John-William*, who was a Prince in every thing magnificent, and ſent for the moſt able Workmen from *Italy* to build it. All this great Structure is built of a very hard Stone. The Ornaments, ſuch as the Friſes and Architraves, are of a Kind of grey Marble, which they dig out of neighbouring Quarries. The Apartments are large, very well decorated, and adorned with the fineſt Paintings; and they have a Proſpect of a vaſt Length of Country, which offers a Variety of grand and noble Scenes to View.

From

From this Houſe I went to DUSSELDORFF, the Capital of the Dutchy of *Berg*, belonging to the Elector *Palatine*. This City ſtands in the midſt of a fine fruitful Plain, five Leagues from *Cologne*. The *Rhine* waſhes its Walls, and runs at the Town with ſuch Violence that they have been obliged to make great Works to break the Current. *Duſſeldorff* is but a ſmall Place. The late Elector *John-William*, who reſided in it, had undertaken to aggrandize it with an additional Quarter, which they call the *New-Town*; but that Prince's Death, and the Abſence of the Court, put a Stop to the Buildings. The preſent Elector is fortifying this Place; but 'tis carried on ſo ſlowly that 'twill take up a great deal of Time to finiſh it.

The Elector's Caſtle or Palace is ancient, and has nothing remarkable but a Gallery of Pictures, which Gallery conſiſts of five great Diviſions or Salons, three whereof are much bigger than the other two. The Pictures in the firſt Room are all by the Hand of *Rubens*. That of the *Laſt Day of Judgment* is an admirable Piece, and one of the beſt that ever was done by that excellent Painter. They ſay he painted it for the Duke *Wolffgang de Neubourg*, in Acknowledgment for that Prince's having taken him out of *Spain*, where *Rubens* was going to be arreſted by the Holy Office. The Pictures in the ſecond Room are all done by ſeveral *Flemiſh* Maſters, but moſt of 'em by *Van Dyck*. The third Room, which is the biggeſt, contains Pictures by the moſt skilful *Italian* Maſters. The fourth is adorned with the Works of the Chevalier *Van der Werf*, a *Dutch* Painter, who died lately at the *Hague*, having had the Honour to ſee ſome of his Pictures ſold for a thouſand gold Ducats the Piece. The Elector *John-William* gave him a Penſion of ſix thouſand Florins, beſides paying him two thouſand Florins

for

for each Picture. No *Flemiſh* Painter excelled him in Deſigning, or had a better Hand at mixing of Colours. His Painting is ſo fine, and the Colouring ſo lively, and ſo well fancy'd, that no Enamel is more beautiful. Among his Works, the Connoiſſeurs admire the *Life and Paſſion of Our Saviour*; Diana *in the Bath*, a Piece for which the Elector *John-William* paid twenty thouſand Florins; and the Picture of *Mary-Anne* of *Medicis*, that Elector's Wife, which Princeſs is repreſented with her Court-Ladies in the Habit of the Veſtal Virgins. The fifth and laſt Room, which is the moſt magnificent, contains ſelect Pieces by Maſters of the firſt Rank, as *Raphael*, *Julius Romain*, *Peter di Cortona*, *Guido*, *Titian*, *Paul Veroneſe*, *Tintoret*, *Corregio*, *Albano*, the *Caracchis*, *Joſeph Pin*, *Paul Reubens*, *Van Dyck*, *Reimbrants*, and many others. But that which no leſs attracts the Curious in another Taſte, is the Abundance and Variety of other things that are diſtributed up and down the ſeveral Rooms; as Figures of Braſs, of the utmoſt Perfection, copy'd for moſt Part from the fineſt Antiques, placed upon beautiful Tables of *Florence*; portable Cabinets, adorned with excellent Miniature, or inlaid Work; and in ſhort, an infinite Number of other things that are very much to be admired, and render this Gallery truly magnificent.

Under theſe Rooms there's another Gallery full of Statues of Marble and Plaiſter, according to the Model of all the celebrated Statues of *Rome* and *Florence*, the Moulds of which were collected by the Elector *John-William*, with very great Care and Expence.

In the Market-place oppoſite to the Palace, is that Elector's Equeſtrian Statue, who is repreſented in Armour on Horſeback, with the Electoral Bonnet on his Head. But this Monument

which

which is of Braſs, is not anſwerable to the Coſt of it. For the Horſe is repreſented in a walking Pace, with his Tail dragging nine Inches on the Ground, which makes a very wretched Figure, tho' 'tis ſaid, that the Man who caſt this Statue, took a Horſe, which the Elector had for his Model. Poſſibly he might have a fine Mane and Tail, but this is what does not appear in Braſs. The whole Monument is erected on a Pedeſtal of grey Marble, very ſolid, and even without any Inſcription or Ornaments. Nevertheleſs, *John-William* of *Neubourg*, the Elector *Palatine*, deſerved as much as any Prince in the World to have his Virtues tranſmitted to Poſterity by ſome Inſcription. He was magnificent, generous, liberal, a Protector of the Arts and Sciences: His Court and his Diſburſements were like thoſe of a King, his good Nature render'd him amiable; he was the Delight of his Courtiers, and the Darling of his Subjects.

This great Prince lived at a Time when *Germany* had four other Princes, who were as great Patrons of the Arts and Sciences as himſelf, *viz.* *Frederic Auguſtus* King of *Poland*, *Frederic* King of *Pruſſia*, *Anthony-Ulric* Duke of *Brunſwick-Lunenbourg*, and *Charles* Landgrave of *Heſſe Caſſel*; of all which Princes the only one that ſurvives is the King of * *Poland*, the reſt having no Life but in Hiſtory, where they are ſure of Immortality; for beſides the Monuments they have left of their Grandeur, Men of Learning will not fail to tranſmit their Glory to the lateſt Poſterity.

The preſent Elector *Palatine* having fixed his Reſidence at *Manheim*, there's a Regency at *Duſſeldorff*, of which the Count *de Schasberg* is the

* He died in 1734.

the Preſident. The Country of *Berg*, and that of *Juliers* depending on it are governed by States, without whoſe Conſent the Sovereign cannot lay any Taxes. Theſe Countries bring in a Million of Crowns to the Elector. All Religions are tolerated here, and every Communion has its particular Churches, but the Catholicks only are admitted to the Civil Employments. The Reverend Fathers the Jeſuits have a fine Church, and a beautiful Convent here. There's a Chapel without the *Cologne* Gate, which is worth ſeeing. 'Tis built after the Model of the *Santa Caſa* of *Loretto*, and adorned with very fine Paintings. 'Twas founded by the Electreſs, Wife of *John William*, to the Honour of the moſt Holy Virgin.

Tho' the Court is no longer at *Duſſeldorff*, yet here is very good Company, and the Gentry are very ſociable and friendly to Foreigners. There are amiable and deſerving Ladies here, particularly Madame *de Speik*, whoſe Husband is a Major-General. She would be very fit to adorn a Court.

I went from *Duſſeldorff* to KEISERSWERDT, formerly a Place of Importance, which held out a deſtructive Siege, but is now wholly diſmantled. From thence I proceeded to DUISBOURG, a Town in the Dutchy of *Cleves*, at the Extremity of a Foreſt where they catch wild Horſes, which are ſmall, but indefatigable and very ſerviceable. The City of *Duisbourg* is only remarkable for its Univerſity. The Country betwixt this Town and *Weſel* is all a Plain, and a very gravelly Soil, yet produces every thing that's good.

After having croſſed the Rivers of *Roer* and *Lippe* in the Ferryboats, I came to WESEL, a ſtrong Place of the Dutchy of *Cleves*, belong-

ing to the King of *Pruſſia*. 'Tis regularly fortify'd, and has a very good Citadel towards the *Rhine*. The late King of *Pruſſia Frederic* I. was the firſt that ſet about fortifying of *Weſel*, and his Son King *Frederic William* has cauſed thoſe Works to be carried on and finiſhed. M. *Bot*, now a General Officer in *Saxony*, had the Direction of thoſe Works in the firſt Place, after which the Care of them was committed to M. *Walrave* a Colonel Engineer. They have both contributed to render *Weſel* one of the ſtrongeſt Places in *Germany*. Nothing in this Town more particularly deſerves a Traveller's Attention than the *Berlin* Gate, of which M. *Bot* drew the Model: I never ſaw any thing finer, or more perfect of the Kind. The Arſenal alſo is worth ſeeing, and is extremely well furniſhed with all Neceſſaries, whether of Ordnance or Ammunition.

In my Way from *Weſel* to this Town, I came to SANTEN, formerly a famous City, but now very much decay'd. The Catholic Church is a beautiful Structure, and has a miraculous Image of the moſt Holy Virgin to which the Natives pay great Devotion.

'Tis five Leagues from *Santen* to CLEVES, thro' one continued Range of * Walks. The Avenue that leads to *Cleves* is magnificent. This Town is ſmall, but very pleaſant, and well built. The King's Palace is ancient, yet it has fine A-

* On the Road two Leagues from *Cleves*, there's the Palace of *Moiland*, where the King of *Pruſſia* reſided at the Beginning of the Illneſs which he contracted in 1734, as he returned from the Imperial Army on the *Rhine*.

partments

partments, and among the reſt, a magnificent Hall. There's nothing ſurely in Nature compleater and finer than a View of theſe Apartments. *Lewis* Duke of *Burgundy*, Grandſon to *Lewis the Great*, coming with his Army to *Cleves* in 1702, thought the Situation of the Palace ſo charming that he was heard to ſay, more than once, that he wiſh'd *Verſailles* was as well ſituate.

Cleves is the Seat of the Regency of this Dutchy, the Preſident of which is M. *de Borck*, a Gentleman of Quality and Merit, who acquits himſelf of his Office with a great Share of Integrity and Application, is very civil, and a Gentleman of a fine Preſence.

There are ſeveral good Families in this City, particularly thoſe of the Chancellor *de Becker*, a Gentleman of diſtinguiſhed Merit, who makes very handſom Entertainments, and lives with great Splendor; and of the Baroneſs *de Blaſpiel*, a Lady of Birth and Merit. She was Maid of Honour to the Queen of *Pruſſia*, who honoured her with her Confidence; and never was a Favourite more worthy of it; for ſhe always preſerved the ſame Reſpect for her Miſtreſs, and the ſame Regard for all Mankind. The whole Court of *Berlin* thought her an Ornament, when it pleaſed the King to remove her from Court, by baniſhing M. *de Blaſpiel*, who was one of his Miniſters, to his Eſtate in this Province, where he died, and having no Children, left his Wife Heireſs of a very conſiderable Eſtate. I don't know but this Lady thinks herſelf as happy in this Retirement as ſhe was at Court: All the Country reſpects her, and one Time, when the King came hither, his Majeſty, together with the Prince Royal, did her the Honour to come and

dine with her, and gave her Tokens of the ſincereſt Eſteem. I was formerly very well acquainted with Madame *de Blaſpiel* at Court, and had Opportunity to know the Goodneſs of her Temper thoroughly, which is what has induced me to give you a more particular Account of her than of other Perſons of Diſtinction in this City, with whom I was not ſo well acquainted. Farewel, my dear Friend, I am afraid I ſhall not ſee you again ſo ſoon as I expected; but whenever that happens, I ſhall have a great many Facts to tell you, which 'tis not always ſafe to commit to a Letter. I kiſs your Hand, and am, *&c.*

LETTER L.

SIR, *Amſterdam, Nov.* 29, 1732.

INSTEAD of excuſing myſelf for my late Silence, I confeſs to you that had it not been for the obliging Reproaches you make me upon that account, I ſhould not have entertained you with any more of my Travels. Not that I thought *Holland* did not deſerve your Attention as much as any other Country in the World, but becauſe, as I found I had nothing new to ſend you, I thought it beſt not to ſurfeit you with the Repetition of what others before me have ſaid much better. But as you ſeem to think theſe Arguments not ſufficient, I will endeavour to ſatisfy you in the beſt Manner I can; and you are a Gentleman of too good Senſe to expect more.

From *Cleves* I went to NIMEGUEN, a Town in the Province of *Guelderland*, and the Bulwark of

of the Seven United Provinces, towards the Dominions of *Prussia*, from which 'tis but two Leagues distant. This Place stands on the Side of a Hill, on the Banks of the *Vahal*, a River which comes out of the *Rhine*, and falls into the *Maese*, near the Town of *Dort* or *Dordrecht*. The *French*, after eight Days Siege, took it in 1672, at the Time when the Republick seem'd ready to sink under the Weight of their Arms. Since that Time, it has been very much fortify'd, so that 'tis now a Place of Consequence. This Town is famous for the Peace which was sign'd here in 1678, between *France* and the States General, and in the next Year between the Emperor, *Spain*, the Princes of *Germany*, and *France*. It has no remarkable Edifice. From one of its Bastions, which is much higher than the rest of the Fortifications, there's a Prospect of a great Tract of Country beyond the *Vahal*, which is one of the finest Views in the World, and the most agreeable Sight that *Nimeguen* affords.

After having crossed the *Vahal* over a flying Bridge, I travelled four or five Leagues upon a very narrow crooked Dike, which in rainy Weather is very much broke. It seems as if it was made for the Destruction both of Coaches and Passengers; for if the Coachman be ever so little aukward, or the Horses skittish, a Man is in Danger of breaking his Neck, the rather, because the common Caravans, or Stage Coaches in *Holland*, are so made that a little Matter turns 'em topsy-turvy; so that one would imagine the Inventor of 'em studied to contrive a Vehicle, the most uneasy, and the most dangerous, that could be to the Lives of Mankind. Suppose to your self, a cursed high Waggon, which you get up to by an Iron Step, placed between the Wheels, which are hardly two Feet from one another. The Body

of the Caravan is covered with Hoops, in form of a Cradle, ſpread over with an Oil-cloth, and ſo low that the leaſt Shock jolts one's Head againſt the Roof. This infernal Machine, invented no doubt for the Entrance of *Proſerpine* into Hell, inſtead of a Thill, has a Hook, by which the Coachman, who is commonly drunk, guides the Horſes, by placing one Foot on it, while he reſts the other againſt the Crupper of one of his Horſes, which almoſt touch the Caravan. No leſs than eight People are ſtow'd in theſe horrible Break-necks, which, to compleat the Abomination, makes ſuch a Rattle as is perfectly ſtunning to all the Paſſengers.

'Twas in one of theſe pretty Stage Coaches that I came very much jaded to RHENEN, a little Town on an Arm of the *Rhine*, which has for a long Time been the Reſidence of the Family of the unfortunate *Frederic* Elector *Palatine*, who was choſe King of *Bohemia*. That Prince cauſed a Houſe to be built there, which now belongs to the King of *Great Britain*, as Heir to the Electreſs *Sophia* his Grandmother, the Daughter of the ſaid *Frederic* by *Elizabeth* Princeſs of *England*; but all the Uſe which the King makes of this Houſe, is for the Accommodation of his Equipage in his Journies to and from *Hanover*.

The Road from *Rhenen* to *Utrecht*, is like the Sands of *Libya*; I mean that which the Caravans take in the rainy Seaſon; for in fine Weather they go through a Plain, the Soil of which is extremely Clayiſh, and by conſequence not paſſable when it has rain'd.

As diſagreeable as the Country is through which I paſſed, yet there are ſeveral fine Country Houſes, of which that belonging to the Earls of *Athlone*, whoſe Anceſtor was General of the *Dutch*

Dutch Infantry, and made a Peer of *Great Britain* by King *William* III. is one of the moſt conſiderable: But it is inferior to ZEIST, a Palace belonging to the Count of *Naſſau*, Son of the late Monſ. *d'Odyck*, diſtinguiſhed in the Republick for his Birth and Employments, his Ability in Buſineſs, and his Magnificence. This Houſe is in my Opinion one of the fineſt in the Seven Provinces, and has moſt of the Air of a Nobleman's Palace. It has fine Gardens, and ſtately Avenues. *Lewis* XIV. reſided in it at the Time when that Monarch, like an impetuous Torrent, came to ravage the Republick. The Count *de Naſſau-Zeiſt*, had afterwards the Honour to ſee at the ſame Place *Frederic* I. King of *Pruſſia*, whoſe Preſence was undoubtedly more agreeable to him, becauſe it was accompanied with the Peace, and becauſe that Prince only drew his Sword for the Defence of the Republick and its Allies.

The Country Houſes in general, which are ſituate in the Provinces of *Utrecht*, *Guelderland* and *Overyſſel*, have much more the Appearance of Palaces than thoſe in *Holland*, where Land is ſo dear that they can only make Models of Houſes and Gardens, which if they were executed would not want for Magnificence.

The Neighbourhood of *Utrecht* is charming: A large fine Avenue leads to the City, at the Entrance of which, on the Left hand, is the Mall, which *Lewis* XIV. ſo admir'd upon Account of its Walks that he wiſh'd he could tranſport them to *Verſailles*, and ordered his Troops not to cut down the Trees.

UTRECHT, as to its Outſide, ſeems very ancient. I fancy that the Walls of *Jericho*, which fell at the Sound of the dreadful Trumpets of *Iſrael*, were not unlike the Walls of this City, and its Inhabitants probably did not think them a

whit ſtronger, becauſe they were ſo much in haſte to carry their Keys to the King of *France*, notwithſtanding the Offers made to them by the Prince of *Orange*, to defend the Place. *Lewis* XIV. entered this City with all the Pomp of a Conqueror; but he made a very ſhort Stay here, which they ſay was owing to a Remark made to him, that in a great Part of the Town the meaner Sort of People lived under Ground, and that it would be an eaſy Matter for thoſe ſubterraneous Inhabitants to place Gunpowder in thoſe Cellars, and blow them up at the Time that his Majeſty came by. If this Circumſtance is true, they who poſſeſſed the King with this Jealouſy were unacquainted with the *Dutch*, who 'tis poſſible might have had no Reſpect for the Perſon of the King, in a Tumult, or in a Battle; but when they had received him into their Town, he had nothing to fear, becauſe Treachery and Diſſimulation are no Parts of their Character.

The Streets of *Utrecht* are ſpacious and very airy, its Houſes pleaſant and well built. A great many Houſes have been built here ſince the Congreſs for that Peace which put an End to the War for the Succeſſion to *Charles* II. King of *Spain*. This City, next to the *Hague*, is the moſt agreeable for Perſons of Quality, of whom here's a great Number, as well as of other Perſons, who having got Fortunes by Trade, retire hither for the peaceable Enjoyment of what they have acquir'd.

The great Church which was formerly the Metropolis, ſtill preſerves its Chapter, into which Perſons need no other Proofs nor Vocation for Admittance than Money, theſe Prebends being bought and ſold like Companies of Dragoons. The Court of *Rome* always nominates the Archbiſhop, who commonly reſides at *Amſterdam*. I think

think the Perſon who enjoys this * Dignity now, is a Native of this City, but 'tis probable he has no View to a Cardinal's Cap, he being a declared *Janſeniſt*. The *Carthuſians* who retired from *France* under the ſpecious Pretext of ſecuring their Conſciences from Oppreſſion, are ſettled in his Dioceſe, where they live in two ſeparate Convents not very far from *Utrecht*, and are very zealous Diſtributers of the Writings publiſhed in *France*, about the Religious Differences. They had acquired the Eſteem of the Proteſtants, who did not think they differ'd very widely from their Communion; but ſince they endeavour to make the Sieur *Paris* paſs for a Saint, I know not whether they will not loſe the good Opinion that has been conceiv'd of 'em. For in this Country, they have no great Value for theſe Favourites of the Court of Heaven, and much leſs for thoſe who increaſe the Number of 'em. Be this as it will, 'tis allow'd by every body, even by the moſt zealous *Roman* Catholics, that ſetting aſide their Religious Sentiments, there's no Fault to be found with their Morals and Behaviour, and that they live as regularly as they did perhaps in the Convent which they have abandoned.

* The Name of this Prelate was *Barkman-Wuytiers*. He died in 1733, at no very great Age, with the Character of a Man of the ſtricteſt Virtue. The Court of *Rome*, and the *Jeſuits*, conceiv'd great Hopes after his Death. The latter after having been baniſhed out of the United Provinces by very ſevere Laws, employed the Mediation of a certain Court to ſucceed in their Deſign of getting an Apoſtolical Vicar accepted in the Place of the Archbiſhop of *Utrecht*; but this Deſign, which was look'd upon as dangerous to the Liberty of the Republic, miſcarry'd, and the Deceaſed was ſucceeded by *Theodore van der Kroon*.

The Town-houſe has nothing in it that is magnificent, at leaſt if one may believe thoſe who have ſeen it, for I had not the Curioſity to examine it: Nor is there any Edifice of Conſequence in the Town. Their Dwellings are neat, but not large, which is the Reaſon that during the Congreſs the Ambaſſadors had very ſcanty Lodgings, tho' it was not for the want of Money, inſomuch that ſeveral of 'em might have purchaſed the Houſes they lived in, with the Money they paid for the Rent of their Apartments, during the Courſe of their Miniſterial Reſidence. Speaking of this Congreſs, puts me in Mind of what certain Satirical Politicians ſaid concerning the three Treaties of Peace that had been concluded ſucceſſively in the Dominions of the Republic. *Nimeguen*, ſaid they, ſignified NEIM-WEG (*Take all*), *Reiſwick*, REIS-WEG (*Pluck up all*), and *Utrecht*, AUSSER-RECHT (*Without Right*). If every Thing be fairly examin'd, all this perhaps may be true enough, but the Laughers would not be on the Side of the Allies.

I made uſe of the Veſſel that goes and comes three Times a Day from *Utrecht* to *Amſterdam*, which is not only the moſt commodious, but the beſt regulated, and the cheapeſt Paſſage in *Europe*. One knows to a Minute when it goes off, and within one Quarter of an Hour that it gets into Port. If you agree for the *Rouf* or Cabin, one is alone, or with what Company you pleaſe. I thought the Veſſel in which I came to *Utrecht*, ſo much like a moving Dungeon that I was as glad when I came out of it, as a Priſoner, when he is ſet at Liberty. The Canal which carried me to *Amſterdam* preſents a thouſand agreeable Objects to View, being diverſified all the Way with fine Country-houſes, magnificent Gardens, Meadows and Villages.

After

After having admired every Thing that proves the Wealth of the Inhabitants, I am arrived at AMSTERDAM, that modern *Tyre*, the Miſtreſs of Commerce, the Ware-houſe of the World, and one of the fineſt, greateſt, and moſt wealthy Cities in *Europe*. It contains both ſacred and profane Edifices which are magnificent; but at the ſame Time (for I ſpeak freely) retains I know not what Air of the Cit, which one does not meet with in the Buildings of *Venice* and *Genoa*, which are of a ſublimer Taſte, becauſe the Nobility are the Governors. The Things which may be ſaid to be truly great and noble at *Amſterdam*, are its Ramparts faced with Bricks, and the broad and deep Ditches with which 'tis encompaſſed.

Amſterdam is the only Town in the World which may be compared in any meaſure to *Venice*. For tho' 'tis not built as *Venice* is, in the midſt of the Sea, it ſtands as that does upon Piles. Like *Venice* it conſiſts of a vaſt Number of Iſlands, and its principal Streets have Canals, with the Advantage of ſpacious Kays at their Doors, fenc'd with Trees; whereas at *Venice*, the Water is only pent in by the Houſes. That I take to be all the Reſemblance there is between theſe two Rivals in Commerce; for as to the Beauty of the Structures, there is no Compariſon; one *Canal Grande*, and one *Canal Reggio*, being worth more in this reſpect than all *Amſterdam*. There are Palaces, and here are Houſes, which are neat, genteel and pleaſant, without the Rules of Architecture, and built of Brick. Heretofore the *Amſterdammers* Manner of Building was very extraordinary. Moſt of the old Houſes that are yet in Being, ſtand upon Stilts, which I explain thus: The Front of the firſt Floor, upon the Ground, is commonly all Windows, which are

ſeparated

ſeparated by wooden Pillars that ſupport all the Stone-work of the other Floors, which, happy for them, is very ſlight; for there's ſeldom a Wall more than two Bricks in Thickneſs, and the Ceilings are nothing but Boards, ſo that the People in the firſt Floor have the Pleaſure to know that every Word they ſay, is overheard in the ſecond. I don't criticize the Manner of the Diſtributionof their Rooms, tho' to be plain, their Architects know no more of this Matter than they do how to carry up the Chimnies, which are almoſt all of them ſmoaky. 'Tis true, that the Inhabitants are not very much incommoded by it, and that they might even do without them. * For the Women warm themſelves with a Turf all Day long, which they put into a little earthen Pan, and this into a wooden Stove, with Holes bor'd in it, which they keep under their Peticoats, and ſit over it, as a Hen broodeth over her Chickens. The Men are always within Doors, dreſſed in a Night-gown lined with Flannel, under which they are ſwaddled in three or four thick Waiſtcoats: And if the Weather be cold, they alſo make uſe of ſuch a Stove as the Women do, or elſe warm themſelves in the Kitchen, where there is ſeldom Buſtle enough to prevent their creeping to the Chimney-corner; and I would venture a Wager that there are many ſubſtantial People here who don't boil the Pot above once a Week: For there's no Nation in the World that feeds worſe than the *Dutch*, and particularly the *Amſterdammers*, Butter, Milk, Cheeſe, and Salt-fiſh, being their common Diet.

* What is ſaid throughout this Article, of their Manner of Living muſt be underſtood only of the common People, and not of Perſons of any diſtinguiſhed Rank, nor even of the Merchants.

But

But I have deviated from the Article I was upon touching their Manner of Building. I cannot conceive how 'tis poſſible for Houſes that are ſo ſlight to ſtand: And there are ſome that perfectly totter from Side to Side; but I had rather ſee a Woman dance, than a Houſe. A great Number of thoſe Houſes have lately been ſet upright. One of thoſe Pinnacles in Form of a Sugar-Loaf, which is at the Top of moſt of the old Houſes, unhappily fell down and kill'd three Perſons that were paſſing along the Street: Whereupon the Government, out of their great Care to prevent all ſuch Accidents for the future, order'd the Landlords of every Houſe to cauſe thoſe ſtaggering Pyramids to be pulled down: This has had too good Effects; for people are not ſo liable to be knock'd o'the Head, and the Town looks handſomer. The principal Ornament of the Houſes is their Windows, there being ſcarce a Country that has finer Glazing, and many of the Houſes have Windows of poliſh'd Plate-glaſs. But in ſome Palaces of *Venice* or *Genoa*, the Paintings and Gildings only of the Cielings are worth more than the fineſt Houſe in *Amſterdam*. Yet I don't deny but there are Houſes here, in the Rearing of which no Coſt has been ſpar'd, but in general they are ſmall. There's ſcarce any that have above five Windows in Front, others have four, and the greateſt Part three. The Entry is by Steps of black Marble or Stone. To the Houſes of the common Size, there's a very narrow Entry pav'd with white Marble, with which the Walls are often fac'd, at leaſt to a certain Height. The Apartment conſiſts generally of two Rooms on a Floor, a little Court behind it, and a ſecond Pile of Building, which is but one Room in Depth, and has Lights towards the Garden. At *Venice* and *Genoa*, a Merchant (for I ſet the Nobles aſide) will

will have at leaſt an Apartment of three or four Rooms. At *Amſterdam* the furniture is neateſt, and in *Italy* the richeſt. Here one ſhall find a curious Piece of *Flemiſh* Tapeſtry, a Cloſet of Pictures, fine Glaſs, a great deal of China Ware, and curious Toys from the *Indies*, the Floor ſhall be covered with fine *Perſian* Carpets; but you ſhan't ſee any Furniture of Velvet embroidered with Gold, no Luſtres of Rock-Chriſtal, no great Collection of Paintings, nor that Abundance of antique Buſts, Vaſes and Statues of Marble and Braſs. In fine, to conclude this long Parallel, I muſt tell you that if the Palaces of *Italy* were as neat as the Houſes of *Amſterdam*, there would be nothing to compare to them; and if the Houſes of *Amſterdam* were as much neglected as thoſe of *Italy*, they would be of no Manner of Account.

Be a Houſe here ever ſo ſmall, there's always ſome Apartment in it uninhabited, which is the fineſt part of the Building. 'Tis a Sanctuary whereof the upper Servant Maid of the Houſe is the grand Prieſteſs. She has ſo profound a Reſpect for this unfrequented Place that ſhe never enters it without putting off her Shoes, for fear of ſoiling the Floor, which is held in ſo great Veneration that they pay it a Sort of Worſhip. 'Tis the Reſidence of the Houſhold Gods, and one is ſure of incurring the Indignation both of the Miſtreſs and the Maids, if one does not ſhew the ſame Veneration to their Floor as they do. Whoever enters the Houſe muſt firſt rub their Feet upon a Mat at the Door, and be ſure not to ſpit were they in Danger of being choak'd, unleſs they find a little Basket of Sand laid there for the Purpoſe; and if a Perſon ſhould but happen to drop the leaſt thing capable of ſpotting the Floor, I am not ſure that the Prieſteſſes would not ſacri-

ſacrifice the Delinquent to their Idol, and that we ſhould not ſee the Revival of the Story of *Orpheus* and the *Bacchantes*. There are however ſome particular Days in the Year when the Prieſteſſes give their Maſters Leave to enter theſe Sanctuaries, and therein to receive Company; but the very next Day, this Place, which in the Language of the Country is called *Beſſe-Kamer* (i. e. *the beſt Room*) is waſh'd and purify'd, as our Churches are after they have been prophaned. I don't make Things a jot worſe than they are in reality, and I am ſure there are ſome Rooms that are not opened four Times in a Year, unleſs, it be to air the Goods. 'Tis the ſame with a thouſand fine Things in the *Amſterdammers* Poſſeſſion, which they don't make uſe of for fear of ſpoiling them: Thus they live in the midſt of Abundance, and of Wealth, without the Hearts to enjoy what they have. Nevertheleſs within theſe few Years paſt, they begin to have ſome Taſte of Life: They give into Equipage, Furniture, and Rural Entertainments, and their Women into Dreſs and Splendor. The old Men exclaim againſt new Faſhions, and ſay the Republic is in a declining State, in which they reſemble one of our Emperors who obſerving that his Maſter of the Horſe had changed the Cord-Traces, which had been the Faſhion of his Court, into Leather Traces, cry'd out, That *Luxury would be the Ruin of his Family, and his Government.*

The Government of *Amſterdam* is in a Senate, conſiſting of ſixty-three Perſons who hold their Places for Life, and when any one dies, 'tis the Senate that appoints his Succeſſor: In this Body there are twelve Burgomaſters, of whom four preſide annually. They chuſe three out of the twelve every Year, who with one of the four of the laſt Year, that continues in Office, have the Direction

of

of Affairs. Theſe latter, before they enter into their Office, are obliged to take an Oath to the ſenior Turgomaſters. He who is continued from one Year to the other, has the Preſidency for three Months, after which, the others take it in their Turns; and they who go out of their * Office, are commonly employed as Treaſurers of the City, or as Counſellor-Deputies to the States of *Holland*, reſiding at the *Hague*.

The Office of Burgomaſter is more honourable than profitable; for 'tis ſaid, their Salary is only five hundred Florins *per Annum*: But their Authority is conſiderable; for they are the chief Magiſtrates, and in ſome Sort the Maſters of the City. They diſpoſe of all the public Money, and they alone judge of what is neceſſary for the Safety of the Town. They are the Guardians of the Bank, which can only be opened in the Preſence of one of 'em. They confer all Offices, and may therewith gratify whom they will, and if they pleaſe, their own Children; ſo that as in *Germany*, there needs but a Biſhop in a decay'd Family to repair its Misfortunes, ſo here, if there be but a Burgomaſter in a Family, 'tis enough to make 'em all eaſy.

There is alſo in this City a Bailiff, who is called *Hoofd-Schout*, or *Hoofd-Officer*, who is the ſame that is elſewhere called the Lieutenant of the Police.

* As there is no Dignity ſuperior to that of the Burgomaſter, they who attain to it ſucceed one another in the ſeveral Functions, without paſſing to other Employments: They are the Members of the Council, who are ſent to the College of Counſellor-Deputies, or who fill the Poſts of Treaſurers, &c. But the Burgomaſters are they who go to the Aſſemblies of the States of the Province, with the Penſionary or Syndic of the City, who is the Spokeſman.

lice. He has under him three Subſtitutes, who are called the *Under-Schouts*. Theſe are they who apprehend Malefactors, which they often do in the midſt of a Mob, only accompanied with a Couple of Archers who have no other Arms but Swords. Yet every one trembles at the Sight of 'em, and two Men carry another to Priſon, with more Eaſe than forty Archers can do the like at *Paris*.

The Senate meets in the Stadthouſe. This Fabrick, ſo much celebrated for its Magnificence, and becauſe it contains the richeſt Bank in the Univerſe, is really a ſtately Edifice; and tho' it has Defects, it may be ranked in the Number of the fineſt Buildings in *Europe*. It fronts a Square called the *Dam*, in the Centre of the City. The Building is almoſt a complete Quadrangle, with Pavilions at each Angle. In the middle of the principal Front there's an advanced Building which takes up one third of the whole Front. Tis decorated by ſeven Porticos, ſo ſmall that they disfigure all this great Pile of Building; which they pretend was not owing to the Ignorance of the Architect, but to a political Cauſe: For at the Time that this Stadthouſe was built, the Republic was but in its Infancy. The Populace of *Amſterdam*, a turbulent Mob, ready for any Miſchief, were then far leſs ſubmiſſive to their Magiſtrates than now, and they ſo often diſturbed thoſe Magiſtrates in their Deliberations, that the Architect choſe to make the Avenues ſo narrow, on purpoſe to prevent the Inconveniencies of too eaſy an Entrance by a Crowd of People. But if this was his true Reaſon for not keeping to the Rules of Architecture, three great Porticos would have done as well as ſeven ſmall ones: He might have given them due Proportion, and the Front would have been more majeſtic. But the Num-

Number ſeven was the choſen Number, and it was to repreſent the Seven United Provinces, to whoſe Union the City of *Amſterdam* owes its Enjoyment of Liberty and Commerce. Notwithſtanding this Defect, 'tis certain that a Foreigner, tho' he will not offer to compare this Stadthouſe to the Palace of *Verſailles*, to the Eſcurial, or to the *Procuraties* at *Venice*; and tho' when he looks on it, he may only think he ſees a Town-houſe, and not the Palace of a King, or of a powerful State, yet he cannot behold it without Admiration, eſpecially if he does but conſider that every Material in this Building was brought from Foreign Countries.

The Outſide of this great Fabric is all of Free-ſtone, extremely well put together; and an Order of very ſubſtantial Pilaſters ranges quite round the whole. The Part which projects from the principal Front, is terminated by a Pediment, which is a grand Piece of Sculpture. It repreſents the City of *Amſterdam*, under the Figure of *Cybele*, ſeated in a Chair. Four *Naiads*, and two Sea-Nymphs preſent her with Crowns of Palms and Laurels, and Fruit, in token of the Power and Abundance which this City receives by Commerce. On the other Side, *Neptune* accompanied by the *Tritons*, ſeems approaching to pay his Homage to the Goddeſs, undoubtedly to denote the Power of this City at Sea. All this magnificent Groupe is extremely well executed, and very much eſteemed by the Connoiſſeurs. A Dome at the Top of this Edifice has eight great open Arches all round which ſupport the Cupola; and in this Dome there's a Chime of Bells which the Lovers of ſuch noiſy Muſic ſay is very good Harmony.

The firſt Room within is the Chamber of Juſtice, wherein the Criminals receive their Sentence. It has three Porticos which open into the great Square

Square, from whence may be ſeen what paſſes in that Chamber. This Room is adorned with Bas-Reliefs of white Marble, done by excellent Hands. *Solomon*'s Judgment is there repreſented in ſuch a grand Manner as is wonderful. Beyond this Chamber is the great Stair-caſe, which has no Manner of Ornament, and little or no Light. It leads to the great Hall, which is really magnificent, but not very lightſome. It is adorned with Pilaſters and Bas-Reliefs of white Marble, executed with infinite Art. The arch'd Roof, which is of Wood, and painted with Oil, is not anſwerable to the Richneſs of this Hall. Four great Coridors or Galleries, laid open by great Arches on both Sides, at the two Ends of the Hall, lead to the Apartments, and are adorned with white Marble Pilaſters two and two, Flowers in Bas-Relief, and Statues of a grand Diſpoſition; and the Emblems with which the Gates are adorned, are all very ſuitable to the Buſineſs that is tranſacted in the Chamber to which they open.

I ſhall not undertake to give you the particulars of all theſe Rooms, not only becauſe it would carry me too far, but becauſe I obſerved nothing in them, except ſome Paintings, that is worth your Notice. The Arſenal takes up one intire Floor over theſe Chambers, but it is only conſiderable for the prodigious Quantity of Arms of the modern Fashion, eſpecially Muskets, which are the Manufacture of this City, and a part of its Commerce.

The ground Floor is very low, but conſiſts of the great Arches. Here are contained the Offices of the Bank, and the Priſons, from which no body ever yet eſcaped, and 'tis humanly impoſſible they ſhould; for beſides that the Walls are very thick, the whole is ſtrongly barricaded both within and without, by iron Bars, the very Appearance of which is frightful. But if it's poſſible for

Priſons

Priſons to be agreeable, theſe would certainly be ſuch, for they are all lightſome; the Priſoners are not ſo ill uſed as they are elſewhere, but are allowed proper Nouriſhment, and not ſuffered to wallow in their Naſtineſs.

The Stadthouſe is the Place where all Perſons are married, who are not of the Religion that prevails in the Country. This is a Ceremony that may be ſeen every Sunday, and is performed in the Preſence of two Echevins, and a Secretary. The People that are to be married, go into a Room where the Magiſtrates are ſeated at a Table, and there they are entered one after the other without Diſtinction of Rank, into the Regiſter of Marriages; after which they go Home with the Satisfaction of having been as well married as if the Ceremony had been performed by the Pope himſelf; or are they under the leaſt Neceſſity of having recourſe to the Church. Nevertheleſs, all the regular People go to ſome Prieſt or Miniſter to receive the nuptial Benediction.

The Treaſure of the Bank is kept in a place under Ground, which extends, as I am aſſured, a great Way under the Square of the *Dam*.

Every body agrees that it is immenſe, but no body knows exactly of how many thouſand Millions it conſiſts, and it is a Queſtion, whether its Credit be not infinitely greater than its Caſh; it being certain that the public has ſuch a Confidence in it that every body puts their Money into it, though without any Intereſt for it: On the contrary, it coſts one hundred and five Florins ready Caſh, to have one hundred Florins Bank. The largeſt Payments are commonly made in Bank Notes: A certain Sum is regiſtered in the Bank Books, which is transferred, either in whole, or in Part, to the Perſon to whom the payment is to be made. This is called *the Keeping an Account*

at the Bank. It was a Correſpondence of this Nature which the famous *John Law* would fain have eſtabliſhed at *Paris*; and he would certainly have ſucceeded, if he had had but the Fund of the Bank of *Amſterdam*, and the public Confidence.

They ſay that the Revenues of this City amount to fifty thouſand Livres a Day, which I am apt to believe is true; for really the Taxes here are very conſiderable, the Subiects of this State paying more than thoſe of any Crown whatſoever: All the Difference conſiſts in the Diſtribution of the Taxes, and the Manner of raiſing them: Here they are laid equally upon the Rich, and upon the Poor, upon Citizens, and upon Foreigners.

The Liberty ſo much boaſted of in theſe Provinces, is no more than that which the good People of other Countries enjoy; nevertheleſs, I muſt except Religion, which every one here may adapt to his own Fancy. The Liberty therefore conſiſts only in the Equality of Conditions: But for a Boor to preſume to be ſaucy to a Burgher, to deſpiſe the Nobility, to cenſure his Maſters with Impunity, and to treat all Kings as Tyrants, ſeems to me to be a Liberty which favours very much of Libertiniſm. The *Germans* and the *French*, who are not uſed to ſuch Licentiouſneſs in their own Country, eaſily fall into it here, and 'tis really a Wonder to hear them in a Coffee-houſe, talking of Sovereigns, eſpecially when inſpir'd with a Holy Zeal, they plead for the Religion, which, ſay they, is every-where oppreſſed, except in the Dominions of the Calviniſts. They think every Government tyrannical which does not allow intire Liberty of Conſcience. 'Tis true that in this Country every one believes as he pleaſes: And here are Religions of every Kind which nevertheleſs tend to one

and

and the ſame Centre, *viz.* the acquiring of Riches, and the tormenting both of Body and Soul, to get an Eſtate, not to enjoy it, but to have the Pleaſure of dying Rich. Money, the Darling and the Idol of the whole World, is ſo adored in this City that it ſtands in the ſtead of Birth, Wit and Merit. A Man who has but a ſmall Share of the Favours of Fortune, is neglected almoſt everywhere; but here he is deſpiſed.

Next to thoſe of the prevailing Religion, the Catholics, among whom I include the Janſeniſts, are the moſt numerous: I have been told, they are above twenty thouſand. They have fourteen Churches, ſerved by different Orders of Friars, who as they die, the States have declared, ſhall be ſucceeded hereafter by none but the ſecular Prieſts who are Natives of the Country. They ſay, that this Reſolution was taken becauſe the Monks ſent the Money which they received for the Poor, to their Convent. What Ground there is for this Charge I know not; but be it as it will, who can be ſure that the Prieſts will not employ the Poors Money to enrich their own Families? The Catholics form a conſiderable Body in this State, both for their Number and their Wealth. It may be ſaid, that they are with the *Jews* (forgive me the Parallel) one of the chief Supports of its commerce; for as they cannot hold Offices, they are Merchants from Father to Son; tho' 'tis true, that among the Proteſtants who are in Offices, there are ſome who trade.

What I have now ſaid to you of our Clergy engages me to give you ſome Account of two Calviniſt Preachers here, who are very much eſteemed, and mightily followed by thoſe of their Communion. The one is M. *Alſtein*, a *German* Miniſter, who preaches in the Church called the *Chapel*

Chapel, a Man of exemplary Morals, who avoiding angry Diſputes, and bitter Invectives, preaches truly Chriſtian Morality which reaches to the Heart. He was Miniſter of the Garriſon of *Potſdam*, in the Dominions of *Pruſſia*, when he was called hither by the *German* Colony eſtabliſhed in this City. He is belov'd and eſteemed for his Modeſty, good Nature and Candour. This Teſtimony which I pay him of the Veneration and Eſteem I have for him, is perfectly agreeable with the Character given of him by the Voice of the Public.

The ſecond Preacher is M. *Châtelain* a *French* Miniſter, with whom I have no Acquaintance, but he has a very great Character, and I have heard him preach. It were to be wiſh'd, that all the Clergy (our Prieſts will ſuffer me not to forget them) had it as much at Heart as this Miniſter has, to inſtruct their Audiences, and that they would preach Morality, which is the Life of all Religions, becauſe it is founded upon Piety and Virtue. M. *Châtelain* was Miniſter at the *Hague*, when he was called to this City, where he has the Pleaſure of being as much eſteemed and follow'd by his Flock as he was by that which he left.

I have many other Things to acquaint you with, but upon my Word, I can write no more at preſent, my Pen falling out of my Hand. I ſhall reſume it however againſt next Poſt, not ſo much to tell you of *Amſterdam*, as to aſſure you that no body can be more intirely yours than I am, *&c.*

LETTER

LETTER LI.

SIR, *Amſterdam, Dec.* 7, 1732.

SINCE the Weather is ſet in for Froſt, I keep my Station upon the Ice, to ſee the People ſlide upon Skates; a favourite Exerciſe of the *Dutch*, in which they acquit themſelves with marvellous Dexterity. Theſe Skates are a very little ſmooth Piece of Wood, like a Weaver's Shuttle, except that the Part on which the Heel and the Sole of the Shoe reſt moſt, is a little broader. The Remainder of it is ſlender and crooked at the End, that the Iron which is underneath may the better cleave the Snow, and that they may with the more Eaſe ſurmount the Obſtacles and little Hillocks in the Ice, over which they paſs with great Rapidity, but not without Danger of breaking their Legs or Arms, and often of being drowned. The *Dutch* are leſs expoſed to theſe Inconveniencies than others, becauſe they are moſt expert in the Art; for they learn to skate when they can ſcarce go alone. This is rather the Diverſion of the common People, and of the luſty young Fellows, than of the Gentry, or of Men full grown. Theſe go in Sleds, after the Manner of our Country, which is what they call here *Narren*; *i. e.* to play the Fool: And indeed, to conſider it duly, I think 'tis a right Name for it.

The Place where I take the Air, is upon the River of *Amſtel*, without the Gate of *Utrecht*, where I ſee ſeveral Thouſands of People ſcudding along upon Skates ſo faſt that they ſeem to fly If one of theſe Skaters was to be ſeen in

Swiſſerland,

Swiſſerland, I know not whether he would not ſuffer the Fate of *Brioche*, the Puppet-ſhow Man whom the People of thoſe Cantons burned for a Conjurer.

Theſe Skaters are a great Relief to me; for to tell you a Secret, I am quite ſick of this City, which really is not a place for a Man to live in, that is not concerned in Trade; and a Foreigner eſpecially, knows not how to beſtow himſelf. He can find no where to go but to ſome ſorry Coffee-houſe, or melancholy Walk. In the one he is ſure to be *incenſed* with Tobacco, and ſtunned with wretched Commentaries upon News-Papers, or the Price of Pepper and Ginger; in the other he is as ſolitary as a Hermit. Their Comedies are but a poor Relief to ſuch as don't underſtand *Dutch*, which beſides is a Language that I think is not very fit for the Stage, any more than ours. I thought the Actors pitiful, and the Habits trifling, but the Decorations are fine, and the Theatre ſpacious and magnificent. I can't imagine why the Magiſtrates will not let *French* Comedies be acted in their City, where I think they would do more Good than Harm; for they would help to poliſh the Youth, and would undoubtedly keep them from that Temptation to Debauchery, to which Idleneſs, and the Difficulty of knowing where to ſpend the Evenings, naturally incline them. I heard *d'Argenſon*, the late Keeper of the Seals ſay, he had obſerved, while he was Lieutenant of the Police at *Paris*, that there were more Diſorders and Debaucheries committed in that City, during the Fortnight at *Eaſter*, when the Theatres were ſhut up, than were committed in four Months, while all Shews were kept open. I doubt not but it would be the ſame at *Amſterdam*, where there is a numerous Youth, for whom the Parents are blindly complaiſant,

and ready to kill the fatted Calf; ſo that being left to their own Devices, and having in general but few Maxims of Education, they run with the Stream of their Paſſions into all Extravagancies. Theſe young Fellows, who prefer the Exerciſe of driving a Chaiſe before all others, ſet up in the mean Time for fine Gentlemen; but how well they perform their Part, I leave you to think.

The Aſſemblies, or Societies, as they are here called, have nothing that is engaging. You ſee very fine Faces there, but not a Tongue moves, at leaſt to a Foreigner, the very Sight of whom ſeems to frighten them. Here they drink Tea, or play a Game at Ombre, or Quadrille, and afterwards go in queſt of a Supper.

Thoſe Societies, or Clubs, where there are no Ladies, are ſtill worſe. In theſe they ſmoke and drink in Abundance, talk of Trade or Politicks; and at ſuch times, woe be to thoſe Powers that have forbid the Importation of *Dutch* Toys into their Dominions. The only Remedy here againſt Chagrin, is Reading, of which a Man may have his Heartful; for *Amſterdam* is not only the Centre of the Bookſelling Trade, but here are Bookſellers, that are very ready to lend Books to ſuch, who, like myſelf, cannot be at the Charge of a Library. I divide my time between Reading, the Coffeehouſe, and taking the Air, the latter of which I uſe very moderately, one being obliged to go ſo far for it, that I think of it at leaſt four Times before I ſet out. The Canals, ſuch as the *Heers-Gracht*, and the *Keizers-Gracht*, are pleaſant Walks in the Town, becauſe they are planted with Trees; but they are indifferently paved. Upon theſe two Canals, live Perſons of the greateſt Diſtinction, or rather thoſe of the greateſt Wealth in the City.

One

One of the fineſt Walks in it is the Bridge, which joins the Rampart from one Side of the *Amſtel* to the other. 'Tis ſix hundred and ſixty Feet in Length, and ſeventy in Breadth; and here one enjoys an admirable Proſpect, which is the only one perhaps that can be compared with the View from *Pont-Royal* at *Paris*.

The Admiralty, with its Precinct, forms a little Town. 'Tis one of the Arſenals of the *Dutch* Navy. Here one actually ſees ſeventy Men of War, and Materials for Building a much greater Number. With the Leave of the *Venetians*, their Arſenal ſo much boaſted, is by no Means comparable to this, with regard to Naval Stores.

The Admiralty Office is ſo near the *India* Company's Warehouſe that I am tempted to give you ſome Account of a Houſe which contains ſuch a Treaſure. 'Tis a very great Structure of ſeveral Stories, diſtributed into divers Chambers, or Rooms, where there is a prodigious Quantity of all Manner of Spices, of which the moſt common Sort lie in Heaps as Corn does in our Granaries. There are alſo a great many other Things of Value, and in a Word, every Thing, be it ever ſo precious, that comes from the *Indies*. After I had walked about an Hour in this Warehouſe, I was, as it were, embalmed with the Odour of all the different Spices, which made my Head ake exceedingly, or elſe I ſhould have thought myſelf metamorphoſed into a Mummy; but jeſting apart, I fancy that were a Carcaſs to be depoſited in this Houſe, it would be free from Corruption. The *India* Company is properly a Republick, within the Republick itſelf. It arms, diſarms, raiſes and disbands Officers and Soldiers, without being accomptable to the State. It maintains a Governor in the *Indies*, who lives there with more Pomp and Grandeur than his Maſters

do here. As a *Neapolitan* Lady at *Madrid* wiſh'd *Philip* IV. *that he might one Day be Viceroy of* Naples, ſo it might be ſaid to a Director of the *Eaſt-India* Company, *I wiſh you may be one Day Governor of* Batavia.

I don't give you an Account of the Houſes of Correction, nor of the Hoſpitals, of which here are a great Number well founded, and well maintained, becauſe I have an extraordinary Antipathy to Priſons, and dread the very Name of an Hoſpital, to which however I perceive that I am making great Strides; but it will be time enough for me to give you an Account of thoſe Manſions, when I have fixed my Quarters there. A Deſcription of a Synagogue would not I believe be material to you, therefore I ſhall only acquaint you that here are two, one for the *Portugueſe Jews*, which is very fine, the other for the *German* Jews. They are both *Jews* alike, but differ in their Taſte and Sentiments. The *Portugueſe* Jews are the Handſomeſt of the two, for they ſhave their Beards, and ſome of them are very genteel. I was ſhow'd one the other Day, who was a ſmart young Fellow, and might have cut a Figure among the Petits-Maitres. I was told, that he had been educated in our Religion, and that he ſeemed to be fond of it; but being at *Paris*, in the Retinue of M. * * *, Ambaſſador of * * *, he ran away from that Miniſter's Service, and came to *Amſterdam*, where he turned as ſtaunch a *Jew* as if he had never heard the Name of Jeſus Chriſt.

Near the *Jews* Quarter there is the Garden of Simples. I am not Botaniſt enough to tell you what Plants it contains, but have been aſſured that 'tis one of the fineſt in *Europe* for foreign Plants, which, conſidering the great Trade that is carried on by the *Dutch*, is not improbable.

Where

When I have told you, that the publick Walk, which they call the *Plantation*, is near this Garden, and that it conſiſts of ſeveral fine Rows of Trees, one of which is cut out in the Shape of a Fan, I ſhall think that I have not omitted giving you the minuteſt of my Remarks on the Inſide of *Amſterdam*.

The Suburbs of this great City, in which 'tis ſaid there are about five hundred thouſand Souls, as many as are in *Naples*, are extremely populous. There are above eight hundred Wind-Mills continually at Work, in grinding Corn, or ſawing of Timber. On the other Side of the Harbour, there are ſeveral Villages, of which *Sardam* is the moſt conſiderable, not only for its Size, in which it ſurpaſſes many Towns, but for the Wealth of its Inhabitants, who are called Peaſants, and pretend to be nothing elſe, tho' I can't imagine why; for they trade and make a Figure here upon the Exchange, like the moſt ſubſtantial Merchants, and don't apply themſelves to Agriculture. I have been told, that there's above a thouſand Windmills at *Sardam*, always employed in ſawing of Timber, which would have been a rare Field for *Don Quixot* to have diſplay'd his Valour. That Neatneſs of which the *Dutch* are ſo fond, is cultivated to the greateſt Nicety in this Village; and the *Amſterdamers* themſelves cannot but own and admire it.

The Peaſants of *Sardam* dreſs more like the Citizens of *Amſterdam* than thoſe of the other Villages in theſe Parts do, whoſe Apparel is of a very extraordinary Faſhion. They wear monſtrous large Trowſers, wide enough to make ſome People a whole Suit. Under this Trowſer there is another Pair of Breeches, and perhaps a third, or elſe a Pair of Drawers; and to the two Pair of Breeches which are in Sight, they have ſolid Plate

Buttons bigger than a Crown-piece. They alſo wear four or five Waiſtcoats, one over the other, which are ſet ſo thick with ſilver Buttons that they perfectly touch one another. Over all this Cloathing they have a dark coloured Surtout or Doublet, which keeps them extremely right downward, and therefore all their Waſtcoats ride up ſo that they ſeem to have Breaſts like Women. Their Shoes are Seaman-like, or, with Reverence be it ſpoken, ſuch as are now worn by the *French* Petit Maitres. They have alſo ſilver Buckles, but ſo large that they are fitter for the Harneſs of Horſes than for Shoes. I aſſure you, that if the *Romans* had been dreſſed like theſe Peaſants, the *Carthaginians* would have taken a richer Booty in Silver Buttons than they did at the Battle of *Cannæ*, when they took that Heap of *Roman* Rings. The Women alſo wear a ſmall Equipage of Gold and Silver. They have gold Ear-pendants, a Bodkin of the ſame which faſtens their Caps, Chains about their Necks, in Form of Pearl Necklaces, great Rings, and in all this there's no Expence grudged.

The *Sardamers* are ſo very much wedded to their ancient Habit that a Father once refuſed to own his Son, becauſe having been for ſome Years in *France*, he came to wait on him upon the Exchange of *Amſterdam*, in a Suit of Cloaths bedawb'd with gold Lace. Young *Calf*, which was the Peaſant's Name, arriving at *Amſterdam* about Change-Time, went thither, ſuppoſing he ſhould find his Father there, in which he was not miſtaken, and he ran to embrace him, but the Father puſhing him away, ask'd him what he wanted, and told him that he did not think he had the Honour to be known to him, and that probably he was miſtaken in his Man. The Son's calling him Father ſignify'd nothing. Old *Calf* being inexorable, interrupted him, ſaying, *I your Fa-*

Father! have but one Son, who is ſuch a Peaſant as I am, and not a Lord as you ſeem to be. The young Fellow perceived that his Father took Umbrage at his Dreſs; therefore he went to a public Houſe, ſent for Cloaths after the *Sardam* Mode, and having thus equipped himſelf, went upon the Exchange next Day, where his Father received him with all the Tokens of the moſt endearing Tenderneſs. After that Day, young *Calf*, who went in *France* by the Name of *de Veau*, (which is the Signification of his Name tranſlated into *French*) always continued to dreſs in this Manner. This gave Occaſion ſome Years ago to a very pleaſant Adventure. A *Frenchman* who had known M. *Calf* at *Paris* by the Name of *de Veau*, coming to *Amſterdam*, enquired every where for M. *de Veau*, who he ſaid was a very rich Nobleman, of high Rank, as he gueſſed by his Train of Attendants. It was a long Time before he could hear any Tidings of him, becauſe few People knew that young *Calf* had frenchify'd his name in foreign Countries. At length a *Frenchman*, who was ſetled at *Amſterdam*, offered the *Pariſian* to find out his Friend for him. For this Purpoſe he carried him to the Exchange, and pointing to M. *Calf*, *Stop*, ſaid he to him, *There's the Man you are looking for.* The *Frenchman*, who did not know M. *de Veau* in his Country Garb, thought that his Guide bantered him. *Parbleu Monſ.* ſaid he, *I told you plain enough, that the Perſon I want is a Nobleman, and not a Peaſant.* M. *Calf* hearing the Foreigner ſpeak, and knowing him at firſt Sight, went up to him, and welcomed him upon his Arrival in *Holland.* The *Frenchman* knew him inſtantly by his Voice, but thought himſelf in a Trance, becauſe he could not imagine how 'twas poſſible for a Perſon whom he had known a Nobleman in *France*, to be a Peaſant in *Holland.*

M. *Calf* explained the Myſtery of it to him however, as far as was convenient, conſidering the Place where they were, and deſired his Company to *Sardam*. The *Frenchman* went accordingly, and when he came thither, 'twas a freſh Matter of Surpriſe to him to ſee the Peaſant had the Houſe and Furniture of a Nobleman. M. *Calf* ſhew'd him, that tho' he had laid aſide the Grab, he had not renounced the Politneſs of the *French*, entertained him with good Cheer, for ſeveral Days, and then ſent him back highly delighted to *Amſterdam*.

The Village of *Sardam* being in North *Holland*, I cannot avoid giving you ſome Account of this Nook of that Province. Here is a perfect Miſcellany of Meadows, Canals, Country Houſes, Gardens, great Villages and good Towns, an Uniformity of Beauties, which is only diſagreeable by being continued. He that ſees one Town or Houſe, ſees all, and ſo of the reſt. The principal Towns of this Canton are *Horne*, *Alcmaer* and *Enckhuyſen*, which are all built with the ſame Neatneſs, but have nothing of Magnificence belonging to them, except it be the Walks at their Gates. All theſe Places are ſo deſerted that it would take up the *Emigrants* of three or four Biſhopricks to people them. Their Trade decays, *Amſterdam* being the Loadſtone that draws all to it. This Part of the Province of *Holland* is very much infeſted with Worms which eat into the very Stakes of the Dikes. The People are in Hopes that the Froſt will kill them, and put an End to a Calamity which is one of the worſt that can befal this Country. 'Tis not certain how theſe Inſects breed, nor whether it be in the Sea, or in the Timber itſelf: One would imagine from ſome little external Specks of the infeſted Stakes, theſe Worms muſt breed in the Sea

Sea, and from thence make their Way into the Wood, no bigger than Needles, after which, they grow as big as the Silkworm, and gnaw the Inside of the Timber, in such a Manner that it looks like a Honey Comb. The Spoil they make is said to be in those Parts only of the Stake which are under Water. The Damage they have done to the Dykes is very considerable, and has so very much alarmed the States that they have prohibited Plays, *&c.* at the *Hague*, and ordered public Prayers. A great many People pretend that this Province was visited by such a Scourge, fifty or sixty Years ago, and that it was delivered from it by a Sort of Fish, that have never been seen since, which devoured all those Worms. Others treat this as a Fable, and say, that such Insects were never known, much less the Fish by which they were devoured. Be this as it will, several Treatises will shortly be published, to shew the Origin, Nature and Progress of the present Species of Worms. If I am not mistaken, these Books will point out the Method, and the Remedies proper for destroying them; and if any of 'em are printed before I depart this Country, I will not fail to send them to you.

For the rest, I cannot say that I have had any other Satisfaction in my Tour to North *Holland* than the Gratification of Sight; for Company does not seem to be the Taste of the Country. I never stirred out but every body took me for a very odd kind of a Man: Yet I am no Petit Maitre, nor is there any Thing uncommon in my Make. The Sex in this out-of-the-way Country is very handsome, and here are Country Lasses who have a delicate Complexion, not inferior to the finest Ladies. These Sylvan Beauties are generally Fair, and have such

a languiſhing Look that I gueſs they would not prove unkind to any young Faun that courted them. For my own Part, who am too far advanced in Years to attempt an Intrigue with 'em, I content myſelf with admiring theſe beautiful Nymphs, whoſe Favours would perhaps rather mortify than gratify me, and which in either Caſe, I ſhould not prefer to the Honour of your Friendſhip; a Thing to me of Price inеſtimable. Of this I beg the Continuance, and flatter myſelf, that I deſerve it by the Attachment with which I am, *&c.*

LETTER LII.

SIR, *Helvoetſluys, Feb.* 2, 1733.

BEING detained in this Port by Winds that have for theſe ſix Days obſtinately oppoſed my Paſſage to *England*, without any Proſpect of their changing, I am at full Leiſure to inform you of ſuch Things as I have ſeen ſince the laſt Letter that I had the Honour to write to you from *Amſterdam.*

I was carried from that City in the Boat in leſs than three Hours to HARLEM, the ſecond of thoſe Towns that have a Right to ſend Deputies to the Aſſembly of the States of the Province. It was for a long Time the Rival of *Amſterdam*, and actually at War with it, but could not hinder its Aggrandiſement. While thoſe Provinces fought for their Liberty, *Harlem* was beſieged, taken and plunder'd by the *Spaniards*, againſt whom the very Women bore Arms. In 1559, Pope *Paul* IV. erected this Town into a Biſhoprick

prick, but it never had more than two Biſhops. The Splendour of it is owing to its Manufactures, which conſiſt of Silk-Stuffs, Cambrics, ſtrip'd Dimities, and thread Stockings. Its Whitſters alſo bring a great Revenue to this Town. The Floriſts cannot fail of being agreeably amuſed here, by reaſon of Flowers of ſuch Beauty that I have been aſſured, a Tulip Root has been ſold there for fourteen hundred Florins. But the greateſt Honour of *Harlem* is to have given Birth to *Laurence Coſter*, the Inventor of Printing. I am not ignorant that *Mentz* diſputes with *Harlem* for the Honour of that Invention; but this being a Controverſy which 'tis none of my Province to determine, I ſincerely believe, when I am at *Harlem*, that *Coſter* is the Inventor of this wonderful Art, provided I may be at Liberty to believe the contrary when I am at *Mentz*, and to be uncertain of the Matter every where elſe. *Coſter*'s Houſe is to be ſeen here with the following Inſcription placed over the Gate, which denotes, that *Printing*, the BEST Art for perpetuating the other Arts, was firſt invented here about *Anno* 1440.

MEMORIÆ SACRUM.
TYPOGRAPHIA,
ARS ARTIUM OPTIMA,
CONSERVATRIX,
HIC PRIMUM INVENTA
CIRCA ANNUM MCCCCXL.

In order to reconcile the two Towns, I believe it might be granted, that *Coſter* invented the Art of Cutting in Wood, which was formerly made uſe of, and that *John Fauſtus* of *Mentz* invented the Characters of Metal, that are uſed now. By this Means the two Parties will have equal

equal Share in the Glory of the Invention, which after all is diſputed with them by the *Chineſe*, who prove that the Art of Printing was known to them two thouſand Years ago.

As I walked about in *Harlem*, my Guide bid me look at certain Cambric Cockades trimm'd with Lace, which were tied to ſome of the Doors. He told me, that this was to ſhow that the Woman of the Houſe was in Childbed; which procures the Husband a Protection, ſo that he cannot be arreſted during ſix Weeks that his Wife is ſuppoſed to lye in. What was the Occaſion of the Grant of this Privilege, I could not learn, nor by what Prince it was granted.

The Walks of *Harlem*, eſpecially that in the Wood, which is at the Gates of the Town, would be charming, if they were not ſo ſandy. On the other hand, the Canal which leads from this Town to *Leyden*, is one of the moſt diſagreeable in the Province, there being ſcarce any Thing upon its Banks but Meadows and Downs.

LEYDEN is one of the largeſt and fineſt Cities in the Country. It has been ſubject, as all ſublunary Things are, to great Revolutions and Misfortunes. The *Spaniards* beſieged it in 1573, and as they deſpaired of taking it by Force, they intended to reduce it by Famine. The Inhabitants were drove to the utmoſt Miſery, till they pierced the Dykes of the *Maeſe*, and the *Iſſel*, by which Means all the great Meadows about *Leyden* became a perfect Sea of Water, and the *Spaniards*, in Danger of periſhing, raiſed the Siege: And the 3d of *October* is annually obſerved with Rejoycings in Memory of the Deliverance of the Town upon that Day of the Month.

The great Church dedicated to St. *Peter* is one of the fineſt Structures in *Holland*. The Roof is ſupported by three Rows of tall Pillars.

All

All the other Buildings are neat, the Streets broad and airy, and a great many have Canals. 'Tis pity but this Town had a greater Number of Inhabitants, who had Eſtates to live upon; for it ſwarms with the meaner Sort of People, all Carders of Wool, or Makers of Cloth, who are not very well to paſs, the Manufactures being very much decay'd, ſince the Importation of Cloth from *Holland* has been prohibited by ſome of its neighbouring States.

The Univerſity ſeems to be in a more thriving Way. There are actually three great Men for Profeſſors, *Vitriarius* for the Civil Law, *Boerhaave* for Phyſic, and *s'Graveſande* for the Mathematics. The firſt is a Gentleman of ſo much Learning, and has ſo happy a Way of expreſſing himſelf, that he draws all the young Nobility of *Bohemia* and *Auſtria* to *Leyden*. Of all the Proteſtant Univerſities, thoſe of *England* excepted, I know of none where the Students are more regular and retir'd than they are at *Leyden*: Nor is there any Place more proper for Students, who are at the Fountain of Literature, and may live here how they pleaſe, without being obliged to Profuſion: For the Students here don't value themſelves upon the Richneſs of their Cloaths, as they do in *Germany*; and many of them ſeldom put off their Morning Gowns, which is alſo the favourite Dreſs of the Burghers; ſo that the firſt Time I came thro' this City, I really thought there had been ſome epidemical Diſeaſe in it. For all the People appearing in the Streets in an Undreſs, look like ſo many Patients. The famous Chamber of Anatomy has been ſo much deſcrib'd that I forbear to ſpeak of it. The Catholics have Churches here, up one Pair of Stairs, as they have in all the Towns of the Seven Provinces. Some of theſe are very rich, and of good Families.

The

The Paſſage from *Leyden* to the *Hague*, whether by Land, or by the Canal, is equally pleaſant, on account of the beautiful Country Seats, and fine Gardens, that are to be ſeen, which way ſoever you look; ſo that theſe three Leagues ſeem as nothing at all. The HAGUE, which is called a Village, becauſe 'tis not incloſed, and ſends no Deputies to the Aſſembly of the States of the Province, is nevertheleſs a better Place than many great Cities which have that Privilege, and is certainly one of the fineſt in *Europe*. The States General, as well as thoſe of this Province, aſſemble here, and 'tis the Place of Reſidence for the Foreign Miniſters. Heretofore the Counts of *Holland* lived here. Since the Eſtabliſhment of the Republic, the Stadtholders have kept their Court here, and the *Hague*, as much a Village as it is, may be reckoned for the Capital of the whole United Provinces. The Inhabitants are more genteel, more ſociable, and in every reſpect more converſable than in the other Parts of *Holland*. The Nobiltty here are eſteemed, and Merit does not go for nothing. The Ladies have a good Air, and dreſs well, and have ſomething more engaging than meer Beauty.

The Houſes are more ſpacious and better built, tho' perhaps not ſo magnificent as thoſe at *Amſterdam*; and here are ſome Palaces with Gardens.

The Palace which they call *the Court*, was anciently the Reſidence of its Sovereigns, and afterwards of the Stadtholders. This is a great Fabric conſiſting of ſeveral Structures which form a very irregular Tower. There meet the States General, the Council of State, the States of *Holland*, the Council of Nobles, and that of the *Gecommitteerde Raden*, or Deputy Counſellors of the Province. Their High Mightineſſes hold their Conferences in two large magnificent

nificent Rooms, one of which is called the *Chamber of the Truce*, becauſe the Truce for twelve Years was there concluded with *Spain*. 'Tis in this Chamber that the States give Audience to the Foreign Miniſters. There is alſo another great Room in the Palace, in which are hung up all the Colours and Standards taken from the Enemies of the Republic. Adjoining to the *Court*, is the Palace or Hotel for lodging the Ambaſſadors during the three Days that the State defrays their Expence. It was built by Prince *Maurice* of *Naſſau*, after he returned from his Government of *Braſil*, and he adorned it with all the Rarities that are the Production of the *Indies*. But all theſe Things, as well as the Palace, were conſumed by the Flames in 1707, on the very Day that the Duke of *Marlborough* ſet out for the Army. Nevertheleſs, as only the Timber Work was burnt, ſome Private Perſons who had a Mortgage upon this Houſe, afterwards cauſed it to be rebuilt as it now ſtands, which tho' 'tis not very large, yet makes a good Appearance.

The Palace of the *old Court* belonging to the King of *Pruſſia*, becauſe it fell to *Frederic* I. by Inheritance from King *William* III. is a large Pile of Building, at the Bottom of a Court, formed by two advanced Wings which are ſupported by high Arches, and joined together by an Iron Baluſtrade which ſeparates the Court from the Street. The Apartments are large and commodious, and there's a very fine Hall adorned with Paintings by good Hands. To this Palace there is a large Garden which was very much embelliſhed by the late King of *Pruſſia*, who gave Leave for all People of Faſhion to ſee it; but 'tis now neglected. The King's Miniſter, and the * Count *de Hompeſch*, General of the States Cavalry, have Lodgings there. I could name ſeveral other

* He is ſince dead.

Houſes

Houſes of Conſequence to you, which I paſs over in Silence, for fear of ſwelling my Letter with Things that are needleſs.

The Situation of the *Hague* is very different from that of the other Towns of this Province, and in its Neighbourhood there's every Thing that forms a fine Landskip. Every Inlet into the Place is by fine Avenues paved with Bricks. There is not a better Road than that which leads to *Scheveling*, a Village on the Sea Shore, a League from the *Hague*. 'Tis a ſtrait Walk cut out of the Downs, and incloſed by double Rows of Trees interſperſed with Pyramids of Yews. The *Delft* Road, and that which leads to *Looſduinen*, one or two Leagues from the *Hague*, are alſo very beautiful. In ſhort, go which way one will, we always find charming Walks, and even within the Town there are ſome that are very agreeable. That called the *Voorhout* is the moſt frequented, it being the Ring for the Coaches. There's a great Walk in the Middle, well gravelled and railed in, where in all the Summer Evenings there's very fine Company. 'Twas *Charles* V. that embelliſhed the *Hague* with this Walk. It has occaſion'd ſeveral Diſputes between Ambaſſadors about Precedence; but the moſt remarkable that ever happened was that between M. *de Thou*, the *French* Ambaſſador, and M. *de Gamarre*, the Ambaſſador of *Spain*. Theſe two Miniſters were taking the Air, each in his Coach and Six, when they met full Butt, and neither would give Way, ſo that their Domeſtics were juſt going to Boxing, when ſome Gentlemen of the Aſſembly of the States who ſaw what gave Occaſion to the Diſpute, offered the Ambaſſadors their Mediation, and propoſed to both of 'em to return back at that very Inſtant by the ſame Way they came. M. *de Gamarre* was very ready to comply with any Propoſal,

Propoſal, but M. *de. Thou* refuſed every one, and would by no Means admit of an Equality betwixt himſelf and the Ambaſſador of *Spain*. The Gentlemen of the Aſſembly of the States being by this Time reinforced by ſeveral others, all equally deſirous to pacify the Diſputants, M. *de Beverwert*, the firſt of the Nobles of the Province of *Holland*, after having ſpent no leſs than four Hours in Debates and Conferences to no Purpoſe, ſeeing M. *de Thou* obſtinately bent in demanding a free Paſſage, propoſed at laſt to M. *de Gamarre*, to drive off acroſs the Ring; and for doing this with the better Grace, he offered that there ſhould be two Openings made in the Ring, by which Means, ſaid he, his Excellency would have the Rail opened to him, and the Honour of the Right-hand. The *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador accepted of the Propoſal, and thereby ended a Diſpute, which, had it not been for the Wiſdom and Care of the States, might have been attended with fatal Conſequences. Both Parties pleaſed themſelves with the Fancy that they had gained *the vain Honours of Precedency*; a trifling Advantage indeed, tho' in ſhort, if there were any Advantage to boaſt of, it was with the Ambaſſador of *France*, becauſe he obtained the Liberty of his Paſſage, which was all he demanded, and he finiſhed his Carrier, while the *Spaniard* returned Home, perhaps becauſe they had diſputed ſo long till Night overtook them.

The *French*, who were always very jealous of Precedency, have had the moſt Diſputes about this Matter. The Count *d' Eſtrades*, the Ambaſſador of *Lewis* XIV. had one in this ſame *Voorhout*, with the Prince of *Orange*, afterwards King of *Great Britain*. Their Coaches happened to meet and each of 'em aiming at the Poſt of Honour, they ſtopped over againſt one another. The

Ambaſſador's

Ambaſſador's Servants ran from his Lodgings, and were joined by all his Friends, but he forbad them to proceed to Violence, for fear of the Misfortune which would infallibly have happened, and would have been very great, by reaſon of the Concourſe of People that flock'd together for the Prince. The Penſionary being informed of it, haſtned to the Spot, to prevent any Diſorder, and the Ambaſſador ſeeing him coming, ſaid to him, *I know not what the Prince's People mean, I was ignorant till now, that the High and Mighty States had a Sovereign* (implying that the Ambaſſadors only give Way to Sovereigns.) He ſent at the ſame time to the Princeſs Dowager of *Orange*, to know whether the Prince's Governor was not more to blame for this Miſconduct, than the Prince himſelf: She anſwered, that 'twas the King of *England*'s Buſineſs to concern himſelf in the Affair; for ſhe imagin'd, that his *Britannic* Majeſty was bound in Intereſt to ſupport the Dignity of his Nephew's Rank. Nevertheleſs, ſhe follow'd the Advice of the Penſionary, and went into the Walk that was between the Rails. The Prince her Son alighted to ſhew his Reſpect for her, and made his Coach turn about, ſo that the Ambaſſadors paſſed into the Rank which he claimed to be due to him. This Miniſter pretended that the Prince's Anceſtors never had Precedence of the Ambaſſadors; that on the contrary, they went a League from the *Hague* to receive them on the part of the States; inſomuch that *Frederic-Henry* the Prince's Grandfather, tho' upon Pretence of the Gout, he excuſed himſelf from the Ceremony, yet he did not take the firſt Place. *Charles* II. might perhaps murmur at it, but being ſold to *France*, he did not ſtand up for his Nephew's Intereſts.

Since

Since I am upon the Article of Ambaſſadors, I will now give an Account of ſuch Foreign Miniſters as reſide at the *Hague*.

M. *de Fenelon*, Brigadier of the *French* King's Armies, is his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty's Ambaſſador to the States General. This Miniſter is Nephew to the Great *Fenelon*, Archbiſhop of *Cambray*. He is eſteemed for his Modeſty, his Candour, and for the Order he keeps in his Family. His Expence is not very conſiderable, and appears much leſs than it is to the Inhabitants of the *Hague*, who have not forgot what was ſpent among them by my Lord *Cheſterfield*, Ambaſſador from *Great Britain*, one of the moſt ſumptuous Noblemen in *England*, who was perfectly adored by the common People, and whoſe Abſence is regretted by all Perſons of Diſtinction.

The Count *de Sinzendorff*, the Emperor's Plenipotentiary, has a great Eſtate in the Hereditary Dominions. He is Son-in-Law to the Great *Sinzendorf*, Chancellor of the Imperial Court, which is the reaſon that he began very young to diſplay his Talents for Buſineſs. He has been ſo ſucceſsful as to re-eſtabliſh the good Harmony between the Republic and the Emperor, which was violated by the Eſtabliſhment of the *Oſtend* Company, and to get the *Pragmatic Sanction* guaranteed by their * High Mightineſſes. The

* This Miniſter was ſucceeded in 1734, by the Count *d'Uhlefeld*, Son to the Lady who has the chief Direction of the Houſhold to the Archduteheſs, Governeſs of the *Auſtrian Netherlands*. He is come to a Poſt which was ſo well fill'd before, in a very difficult Juncture, which has given him an Opportunity to diſcover the great Talents he has for Negotiation. As his Family is one of the beſt regulated, ſo it may be ſaid to be one of the moſt magnificent. The Count *de Sinzendorff* died ſuddenly about the End of *September* 1734, at the Seat of the Count *d' Aſperen*, at the very Inſtant when he was preparing to return to *Vienna*.

The Count *de Golofskin* is Plenipotentiary Miniſter of *Ruſſia*, which Employment he fills with the general Approbation of all that know him. He is as civil and courteous as the Climate in which he was born is ſharp. He paſſed his Youth at *Berlin*, and performed his Exerciſes at the Academy founded by the late King *Frederic* I. He was afterwards ſeveral Years Envoy Extraordinary from the late Czar *Peter the Great*, and from the late Empreſs *Catherine* to the Court of *Pruſſia*; from which Court the preſent Empreſs *Anne* ſent him in Quality of her Ambaſſador to that of *France*: And now he has the Management of his Sovereigns Affairs with the States General. He is eſteemed for his Sagacity and good Nature. While he reſided at *Berlin*, he there married the Daughter of the late Count *Feraſſier de Dhona*, who unhappily loſt his Life in the Affair of *Denain*, where he acted as Lieutenant General of the Infantry in the Service of the States. She is a Lady whoſe Virtue commands Reſpect, and ſhe has the moſt charming Family that is to be ſeen.

M. *de Maſch*, Envoy from the King of *Pruſſia*, is a very fit Perſon to manage the Intereſts of the King his Maſter in this Country, where a Miniſter ought to be civil and popular. The late King appointed him Governor to the Princes of *Brandenbourg Culmbach*, the eldeſt of whom is actually the Prince Regent of *Bareith*. M. *de Maſch* has inſpired thoſe Princes with ſuch Sentiments as do him Honour. He was a Privy Counſellor of the Regency of *Cleves*, when the King ſent him into this Country, where he has been ſo happy as to put an End to the long Diſputes that had ſubſiſted * between his *Pruſſian* Majeſty, and the Prince of *Naſſau Orange*, concerning the Succeſſion to the Eſtate of the late King *William* III.

M

* Theſe Differences were indeed adjuſted during the Time that M. *de Maſch* reſided here with a Miniſterial Character

M. *de Broſſe*, a *Frenchman* by Birth, manages Affairs here for the * King of *Poland*, in whoſe Service he is a Major General. He has acquired very great Eſteem, owing to his Talents, his Politeneſs, and his fine Underſtanding. He obſerves great Decorum in his Family; nevertheleſs, he makes a grand Appearance.

M. *de Sporc*, Miniſter here from the King of *Great Britain* as Elector of *Brunſwic Lunenbourg* is a Gentleman of good Extraction. He came very young into Buſineſs, and as he is on the Spot to take for his Pattern his Father-in-Law the Grand Penſionary of *Holland*, one of the wiſeſt Miniſters of his Time, 'tis to be preſumed he will make a great Progreſs. He lives as grand as moſt Envoys. His Lady is very well behaved, and does the Honours of her Family to Perfection.

I am not acquainted with the Envoys of † *Sweden* and ** *Denmark*. M. *d'Ayrolles* takes Care of the

Character, but he had no Hand in the Accommodation, it being negotiated only by M. *Luiſcius* the King's Reſident, and M. *Duncan*, the Prince of *Orange*'s Priy-Counſellor, or Major-Domo.

* Upon the Death of the King of *Poland* he was confirmed by the new Elector of *Saxony*.

† M. *Preys*. He has reſided at the *Hague* for ſeveral Years, and was here during the Time of the Ambaſſador *Palmquiſt* whom he ſucceeded. He is a Miniſter of conſummate Knowledge in Affairs, and is conſulted by others of a more modern Standing both with Pleaſure and Profit.

** M. *Greys* has for ſeveral Years had the Care, as Envoy Extraordinary, of the King of *Denmark*'s Intereſts with the States General. He was bred up to be a Miniſter at the Altar, but had more Inclination to be a Miniſter of the Cabinet, in which he ſucceeded, and very much eſteem'd, but ſees very little Company.

the Intereſts of the King of *Great Britain*, and acquits himſelf like a Gentleman of long Experience in Buſineſs.

Don *Lewis d' Acunha*, the Plenipotentiary Miniſter of the King of *Portugal*, has been for a long Time truſted with the moſt important Embaſſies. He was his Majeſty's ſecond Ambaſſador at the Congreſs of *Utrecht*, which Employment he afterwards had in *England*, than in *France*, and now again here, where he makes a Figure worthy of his Character. He has the Reputation of being an able Negociator, and a crafty Politician. He is very polite, is fond of Grandeur, and when he was younger, was no Enemy to Gallantry.

Thus, Sir, I have given you an Account of moſt of the Foreign Miniſters who reſide at the *Hague*. Thoſe of the States are not many. M. *de Slingeland* the Grand Penſionary is at the Head of 'em. The conſummate Wiſdom of this Miniſter, who is grown grey in the Direction of the Secrets of this State, is acknowledged univerſally. The Republic deems him as one of its principal Pillars, and *Europe* ranks him amongſt its greateſt Miniſters. He was heretofore Secretary of the Council of State, when the *Hague* was what *Rome* was formerly under a *Sixtus* V. the Centre of Politics. He ſucceeded the late M. *Hoornbeck* in the Office which he now holds, and exerciſes this painful Employment with univerſal Approbation. Tho' he is well ſtricken in Years, and very much troubled with the Gout, he gives Application to Buſineſs. *

His ſecond is the *Greffier Fagel*, one of the greateſt Genius's of the State, who is to be reverenced for his great Age, and reſpected for his Virtue, for his Learning, his Candour, and for that

* This able Miniſter died in *December* 1736.

that noble Freedom which accompanies his Words and his Actions. Being a Lover of Learning, he has a Liberary, which is a moſt learned Collection; and a Cabinet of Medals, and of the moſt rare antique Stones. His Houſe is adorned with Pictures, done by the moſt able Maſters, with Veſſels, Urns, and all the moſt precious Things which Antiquity has left, of which there is nothing but what he takes a Pleaſure to ſhow to the curious Connoiſſeurs. 'Tis pity that this Miniſter, who has every Quality for which the greateſt Men are reverenced, cannot live for ever.

'Tis certain that the *Hague* contains a vaſt Number of worthy Perſons of both Sexes, and this State may boaſt of having as great a Number of Subjects of known Probity as any other Country perhapsin the World. Were I to name them all to you, Sir, it would be attempting a Work above my Capacity, and require a Volume. I may hereafter give you an Account of ſuch only as make the greateſt Figure at the *Hague*, either on Account of their Employments, or their Birth.

The *Hague* is the beſt Place in *Europe* for a Foreigner to make a good Acquaintance, with the greateſt Eaſe, becauſe of the many Societies or Aſſemblies, publick Spectacles and Walks. If a Perſon appears ever ſo little in Public, he is preſently known. The Houſes that are moſt open to Company, and where the moſt diſtinguiſhed Perſons of both Sexes at this Place are to be ſeen, are thoſe of my Lady *Albemarle*, M. *de Keppel*, and the Count *de Welderen*. My Lady is Dowager to the Earl of *Albemarle*, General of the *Dutch* Infantry, Colonel of the *Swiſs*, Governor of *Tournay*, and Knight of the Order of the Garter. He was of the *Keppel* Family, which has for a long Time been diſtinguiſhed in theſe Provinces. He had been Page to the Prince of *Orange*, who when he came to be King of *Great Britain*,

Britain, created him a Peer of *England*, with the Title of an Earl. He heaped Wealth and Honours upon him, and it may be ſaid, that my Lord *Albemarle*, and my Lord *Portland*, were two Noblemen for whom *William* III. always profeſſed the higheſt Eſteem. My Lord *Albemarle* maintained himſelf in Favour by his Aſſiduity, his Complacency, by a Fund of real Merit, and by his Care not to ask any Thing, but to leave every Thing to the King's voluntary Grace and Favour. This Nobleman has left a Son who has a Regiment in *England*. The Lady his Dowager is the Siſter of Meſſieurs *Vander Duin*, Nobles of this Province. She lives in a very decent Manner, and is always conſidered as the firſt Lady of the *Hague*.

* M. *de Keppel*, the Brother of the late Earl of *Albemarle*, is a Lieutenant General in the Service of the State, and Colonel of a Regiment of Horſe. He was for ſome Time Envoy Extraordinary from their High Mightineſſes to the Court of *Pruſſia*. He lives very grand at the *Hague*, his Behaviour is is extremely noble, and his Family will always bear a good Character in all the Countries of the World. Madame *de Keppel*, heretofore *Welderen*, does the Honours of it with all the Care poſſible, and ſhe is extremely valued and eſteemed. Her Son the Count *de Welderen*, Deputy of the Province of *Guelderland*, to the States General, is not in-

* M. *de Keppel* married the Widow of the late Count *de Welderen*, one of the greateſt Men of this Republic, who left three Sons and five Daughters, that are the Ornament of the Nobility of *Guelderland*, and the Darlings of the *Hague*, where Foreigners have an eaſy and agreeable Acceſs to this Lady's Houſe. M. *de Keppel* one of the fineſt Gentlemen of his Time, and one of the braveſt Officers of the State, died in 1733, leaving only one Son who is an Officer in the Horſe Guards.

inferior to her in Politeneſs. He was very young when he was admitted a Member of the State in the room of his Father, and was ſoon after appointed Ambaſſador to *England*, in order to congratulate their *Britannic* Majeſties on their Acceſſion to the Throne. His Expence in *England* was very ſplendid, but the *Engliſh* did not ſo much mind the young Ambaſſador's Magnificence as his prudent Conduct. He brought back with him the Applauſes of their Majeſties and the Court of *England*, the Eſteem of honeſt Men, and the Affection of the Citizens of *London*. At his return to the *Hague*, the Count *de Welderen* reſumed his Seat in the Aſſembly of the States General. He lives ſtill in a grand Manner, and his Houſe is one of the gayeſt in the Country. He has a younger Brother a Member of the Council of State, (they call him the *Waldgrave*) who is a young Gentleman of great Merit.

My Lady *Cadogan*, the Dowager of my Lord *Cadogan*, a truſty Friend of the late Duke of *Marlborough*, and his Succeſſor in his Employments, keeps an Aſſembly every *Sunday* Night. She is Mother to the Dutcheſs of *Richmond*, who is look'd upon at the Court of *England*, as one of its Ornaments; and ſhe has another Daughter, *viz.* my Lady *Margaret*, one of the moſt amiable Ladies at the *Hague*.

The Counteſs *de Wartemberg*, the Dowager of the Prime Miniſter of *Frederic* I. King of *Pruſſia* lives retired at the *Hague*, much after the ſame Manner as the Dutcheſs of *Mazarine* did at *London*. She turns Night into Day, and Day into Night. Her Houſe is open to all Foreigners, and there is very great * Play. But ſhe is not ſo

* The good Lady died of the Small Pox in 1735. in a very advanced Age. Tho' ſhe had made a Profeſſion of

fond as the Dutcheſs of *Mazarine* was, of Pieces of Wit, and Men of Learning. If a St. *Evremond* wrote or ſaid ever ſuch good Things, I believe ſhe would always give the Preference to a young *Alcides*.

By

of Devotion for a certain Time, ſhe had not intirely loſt her Taſte for Gallantry, in which ſhe certainly outſtripped the Lady *Mazarine*; for ſhe declared herſelf, that it would be more eaſy to number the Shells upon the Shore at *Scheveling*, than her Adventures of Gallantry. She never miſſed her Aim but at one Man, and that was King *Auguſtus*. She did all ſhe could to engage his Careſſes, if not his Affection, but without Succeſs; and every body knows the Adventure of my Lord *Raby*, who having an Amour with the Counteſs at *Berlin*, ſurprized her with King *Auguſtus* ſtriving to get looſe from her cloſe Embraces. Nor is this a Wonder; for tho' the King of *Poland* did not want Gallantry, yet he was for a Woman of ſome Politeneſs, of which the Counteſs had no Share; for being the Daughter of a Waterman at *Emmeris*, ſhe had not the compleateſt Education. She had Beauty indeed, but was in every other reſpect a coarſe Lady. Nevertheleſs, during her Reſidence at the *Hague*, the Youth who had nothing elſe to employ their Time, conſtantly reſorted to her Houſe, and among theſe, ſhe had always ſome favourite Spark. Every body knows her Intrigues with the famous Count *de F*———; and her laſt Will and Teſtament has render'd ſeveral others immortal. You will be ſurprized to know the End of this Woman, who had been ſo much talked of, who had regaled ſo many People in her Time, and to whom every body had eaſy Acceſs. She dies, is immediately removed out of her Chamber, and put into a Coffin in the Entry of her Houſe, which is ſealed up, and ſhe is interred without one of her ungrateful Favourites vouchſafing to attend her Funeral, or indeed any body but the Bearers, and a few Neighbours, who were inſulted by the Mob.

By the Account I have now given you of the Families, you perceive, Sir, that here are ſo many that a Man can't be at a Loſs where to go. There is not a Day but ſome Aſſembly is held here at one Houſe or another alternatively. There are no Plays performed here for the preſent, they being, as I think I have told you, prohibited by the States, by reaſon of the Worms that infeſt the Dykes upon the Sea Coaſts of this Province. The Comedians continue here nevertheleſs, and there is an Opera which a *Hebrew* Anti-Comedian has ſent for from *Paris*, on Purpoſe to ruin the Comedy, when the Theatres are open. On the other Hand, an Anabaptiſt, a zealous Man for the Comedy, rather than that the Opera and its Protector ſhould triumph, ſtands up ſtiffly for the Comedy. All the People at the *Hague* are Parties in this great Quarrel; but 'tis my Opinion, that in order to reconcile them, the States will permit neither the one nor the other. This Schiſm would be a very copious Subject for exerciſing the Pens of the Writers of Comedy, and I am ſurpriſed that ſome Wit or other does not regale the Publick with their Thoughts upon it, the rather becauſe they are not here in any Danger of Perſecution from the Lieutenant of the Police.*

You will no doubt think it a Phænomenon to find that a Hebrew, whom in *Germany* we treat with a Sort of Diſdain, which perhaps is

* The Iſſue of this Diſpute betwixt the Jew and the Anabaptiſt has been, that the latter has loſt the Day, the Comedians being gone. The victorious Jew has hit upon an Expedient to metamorphoſe his future Opera into a public Concert which he gives every Monday in the Afternoon, were one ſees all the People of Faſhion of both Sexes, and there they ſing Opera Acts, and the fineſt *French* Cantatas.

neither very Generous, nor very Chriſtian, ſhould concern himſelf in the Spectacles, and preſume to force an intire Town to conform to his Taſte; but you are to know, Sir, that the *Jews* are treated in this Government, upon quite another Footing than they are elſewhere; and really, as for the *Portugueſe* Jews, they deſerve it; for a *Texeyra*, a *Schwartzo*, a *Dulis*, have done ſuch generous Actions as are worthy of the moſt virtuous Chriſtians. They live like Noblemen, and indeed, ſuch you would take them to be. They are admitted into all Aſſemblies, and even their Wives appear there: They treat and receive all Perſons of Diſtinction at their Houſes: They relieve our Poor, contribute to our Churches, and differ in nothing from us but in frequenting the Synagogue.

The Nobles of the greateſt Diſtinction in the Province, are the *Waſſenaars*, and the *Boetſelaars*. * The former are divided into ſeveral Branches, whereof that of *Obdam* is the eldeſt. The Emperor *Charles* III. raiſed this Branch to the Dignity of Count of the Empire. The preſent Count *d'Obdam* is Grandſon to the famous Admiral of that Name who delivered *Copenhagen*, and in Gratitude for whoſe Services, the King of *Denmark* conferred the Order of the Elephant upon him, which no Foreigner had been honoured with before, unleſs he were a Prince. After this Admiral's Death, the ſame Order deſcended to his Son, who died a Lieutenant General, and Colonel of a Regiment of Horſe in the Service of the Re-

* Of the latter, there died a Baron in *December* 173[illegible] who was one of the principal Men, and held the greateſt Offices of any in the Republic, next to the Grand Penſionary *Slingeland*, whom he ſurvived but a few Days.

Republic. The preſent Count *d'Obdam* is Knight of the Order of St. *John* and together with his † Brother, is of diſtinguiſh'd Rank in this Government. He ſpent Part of his Youth at the Court of *Berlin*, where his Father was Envoy Extraordinary. At that Time no body was ſo brisk and gay, but he is thoroughly changed, and lives now very much retired, and applies himſelf wholly to Devotion and Buſineſs.

Of the Blood of *Naſſau Orange*, thoſe Princes, Founders of the Republic, there remains no more than one young Prince, beſides the Connts *d'Auverquerque*, *Zeiſt* and *Laleck*, who are by the Left Venter. The Prince is Hereditary Stadtholder of *Frieſeland*, Stadtholder of *Groningen*, Stadtholder and Captain General of the Province of *Guelderland*, and the Country of *Drente*. He bids fair ſome Day or other to be a worthy Poſſeſſor of the Station of the Princes whoſe Name he bears. *

Maurice, Count *d'Auverquerque*, is the Son of a Peer of *Great Britain*, who was promoted to that Dignity by King *William* III. § He is a Major General, and Colonel of a Regiment of Dragoons. He is a Nobleman of diſtinguiſhed Merit, and ſignalized himſelf very much in the laſt War.

M. *de Zeiſt*, one of the richeſt Nobles of this Province, is Deputy of the Province of *Utrecht*, in which he has a great Eſtate. The

† M. *de Waſſenaar-Twickel*, a Name which he drives from a fine Eſtate in the Province of *Over-Yſſel*, of which he is Deputy.

* *William Charles Henry Friſe*, prince of *Orange*, was married *March* 14. 1734. to the Princeſs Royal of *Great Britain*.

§ The Count *d'Auverquerque*, died Velt-Marſhal of the Republic, about the End of the Campaign of 1708.

The Count *de Laleck* is the oldeſt Lieutenant General of Horſe in the Service of the States. He has a Regiment, and is Governor of *Menin*, one of the Barrier Towns. The three laſt mentioned Counts are Couſins, and form three Branches. They are deſcended from Prince *Maurice* of *Orange*, and *Anne* of *Mechlin*. My Grandmother was a Daughter of that Prince.

I am ſtill to give you an Account of M. *Hogendorp*, Receiver General of the State, an Office which in this Country as well as elſewhere, is liable to Envy, and expoſes him that exerciſes it, to the Cenſure of the Public. M. *Hogendorp* has had his Share of both, for ſeveral Years; and tho' his Enemies have not been wanting in any Thing to ruin him, yet he ſtands his Ground, and the States approve of his Conduct. He lives with as great Magnificence and Splendour almoſt as any Subject of the Republic.

In one of my former, I gave you an Account of two living Preachers at *Amſterdam*, and here I cannot refrain the mention of a certain Miniſter lately dead, whoſe Name is illuſtrious among thoſe of his own Communion, and ours too. The Perſon I mean, is M. *Saurin*, who was always reckoned here, and in all the Provinces, one of the moſt eloquent Preachers, ſince the Repeal of the Edict of *Nantes*.

A great Number of Epitaphs have been made for this famous Preacher; but as they are all good for nothing, I content myſelf with ſending you an Epitaph on thoſe very Epitaphs.

EPI-

EPITAPHE.

On the EPITAPHS made for M. SAURIN.

SOUS ces tiſons, ſans titres, ſans paraphes,
Incognito *giſent vingt Epitaphes,*
Qu' ont arraché de leurs maigres cerveaux
Incognito *vingt chétifs Poetereaux;*
Diſant vouloir par deteſtable rime
Louer encor certain Eſprit ſublime,
dont rien ne dis, ſinon qu' á ſes talens,
Vivant trouva force contrediſans,
Chantres groſſiers du bourbeux Marecage,
Pour Dieu, ceſſez votre maudit ramage!
Si noblement chanter n' eſt votre fort,
Dites tout court, le grand Saurin *eſt mort.*

It may be thus Engliſh'd,

i. e.

UNDER theſe Firebrands lie *incog.* no leſs than a Score of Epitaphs without Title or Subſcription, rack'd *incognito* from the ſterile Brains of as many paultry Poetaſters, pretending by deteſtable Doggrel to extol a certain ſublime Genius, of which I ſay nothing, but that whilſt he was alive, he met with a great many, who contradicted his Talents. But, for God's ſake, ye ſtupid Bards of the muddy Fens, leave off your curſed croaking! And as you have not the Gift of noble Poetry, ſay nothing more than that the GREAT SAURIN is dead.

During my Stay at the *Hague*, I heard much Talk of one *Armand* a *Frenchman*, whoſe extraordinary Adventures were at that Time the Diſcourſe of all Companies. He did not want Underſtanding, but he was one of the oddeſt and moſt extravagant Mortals breathing. His Paſſions, which ſometimes roſe to a Degree of Fury, were the Cauſe of all his Misfortunes. I have

been promiſed the Hiſtory of him, and if my Friend keep his Word with me, I will not fail to ſend it to you. *

The Hiſtory of JOHN BARRE, *called* ARMAND.

JOHN BARRE, a Native of the Province of *Burgundy*, appeared at *Amſterdam* in 1720, by the Name of *Armand*. He was a handſom Man, in the Prime of his Age, and ſeemed to have had a good Education. He ſaid he was come from *France*, becauſe he had killed a Man in a Duel. Any other Man beſides himſelf, in a Caſe of the like Nature, would have been at a terrible *non plus* to find himſelf purſued by Juſtice, and forced to fly from his native Country, and his Friends, without Money, into a ſtrange Land of which he underſtood not the Language, and thrown into a great City, in the midſt of a numerous People, where a poor Man is ſo hard put to it to make an Acquaintance. But *Armand* was never at a Loſs for Stratagems to relieve him. Being a bold intriguing Man, an excellent Tongue-Pad, and a Poet into the Bargain, or at leaſt very ready at making Verſes, he quickly found Means to get acquaintance. He might even have paſſed for a Man of Quality, if Neceſſity had not forced him to make uſe of a Talent which was a plain Diſcovery of the contrary; for he ſhewed himſelf a complete Writing-Maſter, and made excellent Scholars in a very little Time.

With

* As the Hiſtory of this extraordinary Man came to the Hands of the Bookſeller ſince the Publication of the firſt Edition, he thought he ſhould do a Pleaſure to the Public by inſerting it in this.

With this Reſource, *Armand* might have liv'd very happy; but the Violence of his Temper, and his ſatyrical Humour, made him quickly loſe his Patrons and beſt Friends. Beſides theſe Defects, of which he was beyond all meaſure guilty, he was ſuſpicious, haughty, ſelf-will'd beyond Compariſon, fantaſtical in every Part of his Behaviour, and an extravagant Admirer of his own Productions; ſo that a Perſon was ſure of being thought the worſt Enemy he had, if he did not applaud every Thing he did; and 'twas enough to put him into a Fury, if one did not think as well of his Verſes, as he did himſelf. Two or three Paſſages only are ſufficient to demonſtrate this to be true.

He lodged at the Houſe of a Burgher, who had ſo great an Opinion of him that he thought himſelf happy in having ſuch Opportunities of Familiarity with a Man who had won his Heart, by his Wit and his Behaviour. As they often eat and drank together, *Armand* invited his Landlord one Day with all his Family and ſome Relations to a Supper, when according to his uſual Way, he had provided a magnificent Repaſt. When they were ſeated at Table, a Lady of the Company thought fit to call for a particular Sort of Bread which ſhe had been uſed to eat, whereupon the Landlord immediately ſent out of the Room for ſome, which *Armand* perceiving, and miſtruſting that they thought he had not provided Bread enough, he roſe haſtily from Table, and went out, but came back again in a Moment, with a Basket full of Bread, which he turned topſy-turvy upon the Table: And as if this Piece of Rudeneſs was not enough, he ran out of the Houſe like a Madman, and ſpent the reſt of the Evening in walking up and down, at a great Rate before his Door.

Having heard, that M. *P*-----, Agent for the Naval Affairs of *France* at *Rotterdam*, made Verſes in a very pretty Manner; he went by the Inſpiration of *Apollo*, to pay him a Viſit, and after having made him a Compliment on his Quality of Poet, he preſented him ſome Verſes of his own making, of which he earneſtly deſired that he would give him his Opinion. M. *P*----, who was not ſo fond of Flattery as *Armand*, made him Anſwer, that he had been miſinformed, that he was far from being a good Judge of Poetry, and therefore hoped he would not look upon him in that Light. *Armand* took his Anſwer for a downright Affront, and retired bluntly from him, not without abuſing him. Nor did M. *C*----*r*, to whom he paid a Viſit for the ſame Purpoſe, fare a whit better; and to be revenged of both thoſe Gentlemen, he wrote an Epigram againſt them, which he paſted up one *Sunday* at the Door of the *French* Church.

Armand being diſguſted with the Reception he met with from the Wits at *Rotterdam*, had recourſe to the Merchants. He went to ſee M. *C*——*t*, a Perſon of known Probity, either to preſent his Verſes to him, or to offer him his Service, in Quality of a Writing-Maſter. As M. *C*—*t* was a little hard of Hearing, he thought it proper to apprize our Poet of it in the firſt Place; but he imagining that 'twas only a Pretence to diſmiſs him, turned his Back upon him, and went away very much incenſed at the Affront which he thought he had received. He had even the Raſhneſs to fix up a very offenſive Paper ſome Days after at the Exchange, to tarniſh the honeſt Man's Reputation, and the ſame being immediately torn down by M. *C*——*t*'s Friends, *Armand*, as ſoon as he heard of it, put up another, even more inſulting than the former. M. *C*----*t*,

to

to prevent his being again expoſed to ſuch Inſults, carried his Complaints to the chief Magiſtrate of *Rotterdam*, who ſummoned the Author of the Advertiſement to appear before him. *Armand* obeyed the Writ, and pleaded in his own Defence, that being a Foreigner, he did not know he had done any thing that was prohibited by the Laws of the Country; but that having been lately informed of the contrary, he was willing to make the Perſon injured any Amends that ſhould be thought proper, and promiſed at the ſame Time, to depart the City forthwith. The Magiſtrate put up with his Reaſons, and only inſiſted on the Performance of his Promiſe. Therefore he left the City, and ſet out to his former Quarters at *Amſterdam*.

The ill Succeſs of his Verſes was ſo far from abating his verſifying Humour, that his Paſſion for Poetry was only become the ſtronger. At his Return to *Amſterdam*, he began to write Satyrs againſt his Enemies at *Rotterdam*, whom he accuſed of having ruined all his Projects. Then he undertook to turn the tender Amours of *Abelard* and *Eloiſa* into Burleſque Verſe. This Piece, full of Obſcenities, and of ſatyrical Laſhes of his Enemies, quickly ran thro' all the Coffee-houſes, and when he thought he had put the finiſhing Stroke to it, he met with a Bookſeller who was willing to undertake the Printing of it, tho' it had been deſpiſed by all good Judges.

While this Work was printing, *Armand* contracted a Friendſhip with the Count *de Bucquoy*, ſo well known for his Adventures and Extravagances. This Count too pretended to write Verſes, and was as great a Rattle as *Armand*. Their Reſemblance of each other ſo much in Temper, was judged at firſt to be ſuch a Cement as would have conſolidated their Friendſhip for

a long Time: But a too great Freedom taken by the Count embroiled them implacably, and gave Riſe to a Scene which had like to have been tragical. The Count, who was not yet perfectly acquainted with his Friend's Blind-ſide, took it into his Head one Day as he was in *Armand*'s Chamber, to make Criticiſm upon his Poetry, which was a little too ſevere. *Armand*, to whom no body had ever preſumed before to talk at that Rate, was in a furious Paſſion, and called his Cenſor an impudent Fool, and a Fortune-Hunter. At laſt the two Poets fell to Blows; but *Armand* being the ſtrongeſt Man, he forced the Count out of his Chamber, kick'd him down Stairs, and ſo drove him into the Street.

We proceed now to that fatal Accident of *Armand*'s Life, which was the Cauſe of all his Misfortunes, and brought him at laſt to the Scaffold. *Armand* had contracted a Friendſhip of a long ſtanding, with a Perſon of *Bayonne*, one *B*----, a young Fellow, who tho' deſtitute of a Fortune, had been ſo lucky as to marry a very rich Heireſs. At the Time when the Public believed there was the ſtricteſt Union ſubſiſting betwixt them, they were ſtrangely ſurprized to hear that *B*—— had informed againſt his Friend, for a horrible Outrage, and that upon this Accuſation *Armand* was arreſted, and committed to Priſon *B*—— pretended that being one Day in *Armand*'s Chamber, *Armand* ſhut the Door upon him, and forced him with a Dagger at his Throat; to ſign a Bond for a thouſand Ducats. *Armand*'s general Character was enough to condemn him; whereas *B*——, on the contrary, paſſed for a young Man of an unblameable Behaviour, but, to his Misfortune, the Affair was ſo circumſtanced that it could not be duly prov'd; for, inſtead of calling out for Help, at leaſt, as he went out

of

of the Room, he retired without ſaying a Word, and did not ſo much as go and make his Complaint till two Days after: But for want of direct Evidence againſt the Priſoner, he cauſed Inquiry to be made into his Life and Converſation, and diſcovered, that *Armand* was but a borrowed Name, and that his true one was *John Barr*; that he had a Wife and four Children; that he had been Receiver of the Salt-Office at *Vezelay* in *Burgundy*; in ſhort, that he had kill'd his Brother-in-Law, in the Country, with a Fowling Piece; and that having fled for it, he was outlaw'd, and condemn'd to be hang'd.

When *Armand* appear'd before the Judges, he fairly own'd what his Accuſers had alledg'd againſt him, with regard to his Name, the Place of his Reſidence, and the Cauſe of his Flight; but he deny'd his having murder'd his Brother-in-Law, tho' he confeſſed that he had kill'd him in his own Defence. As what he had done in *France* was quite out of the Queſtion, the Judges were only for adhering to the Point in Hand. *Armand* ſaid, that *B*---- had of his own Accord given him a Bond for a thouſand Ducats, in Acknowledgment for the Service he had done him, in lending him ſome Money, and promoting his Marriage. He pleaded his own Cauſe very courageouſly, without the leaſt Trembling or ſelf-Contradiction. *B*-----, on the contrary, ſeemed to falter in every Thing that he ſaid, which made it ſuſpected by ſome that he had only charged *Armand* in order to have a Pretext for not paying the Sum that he had promiſed him. Yet others, with more Probability, aſcribed *B*----'s Faint-heartedneſs, upon this Occaſion to his natural Timorouſneſs, and to the Confuſion into which an Accuſation of this Nature, laid without

without any Proofs to ſupport it, muſt needs caſt him.

Armand being very urgent for an Iſſue of the Affair, the Judges, who found nothing that could ſupport *B*----'s Pretenſions, paſſed a Sentence, whereby the latter was to pay the thouſand Ducats, and the Defendant was to be ſet at Liberty, after giving Security for the ſaid Sum, in Caſe of an Appeal to the Court of *Holland*, ſaving to himſelf the Liberty of proſecuting his Adverſary for Coſts, Damages, Intereſt and Reparation of Honour. *B*----- did not fail to appeal from that Sentence to the Court, as did likewiſe *Armand*, who having given the Security required, and received the thouſand Ducats, ſhews himſelf thro' the whole Town, with a long Beard, which he ſuffered to grow in Priſon, and which he ſwore ſhould not be taken off till he had carried his Cauſe at the Court.

In order to haſten the Deciſion of the Affair, he repaired to the *Hague*, where the Court at length paſſed a Sentence which confirmed that of *Amſterdam*; and then he ſued for Repair of Honour, and for Damages and Intereſts. *B*---- finding himſelf by this means caſt in all his Demands, and fearing the Conſequences of the Law-Suit, thought fit to ſet his Affairs in Order, and withdrew to *France*. The Court immediately clapp'd a Seal upon his Effects, ſummon'd him three Times to appear, and 'tis probable that he would have been condemned upon an Outlawry, if *Armand*'s Misbehaviour had not put a ſudden Stop to the Courſe of Juſtice. The Occaſion of this Incident was as follows:

Armand was ſo impatient for the Iſſue of this Proceſs that he went every Day to teaze his Judges, who ſometimes were not at Leiſure to grant him Audience. Upon a certain Day, as he

he came to the Door of the Attorney-General, one of the Domeſtics told him his Maſter was not at Home, and the Man was going to ſhut the Door againſt him, when *Armand* ſaid, *I know the contrary, and muſt needs ſpeak with him.* Upon this they fell to abuſing one another, when *Armand* loſing all Patience, ſtruck the Domeſtic ſeveral Blows, and put the whole Houſe in an Alarm, for which he was carried to Priſon, from whence however he might have had a ſpeedy Deliverance, if he would but have confeſſed his Fault, and made the Attorney-General proper Satisfaction: But inſtead of doing this, he behaved to Mr. Attorney in a ſtrange Manner, and threatened to be revenged of him. But he paid dear for his Inſolence, and was ſentenced to lie in Priſon twelve Years. He remained there till 1734, when the Court thought fit to remove him to another Town till the Expiration of the Term mentioned in the Sentence. *Armand* being acquainted with this Reſolution, imagined no doubt that he was now to be treated with more Severity than ever, and perhaps that he ſhould be privately diſpatch'd; and from that Time he had no Command of himſelf. He formed a Deſign to murder the Archers when they came to meddle with him, or at leaſt to prevent their ſeizing him; and for this Purpoſe, he had taken one of the Bed-poſts, which he not only armed with Nails, but he faſtened the Blade of his Penknife at one End of it. Being thus prepared for his Defence, on the Day appointed for his Removal, two Archers came to take him, of whom he ripp'd up the Guts of one, and broke two Ribs of the other. After this, none of the Archers durſt venture to come near him, till the following Stratagem was thought of, by which they effectually quelled him. Two Archers were ordered

ordered to make each a Hole in the Wall of the Priſon, and at the very Inſtant when *Armand* was peeping through one of 'em, to examine the Cauſe of it, a Piſtol was diſcharged in his Face, loaded with Sand, which put his Eyes, Tongue and Face, into ſuch an Agony that he was not able to defend himſelf, but ſurrendered, and begged Quarter. At the ſame Time he was ſeized and clapped in Irons. When he was under Examination he confeſſed, that his Deſign was to murder any one that offered to remove him, and that he would do it again if it were in his Power; which Circumſtance was ſuch an Aggravation of his Crime that he was condemned to loſe his Head.

The View of approaching Death was ſo far from being ſhocking to him that he ſeemed perfectly unconcerned. But what was very obſervable in this unaccountable Man, was that the dreadful Proſpect of the infamous Death he had ſo juſtly deſerved, was ſo far from engroſſing his Thoughts that it did not in the leaſt abate the Fondneſs he had always diſcovered for his Verſes; ſo that at the very Time when a Miniſter was preparing him for Eternity; he interrupted him ſhort, by telling him, *Sir, Here are ſome Verſes of my own compoſing, I deſire you would let me read them to you. I always loved to divert myſelf with Works of this Sort.* An Attorney who was preſent at the ſame Time, performing the Office of a Comforter, ſeemed to be ſhock'd at the Reading of a Compoſition ſo unſuitable to one in ſuch Circumſtances; but *Armand* looking on him with a very angry Countenance, told him in plain Terms, that he was an Aſs, and that he wondered how a Man of his Profeſſion, an Attorney, at conſtant Variance with Heaven, and for ever and ever accurſed, ſhould take it into his Head

Head to turn Comforter, and pretend to make Peace between God and Man.

The Day of Execution being * come, he was carried before the Judges to hear Sentence of Death paſſed upon him: But they had ſcaree began to pronounce it, when he grew ſtrangely outrageous, and ſaid, 'twas unjuſt to read his Sentence to him in a Language which he did not underſtand. It was to no Purpoſe that they told him it ſhould be explained to him in *French*; for he ſtill rav'd on in the ſame Strain, ſo that they were obliged to ſtop his Mouth with a Handkerchief, which they held tight behind, by both Ends. However, upon his making a Sign that it ſtrain'd him too much, they ſlacken'd it, and then he promiſed, that if they would take it quite off, he would keep a profound Silence. He was attended to the Place of Execution by a Miniſter, and ſaluted ſuch of his Acquaintance as he ſaw mixed in the Crowd, with a Smile. When he was on the Scaffold, and fixed his Eyes on the Gallows, he turned pale, ſaying, that he had been promiſed different Treatment, and that he did not think he ſhould be turn'd out of the World in the Manner for which he ſaw that Preparation. They encouraged him, by telling him, that he ſhould only have his Head cut off, if he did not uſe Violence; but that if he did, he ſhould be hanged, and hoiſted up to the Gallows by a Pully there for that Purpoſe. He made Anſwer, that he did not care to ſwing out of the World by a Halter. He then asked the Executioner, if he was perfect in his Buſineſs, to which he anſwered in the Affirmative, adding, that he had by his Dexterity made ſixteen Heads leap already, with very good Succeſs, and that he hoped his

* He was executed in *July* 1734.

his would be the ſeventeenth to do him Honour. Then *Armand* demanded where the Sword was, and the Executioner told him, that it ſhould be ready at the Time. At laſt the fatal Moment being come, he fell on his Knees, and as ſoon as his Eyes were blinded, he had his Head ſtruck off at one Blow.

I have nothing particular to tell you of the Palace at *Honſlaerdyck*, and of the * *Houſe in the Wood*, which belong to the King of *Pruſſia*, becauſe they are neither of 'em what they were formerly. They are running ſo to decay that ſhortly they will not deſerve the mention. As I paſſed to *Honſlaerdyck*, I went thro' the Village of *Looſduinen*, where I ſaw in a Church, the Baſin, in which 'tis ſaid, were baptized the three hundred and ſixty-five Children, of which a Counteſs of *Holland* was delivered at one † Birth, in Purſuance of the Wiſh, or rather Curſe of a poor Woman, who having a Charge of Children, and coming to beg Alms of her, was not only denied, but rebuked for having ſo many Children; whereupon ſhe wiſhed that the Counteſs, who was then pregnant, might be brought to Bed of as many Children as there were Days in the Year, which happened accordingly. This remarkable Event is ſet forth in a Picture carefully preſerved in the Church.

The Palace of ** *Ryſwic*, where the Peace was ſigned in 1697, being in no better Condition than that of *Honſlaerdyck*, I did not think fit to ſtrike out

* Or the *Palace of Orange* in the Wood at the *Hague*. It was yielded to the Prince of *Orange* by his Treaty of Partition with the King of *Pruſſia*.

† *Margaret* Daughter of *Florence* IV. Count of *Holland*. She was Counteſs of *Henneberg*.

** This belongs alſo to the Prince of *Orange*.

out of the fine Road to DELFT, to go and ſee it. This Town, which is a League from the *Hague*, has nothing remarkable to be view'd, beſides the Tomb of *William* I. Prince of *Orange*, who was aſſaſſinated at *Delft* in 1584, by *Balthaſar Gerard* of the *Franche Comte*. The Republic which cauſed this *Mouſolæum* to be erected, ſpar'd no Coſt to leave Poſterity a Monument worthy of its Founders, and of their Gratitude for the ſignal Services which had been done them by that Hero. The Arſenal for the Land Service of this State is at *Delft*, and there are few in *Europe* that are better furniſhed, or kept more in Order. This Town drives a great Trade in earthen Ware. As it is at the ſame Diſtance from *Ryſwic* as the *Hague*, the Ambaſſadors of *France* reſided here during the Congreſs. 'Tis now inhabited by ſeveral People, who either from being weary of the World, or by reaſon of Misfortunes, have choſe Retirement. From hence you will imagine, 'tis not a very gay Place, ſo that I made no Stay here, nor no Acquaintance.

ROTTERDAM, three Leagues from *Delft*, is by much the moſt populous Place, and is only inferior to *Amſterdam* on Account of its Commerce. Its Situation on the *Maeſe*, ſix Leagues from the Sea, gives it a Communication with all the Towns of *Holland*, and the neighbouring Provinces, both by means of that River, and ſeveral Canals and Rivers that fall into it. Its greateſt Trade is with *England* and *France*, and here are three *Engliſh* Churches, *viz.* one that is Epiſcopal, or of the Church of *England* by Law eſtabliſh'd, one *Presbyterian*, and one *Scots*. As to us Catholics, we have ſeveral Churches here in Chambers, and the *Jews* have a neat Synagogue.

The Statue of *Eraſmus*, the Reſtorer of the *Latin* Tongue, which is placed in the Market-place,

place, is altogether plain. This learned Man is repreſented in the Habit of a Doctor, holding a Book in his Hand. The Pedeſtal is plainly decorated with a *Latin* Inſcription, as is the Houſe where he was born, which is preſerved juſt as it was then, and is a very ſmall and mean Building. 'Tis ſaid, that on the ſame Square where *Eraſmus*'s Statue ſtands, the Magiſtrates intend to erect a Stadthouſe, of which they are really in great Need, that which they have being a very ſorry one. If this Project takes, it were to be wiſhed that they may employ a more able Architect, and a more diligent one than they have made uſe of in building an Exchange, which has been a long Time begun, and is but half finiſh'd yet. 'Tis true, that as it is, 'tis too large for the Number of Merchants that meet in it; but after all, 'tis amazing, that a City, which has the Reputation of being wealthy, ſhould let one of its principal Edifices ſtand unfiniſh'd.

There are ſome magnificent Houſes in this Town, but its greateſt Ornament is its Canals, broad and deep enough for the Entrance of Shipping, which is a great Convenience to its Trade. I know not how ſociable the People are at *Rotterdam*; for tho' I have gone thro' it ſeveral Times, I never ſtay'd long enough there to make any Acquaintance in it. I always took the Air for moſt Part upon the fine Kay that runs along the *Maeſe*, which is beautified with a pleaſant Row of Trees on one Side, and noble Houſes on the other.

From *Rotterdam* I went thro' *Maeſlandſluys* to the BRILLE, a well fortified Town upon the *Maeſe*, near the Mouth of that River. This Town is famous in the Hiſtory of the *Netherlands*, becauſe in the Year 1572, *William de Lumai*: Count *de la Marck*, and ſome of his Confederates, who

who went out to Sea, to avoid falling into the Hands of the Duke of *Alva*, took it by Surprize, and there laid the firſt Foundations of the Liberty of the United Provinces.

When I left the *Brille*, I came to HELVOETSLUYS, the ſaddeſt Place in all *Holland*. The Winds which have been boiſterous for ſome Days hinder the Packet-Boat and me from ſetting out for *England*. In the mean Time, I am very ill here. I am cramm'd twice a Day with boil'd Ducks, roaſted Ducks, and others toſſed up with a high Ragoû, and yet I am ask'd if I will not pleaſe to have more Seaſoning. Perhaps it was this Town only that a certain *Frenchman* had ſeen, when he ſaid that he had taken Notice of but of three Things in *Holland*, and they began all three with the Syllable CA, *viz. Canals*, *Canards* (Ducks) and *Canaille*, *i. e.* Mob; for certainly there are other Things to be ſeen in the reſt of *Holland*, where there are as many genteel People as in any Country in the World. Nay, I dare affirm, that a certain Candour prevails here which is perhaps not ſo general elſewhere. 'Tis rare for a *Dutchman* to know the Arts of Tricking and Cheating, and he is of a friendly Diſpoſition, if his Purſe be out of the Queſtion. If they were not ſo much in Love with their Money, there would be as few Faults to find with this Nation as any. I could like to live with 'em very well. When one treats them with Civility, one may do any Thing with 'em. And 'twas a Saying of the Emperor *Charles* V. *You muſt give the* Dutch *good Words, leave 'em the Shadow of Liberty, but make them pay well for it.*

Be theſe People as much as they will for their own Intereſt, they are charitable, and would have every one live. They have not perhaps that gay Wit which is of all Things ſo taking; but then they have

have good Senſe. I have often taken a Place in the Boats, on purpoſe to hear what was ſaid there, and have been ſurpriſed to find the common People talk of Trade, of the Intereſts of the State, and of other Countries, of the Manners of different People, of the Hiſtory of their own Country; and in ſhort, of a thouſand other Things, with more Juſtneſs, perhaps, than a great many Epigrammatiſts, Stanza-makers, and Rhimeſters, could do elſewhere.

For the reſt, this Country is as charming in ſome Things as it is diſagreeable in others. 'Tis certain, that the People are now and then too Inſolent, yet a *Dutchman* does not care to be the firſt to give an Affront; and unleſs a Foreigner provokes him by his Pride, or his Pertneſs, he will indulge himſelf in his Phlegm.

I can't imagine why Foreigners take a Pleaſure to run down *Holland*, as a Country where they have been skinn'd. This might have been the Caſe with 'em in ſuch a Hole as *Helvoetſluys*, or elſe at *Rotterdam*, when one *Carpenter*, a *French* Refugee, kept the Sign there of the Marſhal *de Turenne*; but 'tis not ſo in a good Town, where every Foreigner, I mean ſuch as are willing to be ſociable, and to eat at the Landlord's Table, know what they have for their Money. The Ordinary is ſettled, Wine, Lodging, and every Thing at a certain Price. Suppers are the only Meals that plunge deep in a Man's Purſe, of which a Foreigner muſt be cautious. As to Carriages either by Land or Water, the Fare is fixed, and 'tis impoſſible for a Man to be cheated, unleſs it be in froſty Weather, when 'tis certain one is at the Mercy both of the Watermen and Coachmen.

'Tis wrong alſo for ſome Foreigners to cry out as they do againſt Juſtice, which I find more impartial

impartial here than elſewhere. But it does not always act with the Vivacity which a Foreigner would wiſh for, who often has neither the Time, nor the Means, nor the Inclination to wait for it. He then finds fault with Juſtice, when he ought rather to blame the Situation of his Affairs.

I fear that you will be angry with me for having abuſed your Attention by this long Letter, which I now conclude, by aſſuring you that no body can be more intirely than I am, *&c.*

LETTER LIII.

SIR, *London*, *April* 12. 1733.

'TIS not poſſible for me to be inſenſible how greatly I am obliged to you for that Uneaſineſs which you ſeem to be under till you can hear of my Arrival in ſome ſafe Harbour of this Kingdom, tho' 'tis no more than what I expected from ſuch a Friend as you. I ſhould have prevented your Anxiety upon this Score, if I had not thought it proper to take a little View of this Country, before I wrote one Word to you about it; and now I flatter myſelf that I am able to ſatisfy your Curioſity.

I had one of the moſt favourable Paſſages that could be; for in leſs than eighteen Hours, I came from *Helvoetſluys* to *Harwich*, which is the Harbour for the Packet-Boats that paſs betwixt this Kingdom and *Holland*.

Harwich not ſeeming to me to be worth a Traveller's Notice, I only ſtopped to hire Horſes,

ſes, and came with all Speed to LONDON. *That City*, which for its Extent, the Number of its Inhabitants, and their Wealth, may paſs not only for the Capital of a powerful Kingdom, but even for the Capital of *Europe*: *That City*, where True Liberty bears Rule; where the Arts and Sciences are cultivated and protected; where the Inhabitants enjoy the Goods of Fortune without vain Oſtentation; where Merit is conſidered, and Birth highly valued, when 'tis accompanied with Virtue: *That City*, in fine, where are ſtill to be found thoſe *Roman* Souls which other Nations admire, but know not how to imitate.

Yet *London*, with all the Attributes I have now given it, with its magnificent Structures, both ſacred and profane, cannot be rank'd among the fineſt Cities; for many of its Streets being dirty and ill-paved, its Houſes of Brick, not very high, nor adorned with Architecture, but blacken'd with the unmerciful Smoke of Coal-Fires, gives it a dark Hue, which renders it far leſs agreeable than it would be otherwiſe.

The Riches of *London*, if not of all *England*, are owing to the *Thames*, and the Citizens ſet more Value by this River than by any other Advantage that they enjoy: Of this a certain old Alderman had the Courage to give King *Charles* II. a convincing Proof, at a Time when that Monarch was ſo extremely angry with the City of *London*, that when the Lord Mayor and Aldermen went to Court, with a View to pacify him, he exclaimed bitterly againſt them, and told 'em, that he knew how to make them feel the whole Weight of his Reſentment, and that he would for that End remove his Court to *Oxford*. At this, the old Alderman, who pretended to be hard of Hearing, ſaid to a Nobleman that was preſent at the Audience, loud enough to be overheard

heard by the King, *What ſays his Majeſty*, my Lord? *Will he in his Wrath take the* Thames *from us*? Meaning thereby, that ſince the King could not take that River from the City, the Inhabitants would not be ſorry for his going to *Oxford*. Indeed, in all my Travels I never ſaw a finer Sight than this River from its Mouth to *London*-Bridge: For beſides its being continually covered with Ships, Barges, Boats, &c. going up and down with the Tide, its Banks are adorned with a Variety of fine Scenes, ſuch as Towns, Villages, and Country-Houſes. Among others, there's the great and magnificent Hoſpital of *Greenwich*, founded in the Reign of *Charles* II. for diſabled Seamen, or the Invalids of the Navy. Tho' this Structure is not yet finiſh'd, it may be rank'd amongſt the moſt conſiderable in *Europe*, and is not inferior in Grandeur to many Royal Palaces. Its Situation alſo is ſo charming that were it for that alone, it were worth while to take a Turn on Purpoſe to ſee it.

London ſtands on the Left-ſide of the River, where it forms a Creſcent. The famous Bridge upon which Queen *Elizabeth* cauſed the Head of the Earl of *Eſſex* to be expoſed, after having flatter'd him that he ſhould one Day be a Partner in her Throne, is eight hundred Feet long, and ſixty broad; but the Proſpect of the River is ſtopp'd by Houſes on both Sides, which are neither fine nor lofty.

St. *Paul*'s Church, the Cathedral of *London*, is, next to St. *Peter*'s at *Rome*, the greateſt and moſt ſtately Temple in *Europe*, and I even queſtion whether it would not be more magnificent than St. *Peter*'s, if it had ſuch a Square, or Colonade before it as that has; but I mean only the Outſide of it, for as to the Inſide, they are not to be compar'd. The principal Front of St. *Paul*'s is of that

ſort of Architecture which the old *Romans*, thoſe Maſters in the Art of Building, would not perhaps have thought unworthy of their Time; tho' tis certain, this beautiful Front is rendered the leſs majeſtic by two little Towers or Steeples of a very *Gothic* Taſte, which are placed upon the two Angles of the Building. This whole Fabric ſtands by itſelf, and is built in the Form of a Croſs, with a great Dome in the middle. The Entrance to it is by three grand Porticos on the North, South, and Weſt. Oppoſite to the principal Front there's an Area, encompaſs'd with an Iron Paliſado, in the midſt of which is a white marble Statue of Queen *Anne*, in whoſe Reign this Church was finiſh'd, which was begun ſo long ago as after the Great Fire, in the Reign of *Charles* II. The Queen is there repreſented ſtanding with all her Regalia. She holds in her Right-hand a Sceptre; but 'tis ſo much like a Wax Taper, that one would almoſt ſwear ſhe was performing an * *Amen de honourable*; and really, this Statue is unworthy of the Queen whom it repreſents, of the Church before which it ſtands, and of the City of *London*, by whoſe Order 'twas erected. All the Church is of very white Stone, which the Smoke, that Bane of *London*, has render'd black on one Side. The Inſide of it is as plain as the Outſide is magnificent. The Dome only is painted of an *Aſh* Colour. The Choir (for the Church of *England* re-

* This is an ignominious Puniſhment inflicted Abroad for ſuch heinous Offences as deſerve neither Baniſhment, nor whipping, nor Death. The Criminal who ſuffers it, ſtands in a Shirt, with a Rope about his Neck, holding a burning Taper in one Hand, attended by the Executioner, and other inferior Officers of Juſtice, and in this Poſture begs Pardon of the King, of Juſtice, and the Public, for the Offence committed.

retains the Uſe of Choirs) is ſeparated from the Nave, by a Wall of juſt ſuch a Height as to ſupport the Organs, which by this Means ſerve the Choir and the Nave of the Church alike, but diſfigure both. The Seats, or Stalls of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, when they aſſiſt at *Te Deum*, are of Wood, and built like thoſe of the Canons in our Churches. The ſubterraneous Parts are very magnificent, and contain Vaults, in which are interred ſuch People as they belong to.

The famous Monument erected in Memory of that ſad Conflagration which conſumed one Third of the City in the Reign of King *Charles* II. is a very lofty Pillar of the *Doric* Order, fluted, and has a Stair-caſe in the Inſide of it, which goes up to a Platform at the Top, from whence there's a Proſpect of the whole City, and a great many fine Scenes.

The *Royal-Exchange*, where the Merchants meet at One o'Clock every Day, is a large ſquare Building of Free-ſtone. The grand Portico is adorned with Columns, and has a Tower on the Top with Chimes in it. The Inſide of it conſiſts of a Court ſurrounded with Piazzas, over which are placed the Statues of the Kings that have reigned in *England*; which are of Free-ſtone, and all done by bad Hands. The Statue of King *Charles* II. in whoſe Reign this Edifice was built, ſtands in the midſt of this Court, and is of white Marble, repreſenting the King in the Habit of a *Roman* Emperor. This is not one of the worſt Statues in *London*, where indeed Sculpture is of all Arts the leaſt cultivated, but why, I can't conceive, ſince moſt of the *Engliſh* Nobility have been in *Italy*, and have there acquired a Taſte for what is fine and curious.

The famous Tower of *London*, which is as it were the Citadel of this Metropolis, ſtands on the Bank of the *Thames*, at the Extremity of the City, going down the River. It contains ſeveral Buildings, but without Uniformity. Here are kept the Jewels of the Crown, and the Crown itſelf, Lions, and other outlandiſh Creatures, and the Arſenal of Arms; and in this Tower are confined certain Priſoners of State; but thro' good Fortune, the Reign of King *George* II. now upon the Throne, has been ſo free from Puniſhment, or Severity, that the Tower is empty of Priſoners.

As one goes up the *Thames* towards S. *James*'s End of the Town, where the King and moſt of the Nobility reſide, one paſſes along by a Palace called the *Savoy*, becauſe it was built by the Princes of *Savoy*, Uncles of Queen *Eleanor* of *Provence*, Wife to *Henry* III. This Building has nothing in it from one End to the other but what is very deformed. The Chamber is ſtill to be ſeen here in which *John* II. King of *France* was impriſoned, who, like *Regulus*, came and re-delivered himſelf into the Cuſtody of his Conqueror, when he found the Eſtates of his Kingdom not diſpoſed to perform the Terms of Peace, which he had ſigned, and which were the Condition of his having obtained Leave to go to *France*.

The Palace of *Whitehall*, which is the common Landing-Place for people that come out of the City by Water, is nothing to what it was poſſibly before the unhappy Fire began, by which it was conſumed in the Reign of *William* and *Mary*. There's a Pile of Building yet ſtanding, which is magnificent, and is called the *Banquetting-Houſe*. I was here ſhewn the very Window which the unfortunate *Charles* I. came out of, when the Uſurper *Cromwel* made him walk from the Throne to the Scaffold. All the Buildings called by the Name

Name of *Whitehall*, are now in the Hands of private Owners, by Grants of the late King *George* I.

St. *James*'s Palace, where the King lives, is only ſeparated from *Whitehall* by St. *James*'s-Park. This Houſe has nothing in it anſwerable to the Majeſty of the Prince who reſides in it, and there are few Princes in *Europe* worſe lodged than the King of *England*. I have been aſſured, that the Nation offered the late King *George* I. to build him a new Palace, but that he made Anſwer, that ſince ſo many Kings, his Predeceſſors, had lived in that Palace, and been content with it, he thought it would do as well for him; and that he did not deſire that for the Sake of accommodating him, the Nation ſhould be put to any Sort of Inconvenience, but that its Funds might be employed in ſomething that was more urgent, and more uſeful.

St. *James*'s-Park is the ſame Thing here as the *Thuilleries* are at *Paris*, only this Park is more plain and artleſs, for here is Meadow Ground, with Walks of Trees, and a Canal in the middle of the Whole. Mean Time, this Simplicity has a certain Beauty which cannot be deſcrib'd, tho' the Spectator feels it, and prefers it to the fineſt Gardens. *Charles* II. who was vaſtly fond of walking out for the Air, had a mind to make Embelliſhments in the Park, and for this End ſent to *Paris* for the famous *Le Neautre*, the Man that laid out the Garden of the *Thuilleries*, and the Park at *Verſailles*. But this *Frenchman*, after having viewed the Park, well, adviſed the King to let it ſtand as it did, aſſuring him that he could not make any thing better than it was. The Grand Walk called the Mall, is full of People every Hour of the Day, but eſpecially in the Morning and Evening; and their Majeſties often walk in it with the Royal Family, who are attended only by half a dozen Yeomen of the Guard, and permit all Perſons

without Diſtinction of Rank or Character, to walk there at the ſame Time with 'em; for which Reaſon, the Crowd of People here is ſometimes too great; but then it forms one of the moſt diverſified Scenes imaginable: The Ladies and Gentlemen always appear here in rich Dreſſes; for the *Engliſh*, who twenty Years ago, did not wear Gold lace, but in their Army, are now embroidered and bedawb'd as much as the *French*; I ſpeak of Perſons of Quality; for the Citizen ſtill contents himſelf with a Suit of fine Cloth, a good Hat, and Wig, and fine Linen: Every body in general is well clad here, and even the Beggars don't make ſo ragged an Appearance as they do elſewhere.

Of the fine Houſes that open to the Park, thoſe of *Marlborough* and *Buckingham* are the moſt conſiderable. The former is very richly furniſhed, and adorned with admirable Paintings. 'Tis occupied by the Dowager of that great Duke of *Marlborough*, who led the *Engliſh* to Triumph wherever he came, and made the proudeſt of Kings to tremble.

Buckingham-Houſe is not ſo big as *Marlborough*-Houſe, but infinitely better ſituate; for it fronts the great Walk of St. *James*'s-Park, and is only ſeparated from it by Grates of Iron. 'Tis one grand Building, with two advanc'd Wings, one on each Side, that are united to the main Body of the Building, by two open Galleries, forming a Semicircle. In the middle of the Court, there's a fine Water-work, and behind the Houſe, a great and magnificent Garden, at the End whereof there was to be a Canal, which was actually begun, but remains unfiniſhed. This fine Houſe is occupied by the Ducheſs Dowager of *Buckingham*, a natural Daughter of King *James* II.

St.

St. *James*'s Quarter of the Town, and all the Out-parts of *London* in general, are very regularly built, the Streets ſtrait, broad and airy, and want nothing but to be better paved; which is a great Misfortune that cannot be remedied, but by an exceſſive Expence. They ſay, that *Lewis* XIV. offered *Charles* II. to furniſh him Stones enough to pave *London*, provided *Charles* would furniſh him with Gravel from *England* to lay in the Gardens of his Royal Palaces. Whether this be true, I know not, but it ſeems to me, that the Advantage would have been for the *Engliſh* Prince. Be it as it will, the Bargain was not ſtruck, and *London* is ſtill the Sufferer for want of it.

There are ſeveral great and fine Squares here, ſome of which, in my Opinion, would be more beautiful, were it not for the Fancy of adorning them with Gardens, which perhaps is owing to the Want of Stones for paving them. As theſe are encompaſſed with Iron Paliſadoes, they look very much like Church-yards. St. *James*'s-ſquare is the moſt conſiderable in *London*, not only for its Bigneſs, but for the Reſidence of Perſons of the greateſt Quality. Inſtead of a Garden, it contains a great fine Piece of Water, ſurrounded with an Iron Balluſtrade. Three Sides of this Square are very regular, and it were to be wiſhed that the Proprietors of the fourth Side would be prevailed to build that in the ſame Manner. In this Square live the Earl of *Straſford*, Ambaſſador from Queen *Anne* to the Congreſs at *Utrecht*; and the Duke of *Norfolk*, a *Roman* Catholic, Earl Marſhal, firſt Duke, and firſt Baron of *England*, Chief of the Illuſtrious Family of *Howard*, from whence was deſcended *Catherine* the Fifth Wife of *Henry* VIII. who had not a more happy Fate than the unfortunate

Anne Bullen who preceded her. The Duke of *Norfolk*'s Houſe here has very fine Furniture, and moſt magnificent Pictures.

Groſvenor's-ſquare, which is juſt finiſhed, is even larger than St. *James*'s-ſquare, and its Houſes are much more magnificent. In the middle of the Garden, is the Statue of King *George* I. on Horſeback, of Lead, gilt, and indeed, very ill executed. Of the many Statues that there are in *London*, the beſt is that of *Charles* I. repreſented on Horſeback in Braſs. It owes its Preſervation to a Sort of Miracle. The Uſurper *Cromwel* having cauſed it to be pulled down, and expoſed to Sale, a Founder who happen'd to be a zealous Royaliſt, bought it and buried it under Ground till the Reſtoration of *Charles* II. to whom he made a Preſent of it; and this Prince cauſed it to be ſet up at *Charing-Croſs*, where it ſtill continues. When I ſee it I always look upon it as an Image that has eſcap'd the Fury of the *Iconoclaſtes*.

Since the Acceſſion of the *Hanover* Family to the Throne of *Great-Britain*, *London* is infinitely larger than it was. There is one intire Quarter goes by the Name of *Hanover*. The Parliament being apprehenſive that in Proceſs of Time the Town would grow too big to ſupport itſelf, paſs'd an Act ſome Years ago for reſtraining the Building on new Foundations; and if this had been done twenty Years ago this City wou'd nevertheleſs have been too large.

I ſay nothing to you of the other Squares, becauſe my Deſign is only to give you a general Idea of *London*, and not a very exact Plan, that being a Buſineſs which I leave to ſome Traveller who is better inſtructed. Beſides, to tell you the plain Truth, I am quite weary of entertaining you with Towers and Walls. Therefore I ſhall only

ſay

ſay a Word or two more as to Houſes and Churches. The Houſe of the Duke of *Montagu*, Son-in Law to the late Duke of *Marlborough*, is the moſt conſiderable. The Apartments are large and well laid out, and the Cielings exceeding fine, particularly thoſe of the great Stair caſe and Salon, wherein the Story of *Phaeton* is repreſented in a wonderful Manner. But all theſe fine Apartments are not furniſh'd, and 'tis even ſaid, that the Duke intends to Lett his Houſe to the Count *de Montijo* the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador.

Of the modern Churches that of St. *James's*, which is the Parochial Church of the Court, is the fineſt, having a Portico before it ſupported by Columns, after the Manner of the Rotonda at *Rome*.

The Abby-Church of *Weſtminiſter*, in which the Kings are crown'd and interred, is a great Fabrick which contains the Tombs of ſeveral Kings, and other Perſons illuſtrious either for their Birth or Merit. *Henry* the VIIth's Chapel, wherein that wiſe King is interred with his Queen, is very magnificent, as is alſo the Tomb of the Dukes of *Newcaſtle*. That of the late Mr. *Craggs*, who was Secretary of State to King *George* the Iſt. is plain, but of a beautiful Contrivance: It repreſents that Miniſter in the *Grecian* Manner, and leaning in a very noble Attitude upon an Urn. The famous St. *Evremont* has a Place here amongſt the Men of Learning: The Repreſentation of him is in Form of a large Medal, on which there is a ſhort Inſcription, denoting that this Mauſoleum was erected for him by his Friend my Lord *Galloway*.

Amongſt the Reliques which are ſtill preſerved in this Church, there is one, which for its Antiquity, I believe has not its Equal, it being the Stone which ſerved for *Jacob*'s Pillow when he

dreamt of that myſterious Ladder which reached up to Heaven. This precious Relique is very much neglected, and I cannot imagine how it came to be ſo abandoned by that pious King *James* II. The *Engliſh* wou'd do well to make a Preſent of it to the Republick of *Venice*, where this Stone wou'd quadrate exactly with the Piece of *Moſes*'s Rock in St. *Mark*'s Church. The Cardinal *Cienfuegos* ſhew'd me a Piece of it when I was laſt at *Rome*: He told me, that he ſtole it in his Return from *Portugal*, where he had been Ambaſſador, when he came to *London* with a Commiſſion from the Emperor to King *George* I. He added, that it was the only Robbery he was ever guilty of in his Life, and that he ſhould have been exceeding ſcrupulous of committing it if this Stone had been as much honour'd in *England* as it deſerved; but that finding it neglected and deſpiſed, he could not help filching a Piece of it, which he was ſo fortunate as to ſtrike off with a Key at the very nick of Time when the Keeper of it happened to be looking another way. I told him that I did not think that he needed to have been ſo very ſcrupulous of this Theft; that I was perſwaded that if he had given the Keeper a Guinea at moſt, he might have had a much greater Piece, and that perhaps for a trifle more he might have brought away the whole Stone. O Lord! cry'd the Cardinal, lifting up his Eyes to Heaven, I wiſh then I had purchaſed it.

In *Weſtminſter* Abbey I ſaw alſo the Stone Chair which *Edward* I. that proud Conqueror of *Scotland*, cauſed to be brought from the Abbey of *Scoon* to that of *Weſtminſter*, in order to give the *Scots* to underſtand that they had no longer any Sovereign Power in their Country. Ever ſince that Time the Kings of *England* have made it a Rule to be ſeated

ſeated in that Chair on the Day of their Coronation.

The Palace of *Weſtminſter*, tho' formerly noted for the Reſidence of the Kings, and now for the Aſſembly of the Parliament, is altogether plain. The Hall where the Royal Feaſt is celebrated on the Coronation-Day is one of the largeſt in *Europe*.

The Room where the Lords meet, which is called the Houſe of Peers, is not much ornamented, nor is the King's Throne in it at all magnificent: They ſay, that a new Parliament-Houſe is ſpeedily to be erected, which is an Undertaking that deſerves an able Hand to conduct it; The Parliament of *Great-Britain* being, next to the Dyet of the Empire, the moſt auguſt Body in the Univerſe.

When the King goes to meet his Parliament, 'tis with all the Splendor of Royalty, and he appears there with the Crown on his Head, dreſs'd in Royal Robes. His Throne is at the Bottom of the Room, whereas that of the King of *France*, when he holds his Courts of Juſtice, is plac'd in a Corner, with his Peers on each Side of him. But here the Prince of *Wales* alone, as Heir of the Crown, ſits in the ſame Line with the King, and the Peers ſit upon Benches by the Sides of the Room and acroſs it. I have not yet had the Honour to ſee his preſent Majeſty in his Parliament; but I ſaw the late King his Father there, and I aſſure you, that the Sight of this auguſt Aſſembly inſpir'd me with ſuch Sentiments of Reſpect as I don't know that I was ever impreſs'd with before. When I ſaw that King, the Beſt and moſt Juſt of Monarchs, come to give the Royal Aſſent to what the Peers of the Kingdom, or rather the Fathers of the People, had agreed to, I thought I ſaw *Auguſtus* in the Capital approving the Decrees of the Senate, and the Senate applauding the Actions of the

the Emperor. Nevertheleſs the Parliament does not always applaud the King's Meaſures; but on the contrary makes a noble Stand againſt them when they tend to incroach upon the public Liberty. 'Tis rrue, that ſince the late Revolution which depriv'd the *Stuart* Family of the Throne, the Kings and their Parliaments have always agreed very well. Such is the Genius of the Nation, that a mild juſt King is ſure of their Love and Reſpect, and he finds them as Obedient to his Will as a Tyrant King finds them Reluctant. All that find Fault with the *Engliſh* for Diſaffection to their Kings, have not duly read their Hiſtory, or are fond of Slavery; and they who think a King of *Great Britain* is to be pity'd becauſe he is not abſolute, have a falſe Notion of kingly Power. A Monarch of *England* is capable of doing as much Good as any King in the World, but he can do no wrong. And what can a King, if he be an honeſt Man, (pardon me this Expreſſion, 'tis a Character not unworthy of a King) deſire more? What needs there more to ſatisfy his Ambition? And is it poſſible that a Man can be pitied becauſe 'tis not in his Power to make Millions of People miſerable? For my Part, I think that the *Engliſh*, who do not ſtand up for their Laws and Liberties, are altogether as criminal as they who oppoſe the Will of their Sovereign in a State where Arbitrary power is once eſtabliſhed.

What I admire in the *Engliſh* is not only the Firmneſs with which they plead for their Rights, but their Manner of doing it. In other Nations we ſee Deputies from Parliaments or States making Remonſtrances to their Sovereign, which are ſtudied and concerted. An *Engliſhman* on the contrary makes his upon the Spot; he firſt hearkens attentively to what the Court Party has to propoſe, and if he finds it detrimental to the State,

State, he oppoſes it ſolidly, not with Expreſſions that are flouriſh'd and far-fetch'd, but ſtrongly repreſents the Inconveniencies of the Thing, and enforces what he ſays by the Quotation of Laws and Precedents. A true *Engliſh* Nobleman or Gentleman ſacrifices every thing he has for his Country: The Court and its Favours are not ſtrong enough to captivate him: He can renounce both when he thinks himſelf engag'd in Honour to oppoſe the Court Meaſures in Parliament, and he lays down his Employments. A King has ſeldom the Pleaſure of turning a Man out, and much leſs that of being ſollicited by the Perſon in Diſgrace to reſtore him to Favour. An *Engliſhman* who ſhou'd write ſuch Letters as *Buſſi Rabutin* wrote to *Lewis* XIV. would, I believe, be as much deſpiſed in *England* as *Buſſi* was eſteemed in *France*. They that are out of Favour are not ſhunn'd here as they are elſewhere; and they are ſo far from being abandoned by their Friends that a Nobleman has often a greater Levee in his Diſgrace than he had when in Favour. At the ſame time I can't but think that this Indifference for ſtanding well or ill with the Court is ſometimes puſh'd too far. I have been told, *a propos*, that Queen *Catherine* of *Portugal*, Wife of *Charles* II. having forbad a certain Lady to come to Court for having behav'd in a Manner that gave Offence, the Lady made her Anſwer, that ſhe would obey her, and that ſhe aſſured her Majeſty ſhe would never give herſelf the trouble to viſit her again 'till ſhe cou'd ſee her for ſix Pence; by which ſhe meant, when the Queen was dead, and expoſed to View at *Weſtminſter*.

His preſent Majeſty having ſome Years ago forbad the D - - - -eſs of *Q* - - - -*y* to come to Court for ſome diſreſpectful Behaviour, the Duke who was that Lady's Husband, and likewiſe diſapproved her Conduct, immediately reſigned his Employment

ployment of V - - -e A - - - l of *Sc - - d* and abſented himſelf from Court; but the D - - ſs and he were nevertheleſs ſeen as publick Abroad as ever, and received abundance of Viſits at Home. In ſhort, a Man is only ſhunn'd here for being a Criminal, or a Coward.

There is no King ſerv'd with greater Reſpect than a King of *Great Britain*: Even the Peers miniſter to him upon the Knee. His Family is very numerous; his Guards which are Spruce, form a conſiderable Body; his Court is always very much throng'd; and in ſhort he wants nothing of the Honours of Royalty. Since the late Revolution a King is not accountable for any thing he does; and the Miniſters alone are culpable, and reſponſable to the Parliament for any thing that happens wrong.

The preſent King is not tall, but very well ſhap'd, has a ſtately Port, a very grave Countenance, and ſpeaks little, but with great Propriety. The *French*, *Engliſh*, and the *Italian* Languages are as familiar to him as the *German*. He reads a vaſt deal, and knows more than moſt do who wear the Royal Diadem. Being not puffed up with Pageantry and vain Grandeur, he does not give into ſuperfluous Magnificence, but is an Oeconomiſt without Avarice; Liberal without being Profuſe; an Enemy to Vice, and a Friend to Virtue; ſober and regular in his Ways and Manners, of a lively Temper, full of Spirit, and Ambition, but ſubmitting both the one and the other to Reaſon. He is active and laborious, underſtands Affairs, has a quick Apprehenſion, and a wonderful Memory. As Electoral Prince of *Hanover*, he gave Proofs of his Valour in the *Netherlands* at the Battles of *Oudernarde* and *Malplaquet*; As Prince of *Wales*, he ſhew'd that Adverſity could not abate his Courage; And as King and Elector, he makes it evi-

dent

dent that he can both forgive an Injury, and forget it. His People are happy under his Reign. In *England*, his only Study is to maintain the Peace and Balance of *Europe*, to make Commerce flouriſh, and to render the Nation one of the moſt powerful in the World. At *Hanover*, he endeavours by good Offices to his Subjects there, to alleviate their Sorrow for his Abſence. He has not made any Miſerable ſince he began his Reign, and if the Bleſſings of the People help to prolong the Days of their Kings, his Britannic Majeſty may hope for one of the longeſt of Reigns.

The Queen is a Princeſs in whoſe Perſon every thing that challenges Reſpect does at the ſame time command Affection. Her Preſence is majeſtic, but accompany'd with Modeſty and good Nature; her Behaviour is the moſt courteous that can be, and her Wit, which is both ſolid and ſparkling, is adorn'd with a thouſand fine Accompliſhments. She always look'd upon all the trifling Amuſements of her Sex with Diſdain; and particularly never affected Ornament in Dreſs. The reading of choice Authors was always one of her greateſt Pleaſures; and her Majeſty may be ſaid to be one of the moſt learned Princeſſes in *Europe*. Having loſt the Margrave of *Brandenburg Anſpach* her Father, when ſhe was very young, and her Mother the Princeſs of *Saxe-Eyſenach* marrying again to *John George* IV. Elector of *Saxony*, ſhe was left under the Guardianſhip of *Frederic* Elector of *Brandenburg*, afterwards King of *Pruſſia*, by which Means ſhe ſpent Part of her early Days at the Court of *Berlin*, where the Electoreſs, who was Siſter to the late King *George* I. gave her a Tincture of her own Politeneſs, and inſpired her with thoſe ſublime Sentiments for which ſhe was admir'd by all that approach'd her. The young Princeſs of *Anſpach* had at that Time all the Charms of Nature. And the Fame of her

Beauty

Beauty attracted the Addreſſes of *Charles* III. King of *Spain*, our auguſt Emperor, who offered her his Hand and his Crown: But the Princeſs was ſo ſtrongly attach'd to her Religion that ſhe refuſed both. God reſerv'd her no Doubt to make *Great-Britain* happy, and ſhe marry'd the Electoral Prince of *Brunſwick Lunenbourg*. Not many Years after this, ſhe ſaw (but without any viſible Emotion of Joy) her Father-in-Law and her Husband call'd to the Poſſeſſion of one of the chief Thrones in the World. I was then at *Hanover*, and will venture to aſſure you, that the whole Electoral Family heard of this new Addition to their Greatneſs with a Moderation which render'd them worthy of their Fortune; and the Princeſs in particular demonſtrated that ſhe was thoroughly ſatisfied in her Mind that ſhe cou'd be happy without a Crown, and that both her Father-in-Law and her Husband were already Kings in her Eye, becauſe they ſo highly deſerved that Title. When ſhe became Princeſs of *Wales* ſhe was ſo prudent as to keep fair with both the Parties which then divided the Royal Family. The late King had a ſincere Eſteem for her, and ſhe in Return paid him very great Reſpect. And now that ſhe is Queen, Her Majeſty contributes all that's in her Power to make her Subjects happy. The King lets her into a Share of Affairs, and leaves the Regency of the Kingdom to her in his Abſence.

Among the Joys of their Britannic Majeſties we ought to reckon the numerous Family with which Heaven has bleſs'd 'em. It conſiſts of two Princes and five Princeſſes. The Eldeſt, who has the Stile and Title of Prince of *Wales*, tho' he is not very tall has a majeſtic Air, and when amongſt the Courtiers is eaſily diſtinguiſhed to be the chief Perſonage. He is extremely Civil, Affable, Good-natured and Polite. It may be truly ſaid of him, that he has the Soul of a King; for few Princes are more generous.

rous. He loves Pleaſures and Magnificence; he is gallant, has a penetrating Genius, talks very much, but always with Judgment, and to the Point. He is Maſter of ſeveral Languages, and underſtands Hiſtory and Geography. He is perfect in all his Exerciſes, and really is not ignorant of any one Thing that a Prince of his Rank ought to know. The *Hanoverians*, among whom he was educated, ador'd him, and the *Engliſh* ſeem altogether as fond of him.

The young Duke of *Cumberland*, ſecond Son to their Majeſties, reſembles what the Painters repreſent to us by the Name of *Cupid*. He has Senſe infinitely ſuperior to his Age, is very Dexterous, and an apt Scholar. He ſpeaks *Engliſh*, *High-Dutch*, *Latin* and *French*; and I think more than this cannot be expected of a Prince who is not yet full thirteen Years of Age *.

Of the five Princeſſes I ſhall only mention the three Eldeſt, the other two being as yet too young for a Character. The Eldeſt, whom they call the *Princeſs Royal*, has an excellent Shape, and an Aſpect of Modeſty and Goodneſs, which wins the Hearts of all that ſee her. Her Temper is as engaging as her Phyſiognomy; and her Mind, which is diſengaged from all Trifles, is more ſolid than might be expected from her Age. The Reading of good Books, Converſation with Perſons of Merit, and her Application to Muſic are her chief Employments. She is extremely civil and obliging; and they ſay ſhe is generous and beneficent. 'Tis a Pleaſure to ſee her on Horſe-back; ſhe dances

* His Governor is the Hon. *Stephen Poyntz*, Eſq; and his Præceptor in the learned Languages *Jenkin Thomas Philips*, Eſq; formerly Secretary to the Commiſſioners for the Fifty New Churches, and ſince preferr'd to be his Majeſty's Hiſtoriographer.

Dances with a very good Grace, and really has all the Virtues becoming her High Birth.

The Princeſſes *Amelia* and *Carolina*, were they not the moſt ſhining Beauties, have perſonal Charms, and ſuch Qualities of the Mind as cannot fail in time of making ſome Prince or other Happy.

With theſe Characters of the Royal Family I ſhall conclude my Letter, which is already long enough: I ſhall give you the reſt of my Remarks without Delay. In the mean time be aſſured that I am always with an inviolable Attachment.

LETTER LIV.

SIR, *London*, *May* 4, 1733.

THE laſt brought us to the Royal Family, and what relates to the Court. The latter is more numerous than brilliant, if it be certain that Pleaſures form the Splendor of a Court. Of theſe their Majeſties don't ſeem to be fond, at leaſt of thoſe noiſy Pleaſures, that inſtead of unbending the Mind, which ought to be the Aim of all Pleaſures, only ſerve to fatigue it.

'Tis very eaſy to obtain the Honour of being introduc'd to their Majeſties, and the Royal Family, nothing more being neceſſary than to ſend in one's Name to the Duke of *Grafton*, his Majeſty's Lord Chamberlain, and my Lord *Grantham*, the Queen's Maſter of the Horſe. People go to the King's Levee, and the Queen's Drawing-Room, as they do in *France*. Their Majeſties dine in Public only upon *Sundays*, when none eat with 'em but their Children. The Table is in Form of an oblong Square, in the Middle of which ſit the King

King and Queen, with the Prince of *Wales* on the Right, and the three eldeſt Princeſſes on the Left. The Service here is perform'd in the ſame Manner as it is in *France*. The Table is plac'd in the midſt of a Hall, ſurrounded with Benches to the very Cieling, which are fill'd with an infinite Number of Spectators. The ſame Room alſo ſerves for the Balls, when there are any at Court. Three times a Week there's an Apartment here call'd the *Drawing-Room*, which is open'd at Ten o'Clock at Night. About this Hour the Ladies repair to the ſaid Apartment, which conſiſts of three great Salons, made by the Direction of Queen *Anne*, which are the only tolerable Rooms in all St. *James*'s Palace. The King comes to it attended not only by the Queen, who is led by the Prince of *Wales*, but by the Princeſſes her Daughters. Their Majeſties converſe there for a few Moments with ſuch Perſons as they are pleaſed to diſtinguiſh; after which the Queen makes a profound Curtſy to the King, and goes to play for about an Hour with the Princeſs Royal, and two Ladies, whom her Majeſty ſingles out of the Company, and a little before Midnight their Majeſties retire. Upon thoſe Days that there's no Drawing-Room, the King and Queen are generally at the Opera, or the Playhouſe. In fine Weather they take the Air in St. *James*'s Park, or the Suburbs of *London*. In Summer-time their Majeſties are for the moſt part at *Kenſington*, *Windſor*, or *Hampton-Court*, the two laſt of which Palaces are beautiful. The firſt of theſe was built by the famous Cardinal *Wolſey*, the Favourite of King *Henry* VIII. and before *Lewis* XIV. began to build, was reckon'd the fineſt Palace in *Europe*.

The King does not hunt much, but employs moſt of his Time with his Miniſters, conſulting the Welfare of his Dominions, of theſe Sir ROBERT WAL-

POLE

POLE is the Principal, and he is the only Commoner in *Great Britain* that is honoured with the Order of the Garter. This Miniſter, who is not leſs applauded by the Court-Party, than he is cenſured by the contrary Faction, has the general Veneration and Eſteem of all the Courts of *Europe*, where 'tis confeſs'd to be owing to his Direction that the Cabinet of St *James*'s gives Motion at this Time to all *Europe*, and that he is the Soul of all Councils, all Deliberations, and all Reſolutions. Sir *Robert Walpole* ſeems, in my Opinion, to be attended with the Fate of my Lord Duke of *Marlborough*, who tho' admir'd by the whole World, and even by thoſe to whom he did moſt Miſchief, was hardly valued in his own Country, which he crown'd with Glory and Proſperity. I ſhall ſay nothing to you at preſent of this Gentleman's private Character, becauſe I am not yet well enough acquainted with it. As I have no Buſineſs with him, I ſee him paſs along; and that's all. I want ſome Neutral Man (that is to ſay, one who is neither for nor againſt this Miniſter) that knows him well, and will let me into the Knowledge of him too. If I am ſo fortunate as to find out ſuch a Perſon I will impart to you ſuch Lights as he ſhall give me. Mean time I hear him talk'd of in Public as one that underſtands the Conſtitution of the Kingdom better than any Man in it, who thoroughly knows the Strength and Weakneſs of the State, and one whom nothing terrifies, nothing aſtoniſhes: And I may add, there's no Man more bold and enterpriſing. He perfectly knows his Countrymen, and has the true Art of Government: And no Body ſpeaks with more Eloquence in Parliament, where whatever he propoſes ſeldom fails of being paſs'd; and the Lower houſe is, as one may ſay, determined by him.

His

His greateſt Opponents in Parliament are Mr. *P---y* in the Houſe of Commons, and my Lord *St--d* in the Houſe of Peers. This Lord you know was for a long Time Ambaſſador from Queen *Anne* to the Court of *Berlin*, and afterwards to the States General; and that it was he that ſign'd the Treaty of Peace at *Utrecht*: He was a Member of the Privy Council when the Queen died; but King *George* I. did not think fit to continue him: at which his Lordſhip being diſguſted, abſented from Court, and became in Parliament the Cenſor of the Miniſters. After the Death of King *George* I. the Earl paid his Reſpects to their preſent Majeſties, who received him with very great Marks of Diſtinction: which however did not hinder his conſtant Oppoſition to the Meaſures of the Court: Yet it cannot be deny'd that his Lordſhip behaved with very great Prudence in the Changes that happen'd upon the Acceſſion of the *Brunſwic* Family to the Throne. This Lord ſpeaking to me one Day of thoſe Alterations, in the Voyage which I made hither in 1728, told me, that if he had been rul'd by the Duke of *Ormond*, he ſhould have been in the ſame miſerable Circumſtances as that Duke. "He did "all he cou'd, *ſaid* he, to perſuade me to quit "the Kingdom with him; but he was ſo far from "decoying me away, that I made Uſe of all the "Rhetoric I was Maſter of to perſuade him to "ſtay at Home, becauſe we had neither of us done "any Thing but by Order of the Queen our "Miſtreſs; that therefore we had nothing to fear, "and that the worſt that could happen to us wou'd "be a Cenſure. But the Duke had ſuch a Terror "upon him, that all theſe Arguments were not "powerful enough to encourage him; and but a "few Hours before he went off, he came and con-"jured me to leave the Kingdom with him. I made "him this Anſwer: *I have nothing to reproach*

myſelf

" *myſelf with*, my Lord, *I have obeyed the Queen*
" *and I have too high an Opinion of the Juſtice*
" *of my Country, and too great a Confidence in the*
" *Equity of the King, to fear any Thing*. The An-
" ſwer which the Duke made me was, *Well then*,
" my Lord, *I muſt take the ſame Farewell of you*
" *as the* Prince of Orange *did of* Count Egmont.
" FAREWELL, COUNT WITHOUT A HEAD. To
" which I replied, FAREWEL, DUKE WITHOUT
" A DUTCHY. The Event has ſhewn, that I was
" a better Prophet than the Duke of *Ormond:* For
" I enjoy my Eſtate in Peace, whereas what he had
" is taken from him. " In the ſame Converſation, the Earl talked a great deal to me of their Majeſties, and in Terms of the profoundeſt Reſpect. He expreſſed an infinite Value for the King, who when Prince of *Wales*, ſaid he, always treated him with very great Regard and Goodneſs. Nevertheleſs this Lord ſeldom appears at Court: He ſpends the Summer in the Country, and the Winter at *London*, where once a Week he has an Aſſembly, but in other reſpects he lives very retired; and at no great Expence.

The Duke of *Newcaſtle* is Secretary of State. This Nobleman is extremely civil, very rich, and lives grand. He has the Province of foreign Affairs, in Conjunction with my Lord *Harrington*, who, when he was only Colonel *Stanhope*, gain'd Reputation as Ambaſſador in *Spain*, and at the Congreſs of *Soiſſons*. I knew this Miniſter at *Madrid* in 1719, and can vouch for him, that he is one of the worthieſt and ſobereſt Men in the World. He is good-natur'd, modeſt, generous, and mighty ſincere. He is ſhy of new Acquaintance, but when once a Man knows him, the better he will like him.

I don't think that the Miniſters of this Country, or the Nobility, are ſo haughty as they are repreſented

preſented in our Country, and have Reaſon to think, that they who ſay the *Engliſh* are not civil to Foreigners, have not been very converſant with 'em. 'Tis true, they are not ſo engaging as the *French*; but when a Man is known among them, gives into their Ways, and courts their Favour, in ſhort, they are, methinks, as courteous and civil, as any other People in the World. An *Engliſhman* won't be ſaying at every Turn, *that he has the Honour to be your moſt humble Servant*; *that he has the Honour to ſay*, *to hear*, and ſo of the reſt. He will ſay it perhaps once in a Converſation, and that's all; nor, on the other hand, does he want to be loaded with Compliments, Acknowledgments, and impertinent Bows. As he is above Trifles, he looks upon all thoſe frothy Expreſſions as frivolous; and this it is that makes our young Travellers think that the *Engliſh* are not polite. Such far fetcht and bombaſt Phraſes are commonly all that thoſe Sparks have learnt, at a great deal of Expence in their Travels to *France*, and they are perfectly aſtoniſhed when they come into a Land of good Senſe, and ſee ſo little Notice taken of what they have paid for ſo dear, and what has coſt them ſo much Pains to acquire.

There are ſome *Engliſh* People, who upon certain Occaſions, ſeem to forget the Perſons they were great with but the Day before. In my former Voyage to this Country, I was at firſt ſurpriſed at this Sort of Behaviour, and aſcribed the Cauſe of it to the Pride of the *Engliſh*; but I was convinced afterwards, that it was owing much more to a melancholy Temper, which is general to almoſt the whole Nation. An *Engliſhman* of this Caſt is not the leſs a Friend upon that Account, and if one does not take Notice of that Unevenneſs of Temper, he will naturally come to himſelf, and they readily forgive their Friend for

any

any Abſence of Thought. In ſhort, the *Engliſh* have their Failings, becauſe they are but Men; but I ſhall always pay very great Credit to an *Engliſhman*, when he tells me, that he is my Friend. In order to acquire the Friendſhip of theſe People, 'tis abſolutely neceſſary to ſpeak their Language. Many of them underſtand *French* and *Italian*, but they don't care to ſpeak foreign Languages, and when they do, 'tis either from Neceſſity or Conſtraint. Now Conſtraint is what the *Engliſh* don't at all like; for as they enjoy the greateſt Liberty of any People in the World, they have an Averſion to every Thing which cramps it.

Their Manners differ extremely from thoſe of the *French*, which iswhat the latter are at a Loſs to account for, becauſe they have been always ſo much imitated by all other Nations, that they think themſelves the Directors of Mankind, and that the *Engliſh* do them an Injuſtice in not following their Copies. To give you my Judgment as to the Manners of theſe two Nations, is what I ſhall not undertake, being reſtrained from it by ſeveral Conſiderations, eſpecally the Fear of doing Wrong either to the one or the other, and that I ſhould not give a right Judgment in ſo great a Cauſe. They are both perhaps not exempt from very great failings, but it ſeems to me, that the *Engliſh* are not the Slaves of that Tyrant Cuſtom, and chuſe to follow their Genius and good Senſe. They don't ſurfeit themſelves with thoſe Nothings which the *French* call Politeneſs, and which ſeem to be invented only to paſs away the Time. In fine, to ſpeak my Mind plainly, if I was but twenty Years of Age, I could like to be a complete *Frenchman*, but now that I am forty, I am perfectly reconciled to the Manners and Cuſtoms of the *Engliſh*.

A Zeal for Religion ſeems to me to be the only Point in which there is a Conformity of Temper between the two Nations. And tho' they differ widely in Principles, yet they both cry out loudly for the Privileges of their Church, and both have equally their Fanatics. For tho' *London* has not ſuch as are Devotees to St. *Paris*, it has other Sectaries who are as ſenſeleſs. For the reſt, the two Nations may boaſt of having produced a great Number of good Men, as appears from the many good Books of Devotion and Morality, for which we are obliged to them. And as for Libertines, I think neither Nation has reaſon to reproach the other, and that there are as many at *London* as at *Paris*.

The *Engliſh* are run down for their Cruelty, but I know not for what Reaſon, unleſs it be, that in a Battle they do not readily give Quarter, and are apt to purſue their Advantage too far. I fancy it would be eaſy to prove, that other Nations, who charge the *Engliſh* with this Vice, are more cruel than they. For in ſhort, the Barbarities committed in the Conqueſt of *Mexico*, the burning of the *Palatinate*, the Maſſacre of St. *Bartholomew*, the *Sicilian* Veſpers, the Aſſaſſination of the beſt of Kings, are Cruelties that are not to be matched in the Hiſtory of *England*. We don't hear of thoſe Aſſaſſinations in this Country, that are committed elſewhere, and even the Highwaymen ſeem to be more humane here than Abroad; for they generally content themſelves with what is given them without ſhedding of Blood, and ſome of them are ſo generous, as to give Money to People whom other Highwaymen had ſtripped. 'Tis inconceivable how many Stratagems theſe Rogues make uſe of to carry their Points. I have been told a great many Stories upon this Head, of which I give you the following,

lowing, becauſe I think 'twas very well contrived.

As a Nobleman was travelling in his Coach, the Roads were ſo extremely bad, that his Servants who were on Horſeback, were forced to turn out of the High-Road into a By-Way. His Lordſhip came by Degrees into a Vale, where he met with a Man on Horſeback, who putting a Gun into the Coach, ſaid to him, *My Lord, this is a good Gun, 'tis worth a hundred Pieces between Friends, I would adviſe you to buy it.* The Nobleman underſtood his Meaning, but being defenceleſs, he drew a hundred Guineas out of his Purſe, which the Highwayman took, and gave him the Gun. The firſt Thing that my Lord did, was to preſent it at the Highwayman; but he told him, that he was not afraid of him, for in ſhort, the Gun was not charged, ſo that my Lord could not recover his Money.

As the Highwaymen are ſo artful in committing Robberies, they are much more ſo in eſcapeing Juſtice. A Highwayman, who had alſo committed a Murder near *London*, ſome Years ago, rode fifty *French* Leagues that Day, upon the ſame Horſe. When he came to the Place where he thought himſelf ſafe, he took out his Watch, and ſhewing it to the People of the Inn where he ſet up, *I call you to witneſs*, ſaid he, *that at ſuch o'Clock I came hither, and I deſire you to give me a Certificate of it in Writing.* They gave him one accordingly, which Piece of Paper ſaved his Life; for when he was apprehended, his Judges being aſſured that he was the Murderer, were juſt going to condemn him, when he ask'd them, at what o'Clock the Murder was committed. The Judges having told him the Hour, *How come you to think*, ſaid he, *that 'twas poſſible for me to be guilty of the Crime of which you accuſe me,*

me, when I was that very Day fifty Leagues from the Place where 'twas committed? The Judges thinking it out of the Power of Man to be there, and ſo far off too, in that Time, ſet the Culprit at Liberty. Mean Time, the Preſident being perſuaded that he was guilty, ask'd him privately how it was, and the Highwayman, after having made him promiſe to keep the Secret, confeſſed the Fact.

I could tell you a Number of ſuch Stories, not ſo much to convince you that the *Engliſh* are not cruel, as to prove to you, that their Highwaymen are cunning. All the Laws here are mild, and not ſevere. There are no Tortures, nor are ſuch made uſe of, even in Conſpiracies. No body is condemned to die, if he be not found guilty before two Tribunals or Juries, compoſed of Perſons who are, as near as can be, Men of equal Rank with the Party accuſed. The firſt Tribunal muſt conſiſt of more than twelve Perſons, but twelve is the Number by whom the Bill muſt be found. The ſecond Tribunal conſiſts preciſely of twelve Jurymen, who muſt all be agreed in their Verdict, and be ſhut up together, without being allowed victuals or Drink, till they are all of the ſame Opinion. There are but two Sorts of Execution known here, *viz.* Hanging and Beheading, of which the laſt is reſerved only for ſuch as are Peers of the Realm.

It ſeems to me, by what I have now told you, that the *Engliſh* are as humane, and more ſo, than we are, who refine upon Tortures and Executions, as if it 'twere nothing to make a Man ſuffer, and that it 'twas not enough to take that Life from him, which no Monarch in the World can prolong one Moment, much leſs reſtore to him from whom he has once taken it.

The Execution of Criminals here is a perfect Shew to the People, by Reaſon of the Courage with which moſt of 'em go to the fatal Tree. I lately ſaw five carried to the Gallows, who were dreſſed, and ſeemed to be as well pleaſed, as if they were going to a Feaſt. The Executions here are not performed with that terrible Apparatus as they are elſewhere. There is not that Number of Halbardiers, nor all that Gravity, which ſometimes ſtrikes a greater Awe than the Execution itſelf. A Criminal goes to the Gallows here in a Cart. When he is directly under it, he is faſtened to the Top of it, when the Smack of a Whip makes the Horſes draw away the Cart, and the Criminal remains hanging. I am told, that his Friends or Neighbours pull him by the Feet, in order to diſpatch him the ſooner. They who die without Fainting, are always extolled to the Skies by the Populace, and the leaſt of their Characters are, that they died like brave Gentlemen.

'Tis one of the diſtinguiſhing Characters of an *Engliſhman*, to be intrepid in the Article of Death. We are forbid by Religion, to approve of that Contempt of Life, yet we can't help admiring it in the *Romans*, from whom the *Engliſh* have no doubt derived the Practice of putting an End to their Days, when Life is a Burden to them. Theſe Self-Murderers are but too frequent here, and are committed by Perſons of good Families, as well as by the Dregs of the People. I gave you an Inſtance in one of my Letters from *Paris*, of a certain Bookbinder and his Wife, who hang'd themſelves at *London*, for fear of that Miſery in Life, which they thought unavoidable. I could give you other Inſtances as tragical, if I were not apprehenſive that ſuch melancholy Cataſtrophes would give you Horror. Mean time you muſt agree with me, in the Impoſſibility of accounting

for

for ſuch a ſtrange odd Turn of Mind in theſe People, for in ſhort, other Nations don't ſeem by their Actions to have any more Religion than the *Engliſh*, and they are all equally ſenſible of Misfortunes; yet one rarely hears of a Foreigner making an Attempt upon himſelf. How come the *Engliſh* then to be ſo free with Life? Does it proceed from a greater Share of Courage, or of Cowardice?

A great many of 'em hang themſelves purely for Love. I own to you, that if I were ſo forſaken by God, as to commit ſuch a fooliſh Prank, it ſhould be for an *Engliſh* Woman. They have, in my Opinion, ſuch an Air of Modeſty, and good Nature, and withal, ſuch a baſhful Simplicity, as charm me, and ſuch tender languiſhing Eyes too, as tho' not univerſally pleaſing, yet captivate me to ſuch a Degree, that if I was but twenty Years of Age, I ſhould have gone very much aſtray. Moſt of the *Engliſh* Women are handſom; they have the fineſt Hair in the World, and are only obliged to pure Nature for the Beauty of their Complexions. 'Tis a Pleaſure to ſee them bluſh. The frankeſt of 'em retain an Air of Modeſty which would perſuade one, that they don't affect to be wicked. They are commonly very richly dreſſed, but not altogether in the Taſte of the *French* Ladies, which is the only Fault that I find with 'em. They ſeem to affect Dreſſing to their Diſadvantage. Their Gowns ſo cloſe before, with ſtrait Sleeves, which don't reach beyond the Elbow, make them look as if they had no Shoulders nor Breaſts. And what is worſe than all, they have broad flat Rumps to their Gowns, and Hoop-Petticoats, narrow at the Top, and monſtrouſly wide at the Bottom. They are always laced, and 'tis as rare to ſee a Woman here without her Stays on, as it is to ſee one at *Paris* in a full Dreſs. I

wiſh the *Engliſh* Ladies would take Pattern by the *French* a little more in their Dreſs; for in my Judgment, the Knots of Ribband in their Cornets, and a thouſand Trinkets with which the latter ſet themſelves off, are very becoming to the Sex. On the other Hand, I ſhould be glad, if the young Gentlemen did not imitate the *French* Air and Dreſs ſo much as they do, but kept to the Manners of their own Country, which are more ſuitable to the Men. They ſay, that among the good Qualities of the Women here, they are equally ſuſceptible themſelves of the Paſſion of Love, which they are ſo apt to kindle in the Men. This is very good, and perfectly natural; for in my Opinion, nothing is ſo ill becoming to the Fair Sex as Hard-heartedneſs, the rather, becauſe I believe 'tis poſſible for a Woman to be in Love without abandoning Virtue.

The Ladies here have little to employ them; their Amuſement being to give and receive Viſits, to go often to Court, to have the Pleaſure of being ſeen, which really is of all Pleaſures that which they ſeem to take moſt Delight in. This is the Motive that carries them to the public Walks, Concerts, and Theatres; in all which Places, they are mightily reſerved, have but little Talk, and their chief Converſation is the Flutter of their Fans. I was one Day paying a Viſit at a Houſe where there was an Aſſembly of twenty Women, and not one Man beſides myſelf. They look'd upon one another, but did not ſpeak a Word. I may defy you to ſhew me any other Place where there's a Score of Women in Company, and not one Tongue ſtirring. As for the reſt, the Women here enjoy great Liberty. They turn out in a Morning with a black velvet Mask on their Faces, a Coif on in Form of a Hat, with the Brims down, a round Gown, and a white

white Apron, and in this Trim they go to the Park, or where elſe they pleaſe. They take the air very much on Horſeback. In ſhort, they do what they have a Mind to. Mean time, the Husbands are ſeldom of their Parties, and trouble themſelves very little whither they go, being too much Philoſophers, and of too good Senſe, to make their Honour dependent on the Virtue of their Wives, which at the ſame Time, I verily believe to be in leſs Danger here than elſewhere, it being not the Genius of the *Engliſh*, to take a great deal of Pains for an Amour; and I am perſuaded, that *Hercules*'s Love for *Omphale* will never be equall'd in this Country.

The Pleaſures of this great City are of many and various Kinds; yet I have known *Engliſhmen*, at their Return from *Paris*, ſay, they thought *London* too dull a Place for them to live in. Others would argue with me, that there's more Diverſion at *Rome*. You know, Sir, what I have related to you, of the Pleaſures both of *Rome* and *Paris*; and after I have given you an Account of thoſe of *London*, ſuch as they are, or may be taken, you ſhall be the Judge betwixt thoſe *Frenchify'd* or *Italianized Engliſhmen* and Me.

A Man of Senſe, a Scholar, a Devotee, in one Word, a Man is never at a Loſs here for ſuitable Company, and I defy him to meet with better on the other Side of the Herring-Pond. The irregular Man, or rather the Deboſhee, has here his full Swing. And the fine Gentleman, whom I place in a Medium betwixt the two Extremes, has enough to regale his Appetite. As the Species of the latter is the moſt prevailing, we will ſhew how he paſſes his Time. He riſes late, puts on a Frock (which is a cloſe body'd Coat without Pockets or Plaits, and with ſtrait Sleeves) and leaving his Sword at Home, takes his Cane, and

goes where he pleaſes. The Park is commonly the Place he walks to, becauſe 'tis the Exchange for Men of Quality. There he has it at his Choice to make any Engagement whatſoever. Then he goes Home to dreſs, and afterwards ſaunters to ſome Coffee houſe, or Chocolate-houſe, frequented by the Perſon he would ſee; for 'tis a Sort of Rule with the *Engliſh*, to go once a Day at leaſt, to Houſes of this Sort, where they talk of Buſineſs and News, read the Papers, and often look at one another without opening their Lips; and 'tis very well they are ſo mute; for if they were as talkative as the People of many other Nations, the Coffe-houſes would be intolerable, and there would be no hearing what one Man ſaid, where there are ſo many. The Chocolate-houſe in St. *James*'s-ſtreet, where I go every Morning, to paſs away the Time, is always ſo full that a Man can ſcarce turn about in it. Here are Dukes, and other Peers, mixed with Gentlemen; and to be admitted, there needs nothing more than to dreſs like a Gentleman. At one o'Clock, they go to Court, to the King's Levee, and from thence to the Queen's Apartment, where is commonly a great Number of Ladies very well dreſſed. At three o'Clock they all retire to their ſeveral Appointments. Dinners here are very expenſive, and Parties at Taverns very much in Faſhion. At private Houſes the Ladies retire as ſoon as Dinner is over, and the Men remain at the Table, upon which, the Cloth being taken off, the Footmen place a Bottle of Wine, or more, if all the Gueſts don't drink the ſame Sort, with Glaſſes well rinſed, and then they withdraw, only one waits at the Beaufet. The Bottle now goes round, every one fills his Glaſs as he pleaſes, and drinks as much, or as little as he will;

will; but they always drink too much, becauſe they ſit too long at it.

When the Company breaks up from Table, if it be fine Weather, they go out again for the Air, either in a Coach to *Hyde*-park, where the Ring is, or elſe on Foot to St. *James*'s-park. In the Winter they make Viſits till the Plays begin; but theſe Repreſentations really deſerve a ſeparate Article, and you ſhall have it by and by at large. After the Operas or Plays are over, the Company goes to the Aſſemblies, which are alternative, ſometimes at one Lord's Houſe, and ſometimes at another's, or elſe they repair to the *Drawing*-room. At Midnight they go to Supper. The Companies formed at the Taverns are the merrieſt, and *Bacchus* is commonly ſeconded by *Venus*. At Day-light the jolly Carouſers retire Home. Judge after what I have now ſaid, whether a young Gentleman has not as much to amuſe himſelf at *London*, as at *Paris* and *Rome*. Believe me, that they who ſay this City is too melancholy for 'em, only ſay ſo to give themſelves an Air.

At private Houſes the Tables are ſerved with as much Neatneſs and Delicacy as in any Country in the World. There are three Diſhes commonly at each Courſe, and Plates are often laid two or three deep, which is the Reaſon that People always eat more than they would otherwiſe, and that abundance of Time is ſpent at Table. There is excellent Beef here, and I am in Love with their Puddings, which are made of Flower, Eggs, Crumbs of Bread, and in ſhort a thouſand Ingredients that I know nothing of, but all together make very good Fare. There's one Cuſtom eſtabliſhed in theſe Houſes, which to be ſure you would not diſlike, *viz.* That at the firſt Time of a Man's Introduction to a Family, he ſalutes the Miſtreſs of the Houſe with a Kiſs, which tho'

but a very modeſt one, 'tis a Pleaſure to ſee a Colour come into the Lady's Cheeks, as if they had committed a Fault. A ſecond Cuſtom, which is not ſo agreeable as the former, is, that after a Man has been entertained, ſomething muſt be given to the Servants of the Houſe: And this Gift muſt be proportioned to the Rank of the Maſter of the Houſe at whoſe Table you have ſat; ſo that if a Duke gives me a Dinner four Times a Week, his Footmen would pocket as much of my Money, as would ſerve my Expences at the Tavern for a Week. I wonder why the *Engliſh* keep up this Cuſtom, thoſe eſpecially who live ſo magnificently, and pay their Domeſtics ſo handſomly that I believe they are as happy as any of their Claſs in the World.

The Tavern Reckonings run exceſſive high, but then there's the beſt of Attendance and Accommodation, in which reſpect I prefer them to the Cabarets of *Paris*, where the Table Linnen is generally very coarſe and dirty.

The Aſſemblies here are ſo throng'd that there's hardly any ſtirring. Nevertheleſs, there's ſeldom more than three or four Gaming Tables. Almoſt every body is ſtanding. They are in perpetual Motion, like a Swarm of Ants; they joſtle and ſqueeze by one another, then ask pardon, paſs mutual Compliments, and juſt inquire after one another's Health, but 'tis in a manner impoſſible to hold a Converſation.

The gayeſt and moſt numerous Aſſembly in *Europe*, is upon the Ball-Days at the Grand Theatre in the Hay-market. I can ſafely ſay that I never ſaw a finer Sight in my Life. Sometimes there are no leſs than three thouſand in Company. Every Perſon pays a Guinea, for which they are accommodated with all manner of Refreſhments, and all the Sorts of Wines imaginable, beſides a

ſtately

ſtately Deſert of Fruit and Sweat-meats. All this numerous Aſſembly parades in ſeveral Rooms richly adorned, and completely illuminated. In ſeveral of theſe they dance, and in others there's Play. The Entertainment opens with a Concert perform'd by the ableſt Muſicians in *London*. Then the Ball begins, and holds till next Morning. At theſe Balls the Company are often mask'd, and then the King and the Prince of *Wales* honour them with their preſence, but the Queen and the Princeſſes are never there. At all theſe Entertainments, every body appears very well dreſſed, and the Ladies eſpecially are ſtuck all over with Jewels; for there is no Country in the World where there are finer Diamonds. The *Engliſh* Dances are Country-dances, which require ſeveral Couples at a Time; and all that perform in them cloſe in by Turns, which gives Opportunities of making an Acquaintance. The Tunes to which they dance are ſo brisk that I fancy they would be more agreeable to the Vivacity of the *French* than the Sedateneſs of the *Engliſh*.

As to Plays, the *Engliſh* are fond of 'em, and have more of them than any other Nation. They have an *Italian* Opera, which is the beſt and moſt magnificent in *Europe*. They pay a Guinea for the Boxes, half a Guinea for the Pit, and a Crown for the Gallery. But tho' 'tis always crouded, yet it won't defray the Expences of Acting, ſo that ſeveral of the Nobility contribute to the Salaries of the Actors, which are extravagant; but then they have the beſt Voices of *Italy*. An Actor whoſe Name is *Seneſino*, has one thouſand five hundred pounds a Year, beſides Preſents in Abundance. The Muſic of theſe Operas is generally compoſed by one *Hendel*, who is eſteemed by a great many People beyond all Expreſſion, but others reckon him no extraordinary Man; and for my

my own part, I think his Muſic not ſo affecting as 'tis elegant. The Decorations are very fine, and the Room is very large, and much more beautiful than that at *Paris*. The Company ſit for moſt part in the Pit, where the Ladies form Semicircles, ſo that all their Faces are ſeen, which makes a very good Effect. I forgot to tell you that the whole is well illuminated with Wax-candles. There's Dancing between the Acts when there is no burleſque Interlude.

Beſides the *Italian* Opera, there's an *Engliſh* one, where they ſing only the Tunes, the reſt being recited. This I think is more juſt than when the whole is ſung; at leaſt a Man does not ſing when he is killing or beating himſelf.

The *Engliſh* Comedy is no leſs eſteemed by the *Engliſh*, than it has been ſeverely criticiz'd by the *French*, who ſay 'tis not comparable to theirs. The Wits of both Nations have treated this important Subject very gravely, and have alike ſhewn their Preſumption. I am far from giving my Judgment betwixt them; but I muſt ſay, that it ſeems to me that the *French* are too much cramp'd by their Rules, and the *Engliſh* not enough. Thus do the two Nations diſcover the Difference of their Taſte, the one for Obedience, the other for Liberty. Tho' the *Engliſh* are not ſuch nice Obſervers of the Simplicity of the Subject, and the Unity of Place, yet they ſeem to me to abound in happy Sentiments: And how much prejudiced ſoever they may be ſaid to be in Favour of their own Productions, yet they do not want an Eſteem for ſuch *French* Pieces, where they meet with Sentiments that are agreeable. The Tragedy of *Brutus* by *Voltaire* is juſt tranſlated here, which is a Piece that has had a better Run even at *London*, than at *Paris*; and as it was compoſed by the Author in *England*, he was ſo entirely captivated

tivated with the Freedom of Thinking among the *Engliſh*, that he had in ſome Meaſure forgot he was a *Frenchman*, and ſpeaks in it of Kings as if they were but Men.

The Plays lead me to give you an Account of the reſt of thoſe Pleaſures in which the *Engliſh* ſeem to take Delight. They hunt much, but in a Manner very different from us. They ride exceeding hard, and hunt a poor Hare with as much Eagerneſs as they purſue a routed Enemy. Their Hounds, and their Horſes too, encourage their Keenneſs for the Sport, there being not the like in the World for Speed; ſo that *England* furniſhes almoſt all the Nobility in *Europe* with Horſes and Dogs, as the King of *Denmark* does with Falcons.

The Swiftneſs of the *Engliſh* Horſes is the Reaſon that there are Horſe-Races every Year at a Place called *Newmarket*, and this really is what Travellers may ſay is worth ſeeing. Theſe Races continue for ſeveral Days ſucceſſively, and infinitely ſurpaſs thoſe which are ſeen in *Italy*. They are run round a large Plain. Two Horſes mounted by Jockeys contend which ſhall run faſteſt. The Riders are weigh'd, and to the lighteſt of 'em, they give that Weight which he wants of the other. They ride without a Saddle, and with ſuch Velocity that the Eye can ſcarce keep pace with 'em. Upon theſe Occaſions, ſeveral Wagers are laid of ſeveral thouſand Pounds Sterling: and it ſeems to be a Feſtival celebrated to the Honour of *Plutus*, the God of Riches; for the Jockey that wins the Prize is ſure to be refreſhed with a Shower of Guineas, every one crowding to reward him. Such is the Cuſtom of the *Engliſh*, who not only pay thoſe handſomly who contribute to their Pleaſures, but load them with Preſents. This is to be ſeen at all their Prize-fightings, Rope-dancings, Tumblings, and ſuch Diverſions, where every

very one throws down Money upon the Stage to them that play their part beſt. The Actors at the Opera and the Play-houſes, have alſo Gratuities, beſides their Salaries; for once a Year, every Performer has a Benefit-Night, as they call it, which is the Surplus Money then taken, over and above the Charges of the Houſe; and if the Perſon be a Favourite of the Town, as Notice is given by Play-Bills paſted up, for whoſe Benefit the Play is to be acted, People ſend for more Tickets than they ſhall make uſe off, for the Party's Encouragement. This Generoſity of the *Engliſh* towards thoſe who give them Pleaſure, extends in a particular Manner towards their Miſtreſſes, for whom they think nothing too fine, nor too dear. Thus, 'tis not to Aſſiduity that they are willing to be obliged for the Favours which they receive, but to their Money, and their Preſents, wherein they differ widely from certain Abbés of *Rome*, of whom no leſs than five or ſix club for the keeping of one Miſtreſs.

Theſe Abbés put me in mind of a numerous Tribe here, called *Chaplains*, whoſe bonny Countenances are a pretty evident Proof, that at the Reformation of the Church of *England*, their Revenues were not very much impaired. Whether theſe Gentlemen are more ſober than our Clergy, I know not; but by Appearances, I am almoſt tempted to think that they have the ſame Thirſt for Honour and Wealth, the ſame Cares and Uneaſineſs, in fine, that they are Men alike. The Difference is, that the *Engliſh* are ſubject to the Laws, that their Paſſions are kept within Bounds, and that the Laity are not ſo ſuperſtitious as to take them for Oracles. 'Tis ſaid that they make admirable Sermons, the conſtant Tenor of which is to reform Mankind, and to guide them in the Path of Virtue. They read them inſtead of pronouncing

cing them by Heart, which prevents them from falling into that extravagant Geſticulation, and thoſe mad Rants of Enthuſiaſm which commonly irritate more than edify. But I think I have ſaid enough to you of the Clergy, when I had undertaken to give you a farther Account of the *Engliſh* Diverſions. Thoſe of the Vulgar are the Battles of Animals, Prize-fighters, Wreſtlers, and in a Word, all Manner of Diverſions that contribute to the ſhedding of Blood; for here Wounds go for nothing, and Death itſelf is but little dreaded. I fancy the *Engliſh* are deſcended from *Mutius Scævola*, becauſe, like that *Roman*, they deſpiſe Pain. Among the Pleaſures of the Populace there are ſome too that are mixed with Inſolence, of which I ſaw an Inſtance a few Days ago in St. *James*'s-park. A Man had laid a Wager that he would run round the Park in ſo many Minutes, and that he might be the leſs incumbered in his Race, he ſtripped himſelf ſtark-naked, ſo that his Hand ſerved him for a Fig-leaf. In this State of Nature he travers'd along the Mall, thro' an infinite Concourſe of People. The Ladies aſtoniſhed at ſuch a Sight, knew not how to keep their Countenances: Some turned their Heads aſide, others hid their Faces with their Fans, but they all made a Row as well as the Men to let him paſs by. After he had finiſhed his Race, he gravely put on his Cloaths near *Whitehall*, where he left 'em; and as he had won the Wager, abundance of People, inſtead of checking him for his Inſolence, threw him Money. Judge by this, if any People be ſo good natur'd and happy as the *Engliſh*.

Among the Pleaſures of this Nation, I muſt not forget to mention the Parties they make for the Country. This the *Engliſh* ſet a great Value upon, and really well they may, for indeed their Country

Country is very beautiful. It produces them every Thing but Wine. Their Fields have alway a freſh Verdure, the Gentlemen's Country Seats are ſuperb, and in the Country the *Engliſh* lives with the Grandeur of Noblemen, whereas at *London*, they live for moſt part like mere private Men.

Nothing can be more agreeable to the Eye, than the Suburbs of *London*, particularly along the *Thames*. I cannot conceive how a Native of *England*, and one too that has a Fortune to depend on, can reſolve to leave theſe Regions, as a great many *Engliſh* nevertheleſs do, who prefer Countries to which Nature has not been ſo kind, before their own. I confeſs, that if I had one thouſand Pounds Sterling a Year in *England*, I would renounce the moſt ſhinning Offers of Fortune elſewhere; for the Climate here is mild, without that exceſſive Heat or Cold which is ſo troubleſom in other Parts of the World: And indeed, 'tis for this Cauſe that the Fruits here are not ſo kindly as elſewhere, and that the Grape does not grow here for the prodoction of Wine, but then, this Defect is ſupply'd by the Grapesof *Spain* and *Portugal*, which are imported here in Abundance.

One of the moſt agreeable Proſpects in the Country here, is to ſee the happy Condition of the Peaſants, who are all well lodged, well clad, and well fed. Their Lot is happier than that of many Gentlemen in certain Provinces that I know. Here is nothing of that exceſſive Subordination which is demanded by the Grandees of other Countries. A Gentleman who makes a Viſit to a Lord is received by him as his Equal, without being made ſenſible of the Difference that has happened betwixt them on the Score of Birth. Nevertheleſs, the great Men are very much honoured here; for while they are civil, every body ſtrive

ſtrives to pay them all Sorts of Deference, but no body thinks he is born to be inſulted by them.

The Great Men here as well as in *France*, don't ſcruple to marry Women of inferior Families. Indeed there ought to be a great Diſtinction made between the *Engliſh* Merchant and the Merchants of other Countries. The *Engliſh* are often deſcended from the greateſt Families in the Kingdom, and we have ſeen ſome of them go from behind their Compter to a Peerage, when by Right of Succeſſion they riſe from Cadets to be the eldeſt of their Families. Thus, when a Nobleman marries a Merchant's Daughter, ſhe ſometimes proves his Couſin, or a Lady of a diſtinguiſh'd Family; whereas in *France*, ſhe is always the Daughter of a Plebeian.

Theſe, Sir, are the few Remarks that I have made upon this Country, and I wiſh they may entertain you. As I propoſe to make ſome longer Stay here, I may hereafter ſend you farther Obſervations on what occurs. In the mean Time, continue me in the Honour of your Remembrance, and be thoroughly perſuaded that no Perſon in the World is more particularly than I am, *&c.*

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